

THE LEATHERNECK

June, 1937

Single Copy, 25c



THE FIRST LANDING FORCE OF MARINES
Expedition Against New Providence, Bahama Islands, March 3, 1776

*Your cigarette line
reads...
They Satisfy*



*And there's a wealth of
good taste in store for you*



WELCOME TO THE RANKS OF THE UNITED STATES MARINES



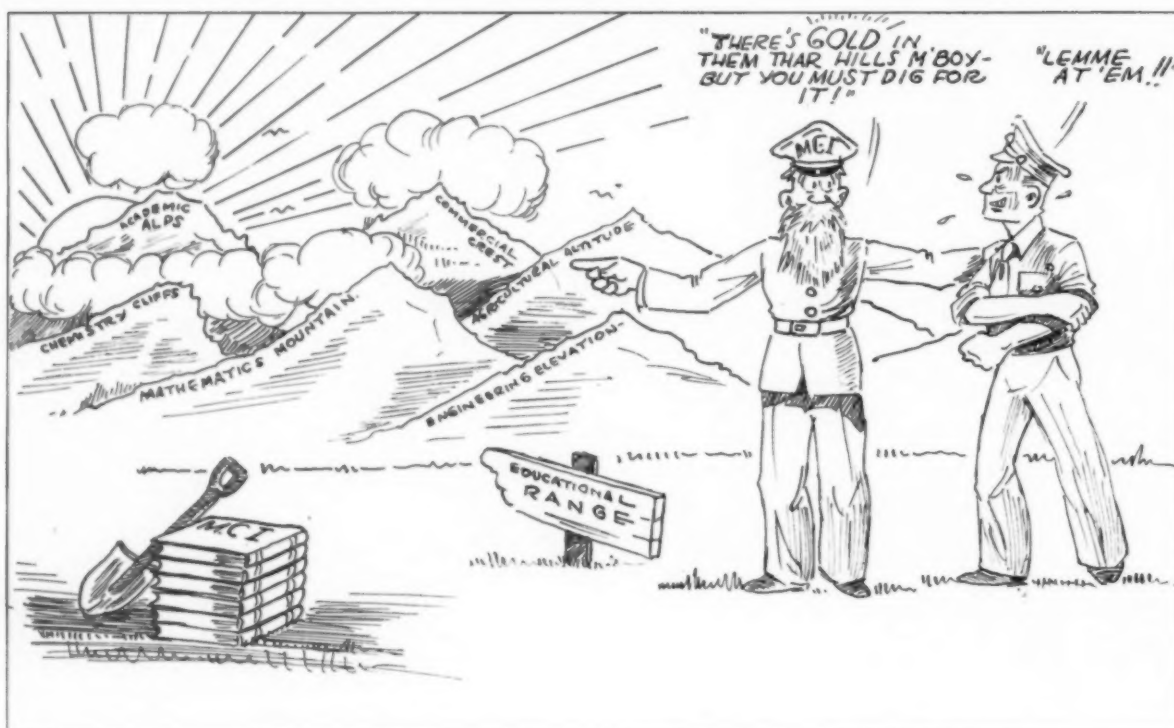
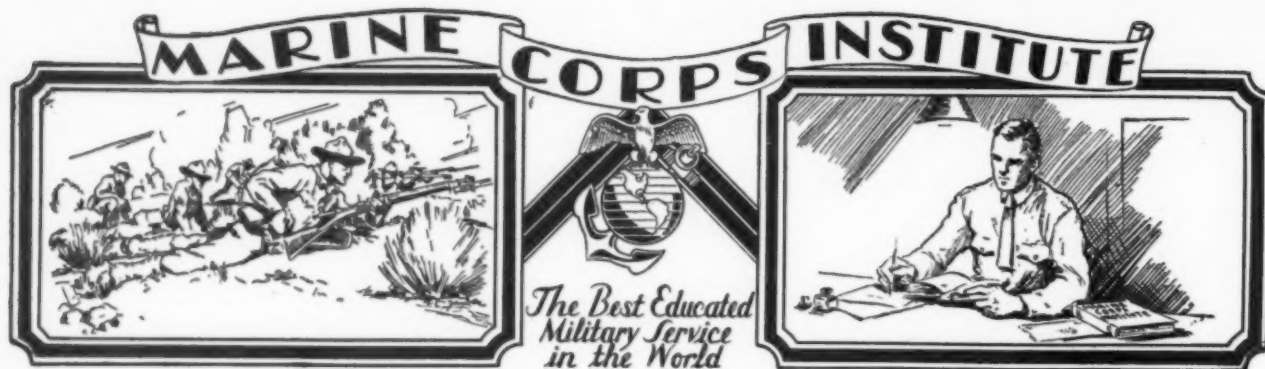
Platoon 7, San Diego, instructed by Sgt. G. A. Shaffer, Cpl. A. W. Everts, and Cpl. P. S. Krisch.



Platoon 2, Parris Island, instructed by Sgt. Swearingen and Cpl. Groves.



Platoon 3, Parris Island, instructed by Pl-Sgt. Lee, Cpl. Patrick, and Cpl. Hall.



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Name..... Rank.....

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The LEATHERNECK

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Sketched by D. L. DICKSON

Cover Designed by A. T. MANOOKIAN

The Ever-Changing American Flag Flag Day, June 14

FROM Jamestown to Lexington and Concord; from Bunker Hill to Tripoli and Bladensburg; from New Orleans to Chapultepec and Vera Cruz; from Mexico City to Fort Sumter; from Mobile to Santiago and Manila Bays and on through the World War, our nation has never once fought under the same flag. The booming of cannon and the bursting of bombs found the flapping of sails and the "hiss" of steam of our vessels-of-war facing the foe under various banners and standards. In some cases the flash of the scabbard and blade flourished against the enemy on different fronts under different emblems at the same time.

Early colonists fought the Indians under flags of their own choosing. None of the thirteen waved the same em-

blem. As early as 1737 a recognized flag of the New England colonists had a blue field with a white union quartered by a red cross. Such a flag with the addition of a green pine tree in the upper inner quarter of the union was carried at the battle of Bunker Hill. Another flag of the same design but having a red field, also appears to have been used by the colonist troops in this epic battle. Some authorities say that each of these flags had on one side the words: "An Appeal to Heaven," and on the other side *Qui Transtulit Sustinet*, meaning "He Who transplanted us will care for us."

In the southern colonies during the early part of our colonial history and revolution, a blue flag having in its upper inner corner a white crescent was quite popular. The first of this design is credited to Colonel William Moultrie, who hoisted this flag over Fort Johnson on James Island, S. C., on September 13, 1775. These crescent flags sometimes bore the word "Liberty" in white letters. This is said to have been the design of the flag which Sergeant Jasper gallantly replaced while under fire during the British bombardment of Fort Sullivan on June 28, 1776.

Still in possession of the famous Philadelphia City Calvary, (Now Headquarters Troop, 52nd Calvary Brigade, Pennsylvania National Guard) is the flag of the Philadelphia Light Horse Troop which escorted General Washington from Philadelphia to New York in June, 1775, when he was on his way to take command of the Continental Army at Cambridge, Mass.

Many and varied were the emblems marched into battle by the colonists. Our sea forces fought the British under such flags known as the Grand Union, Rattlesnake, Pine Tree, Beaver, Don't Tread on Me, and other state or colony ensigns. No definite action was taken by Congress to adopt a national colors until 1777. Prior to that time the colonies themselves, and sometimes privateers sailing their own vessels at the expense of the colonies, selected their own colors.

When Washington assumed command of the first Continental Army at Cambridge, he raised the Grand Union flag on January 1, 1776, and John Paul Jones hoisted it over the first American Navy in Philadelphia early in the same month. The Marines planted this flag upon the mastsheads of the British forts at New Providence in March, 1776, the first time in history that an American emblem flew over a foreign fortress. While this emblem was floated conspicuously by Washington and Jones, it was not the official flag of the United Colonies, as none had as yet been adopted.

The flags raised by these two immortal fighting men of history consisted of thirteen stripes, red and white alternately, representing the thirteen colonies. In the upper left-hand corner was the British Union displaying the crosses of Saints Andrew and George. The irony of this is that the colonists, although at war with England, still proclaimed themselves part of the British Empire. They broke away about six months later.

Before the end of the revolution, Congress on June 14, 1777, passed a resolution adopting a national flag of thirteen stars and stripes. This flag received its first hostile fire from an enemy at besieged Fort Stanwix on August 3, 1777. The emblem fired upon was made from an enlisted man's white shirt, an officer's blue coat and a woman's red petticoat. It had been raised to the top of the mast with a salute from cannon and to the loud rolling of drums and playing of fifes.

When the War of 1812 with (Continued on page 64)

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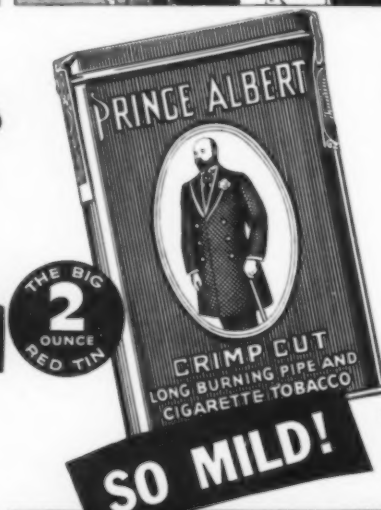
OL' JUDGE ROBBINS

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NUMBER 6

DEVIL DOG DAN DALY, HERO OF MARINES, DIES

By FRANK H. RENTFROW

DEVIL DOG DAN DALY is with us no more, for on April 28, at his home in Glendale, N. Y., that fighting heart failed him. But though his bones are buried in Cypress Hills, his daring deeds will remain as a perpetual monument to his memory.

We are publishing his story. It is not, in a strict sense, an obituary panegyric, for it has been previously published in the Washington (D. C.) *Post*. Dan snorted when he read it, for he was ever a modest man:

There aren't so many Marines in the world—they number fewer than the police force of New York City. But like a taut, khaki belt they girdle the earth from Guantanamo Bay to Shanghai; from Cavite to the one-man detachment in Samoa. For 160 years they have been making history. Their bayonets flashed before either the army or the navy existed—even before this nation was born.

During the century and a half of service, the Marine Corps has fostered many heroes. Each generation has known them. To select the one who stood out from all the others would be impossible, as impossible as pointing out one drop of ocean brine as saltier than the next. But I believe few will dispute me when I say that Dan Daly, retired sergeant major, could come nearer being selected as the "Outstanding Marine," with full deference to the achievements of those who have gone before him, than any other person. He remains the only enlisted Marine ever to receive two Congressional Medals of Honor for separate acts of gallantry. He won them fifteen years apart. He wears the Navy Cross, the Distinguished Service Cross, the Medaille Militaire (France), and a host of other decorations. His record book is filled with commendations from secretaries of the navy, and Marine Corps Commandants. General Omar Bundy, commanding the 2nd Division, took time out in the bloody tangle of Belleau

Wood to cite him in official orders. And it was General Smedley Butler who said Dan Daly was "The fightingest man I know."

"Devil Dog Dan," as he was later known to his contemporaries, was born at Glen Cove, L. I., on November 11, 1873. Forty-five years later, on that day, the weary stopped thundering; but Dan celebrated in the hospital, recovering from wounds.

Dan Daly shipped into the Marines just as the Spanish-American War collapsed. He hid his disappointment and set to work to learn his new trade—fighting. There were still skirmishes to be had in the Philippines, Dan thought; and there would be for some time. Perhaps he would be stationed there. But destiny had selected a different and no less dramatic theater of war.

The spring of 1900 found China in the grip of a relentless famine. A drought burned the crops away and millions of people perished. China, then as now, was sliced into segments by hungry, concession-hunting powers. The embers of resentment were fanned into flame by the I-ho Chuan Society, or Boxers, as they came to be known. For many years had they been recognized as a fanatical, religious-political organization. Members were considered outlaws, but no one took the trouble to prosecute them. The band increased in size and power. Always hostile to foreign incursion, the Boxers seized upon the famine as an expedient to inflame their countrymen against the invaders. The gods of these foreigners, thundered the orators, were responsible for the tragedy of China. The proselytizing Christians had introduced telegraph lines, railroads, missionaries, and other influences opposed to Chinese existence. They must be exterminated!

Violence swept the country. The Boxers plundered and burned. The shibboleth "Death to the foreigners!" was screamed at Chinese converts; (Continued on page 66)

FOR THE GOOD OF THE SERVICE

BY J. ALLAN DUNN

(Illustrated by D. L. Dickson)

DICK WATSON looked somewhat wistfully at the busy airdrome of the Provincial Air Service. He had come to Canada on what was practically the certain promise of a job—a job that still hung fire.

"You stick around," said McKenzie, head of the organization, "and I can use you. Hate to lose a good man," he added encouragingly, after he had read Watson's references and flying record.

Motor maes were busy in the hangars, going over machines, trundling others into the open. They were a likely looking lot of ships. The province lacked funds though it maintained ships for its forest fire service. The P. A. S. supplied its other wants. It sold air mileage, to lumber and power companies, to miners and prospectors; it furnished surveyors, timber cruisers, photographers. It was a prosperous concern.

It was a mixed fleet. Some of the fliers owned their own ships. Watson's own boat had crashed in stunt flying. He was through with that, not because of loss of nerve though he realized what the inevitable end would be, but because the girl with whom he was in love forbade it.

"I'm not against flying," she said. "I love to go up. It's a great game. But we belong to each other. I don't want to lie awake with my heart in my mouth expecting to hear that you have crashed in some silly stunt to amuse a movie crowd that thinks it's all a fake. Go ahead and make a business of it."

There had not been many openings. But he fancied there would be one soon though he did not want to oust anyone out of a job. A Vickers was going up for a test, after overhauling. The flier, Farrell, was finding fault with his mechanics who took the abuse with their tongues in their cheeks.

Farrell, as usual, was primed with liquor; a thing forbidden by McKenzie. He was working on aerial photography and his camera man was going up with him. Both smelled of liquor, boon companions.

"Tighten up those turnbuckles," Farrell ordered. "Hear what I said—you?"

He turned and saw Watson, sneered at him.

"You still hangin' round? Think you'll get my job, do you. Why don't you go and tell the Old Man I've had a snifter?"

Watson flushed but said nothing. He had been thinking about the turnbuckles. If a man had to make a power dive with that undue tension he might tear his wings off.

"Come on, Bailey," said Farrell. "Let's find out what sort of a bum job these tinkers have turned out."

Most of the planes were on pontoons, moored in an arm of the lake, a marine railway to haul out on, but the Vickers had interchangeable landing gear and stood at the runway. Chocks were slipped, contact made. A mae spun the propellor and jumped back as Farrell touched the booster and grinned. A little more and he would have killed the man who shook his fist after him as the plane went lurching on, steadied, gathering speed, lifting sharply within three hundred feet, zooming, climbing rapidly.

"I hope he breaks his damned neck!" said the mae. Watson sympathized with him but he was not talking.

McKenzie was in his office.

Farrell could fly, no doubt of that. But Watson felt he was showing off. It was not a new ship, his stunts were unnecessary. He put the Vickers into a vertical dive and rocketed up from two thousand feet to three and a half. He side-slipped, did a barrel roll and a slow one. He looped three times. This was not commercial flying. It strained the ship.

Then the plane went scurrying off, making altitude, and Watson once more surveyed the fleet, wondering which ship it might be his good fortune to take over. It would have to be soon. His funds were running low.

He looked over the planes that were in the port, and it warmed his heart. Then a shadow drifted over the airdrome, the Vickers was coming down. It overshot, making all of seventy. Farrell banked sharply, too sharply. He seemed to strike a bad spot and the plane wobbled. Farrell was working his stabilizer wheel, playing with his throttle to get his wheels down. His face was chalky white. Watson guessed what had happened. Booze, probably on an empty stomach, had rebelled during the stunts.

It was a poor landing. The plane rolled along, bumping; it careened and a wing tip ploughed, crumpling as McKenzie came running up. He had watched the uncertain flight. His eyes were blazing. They saw what was wrong.

"Get out of here," he shouted. "Get out of your suit and out of the place. Both of you. You're fired! I want no drunken crash-pilots ruining my ships. Or camera-drunks, either. Go get your time."

He swung about. Maes were grinning.

"There's your job," he said to Watson. "I'll get you a camera man, a sober one, as soon as she's fixed up. There's work waiting to be done. That souse was to have started it tomorrow. Get off this airdrome."

"You can't call me names," said Farrell doggedly. "Not and get away with it. I'll get even with you for this. You, too, you damned sneak!" he added to Watson.

McKenzie started towards Farrell, his big

It was a nerve-racking sight and Watson turned sick.





fists clenched, his Scotch temper seething. Then he checked himself.

"If he's on the 'drome in three minutes, throw him out," he said to the macs; they were delighted at the prospect. "Watson, come with me to my office. I'll tell you what's wanted."

IT WAS new work to Watson. He had never heard of it. But he saw no difficulty in it. He was air minded, could fly anything. He had over a thousand air hours back of him.

"You're going cruising for spruce," said McKenzie. "The Bryce lumber people have got wind of a good tract. It's government forest, of course. They'll have to bid on it. They want to find out first if there is enough spruce there to make it worth while to send in ground cruisers. Then they'll bid if they want it."

"All you have to do is to keep your plane level and steady. I'll give you Wells. He's a good man, experienced. He'll give you your ceiling. Probably start to shoot at three thousand feet. Show you what he wants to take. You get the Vickers as soon as that wing is overhauled. If you come down in the forest you'll have to use your pontoons. Half a dozen lakes and the Wolf River. I'll show you the maps. Wells is coming over. I've telephoned for him."

Watson liked his camera man. They appraised each other and shook hands. Wells was sturdy, about thirty, sober of face, with steady gray eyes. They walked over to the hangar to see how soon the ship would be ready. Watson reminded himself to look at the turnbuckles, watch for strains.

Afterwards they went to supper together. Wells explained the process of sky cruising for timber.

"The spruce shows up light in the negative," he said. "Easily picked out. We'll shoot a clearing or so for shadow lengths to gauge the height of the timber. Mount two negatives or prints, duplicates, put them under stereo lenses and you'll see them stand out. You can come close to knowing how they'll run. Then you pinprick an area, average them up. After that it's up to the Bryce outfit."

"They owned three planes once. Crashed them all. One on a poor runway. Another made a forced landing in a marsh with a choked gas line. Four men smashed up. The other two went west. The prop came off. Poor overhauling and inspection. Cheaper, and safer, to hire us. Got a good room? Want to come up to mine for a little while?"

They parted sound friends. They had told each other their experiences, estimated each other's worth. Watson learned many things about commercial flying. Once, in the winter, a plane had located a break in a power line that shut off force and light in a town. It would have taken men on foot days of arduous travel with a pack train but, with the break located, they were able to follow the traveled stage road most of the distance.

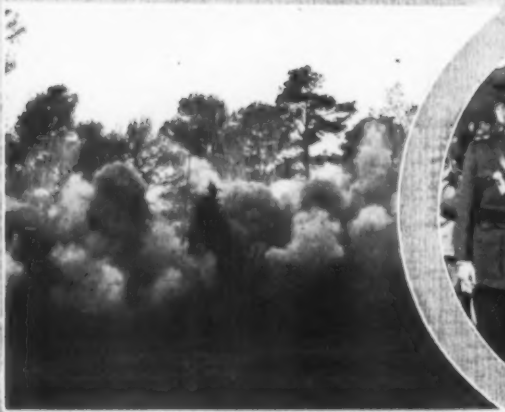
Engineers looking for water power, locations for dams, extent of watershed, lake sources, could do in a day what once took weeks. An ice jam flooding a river town, causing great damage to buildings, threatening a bridge, had been broken by torpedoes filled with chemicals dropped from a plane.

It gave him much to think of, forevisioned almost il-limitable opportunities. It filled him with ambition. This was worth while. It beat stunts.

Wells brought in news of Farrell and Bailey two days later while McKenzie was chafing about the delay, stalling off the Bryce people. They (Continued on page 64)



BATTLE of The CRATER



Photos By Dalton



BATTLE OF THE CRATER

ONCE again history repeated itself as the quiet, tree-lined streets of Petersburg echoed to the marching feet of passing Federal Troops. Not

as the scenes witnessed some seventy years ago during the aftermath of the Civil War when time and time again during the period of reconstruction armed bodies of blue-clad troops marched through a hostile country, but the Fighting Fifth on the march to their camp on the outskirts of the city, cheered by descendants of the once hostile inhabitants of a great stronghold of Confederacy. Though while in reality Federal forces were on the march to do battle with the South for possession of Petersburg, as did other Federal troops back in '64, conditions greatly varied from that day when Lee and Grant gathered their forces to throw them at each other for possession of a city. Time had healed the deep scar and the feeling of hatred which once had existed for the men of the North had vanished. A fact proved over and over again by the hospitality shown the Fifth Marines by the entire populace of the city.

Before the eyes of sixty-odd thousand spectators the Battle of the Crater was once again fought. What a difference between this 1937 version and that which took place on July 30, 1864! The huge crowd which thronged the battle ground thrilled to the advances of Federal forces, cheered with the "Rebel" battle cry ringing in their ears as Billy Mahone's men drove the "damnyankees" back.

And what of those too few men in grey who again refought that day sitting in comfortable grandstand seats? What emotions caused great tears to roll down their time worn faces? Was it the memory of a buddy shot down on that very spot—or a brother who later was found to be missing? What a day for the revival of memories!

History tells us that the war had reached a standstill on the outskirts of Petersburg. Both sides were strongly entrenched and it seemed as if Grant would spend his declining years trying to force "Johnny Reb" out. A young officer under the command of General Burnside had been a civil engineer in the coal fields of Pennsylvania and after talking over a plan with his men, all former coal miners, came forward with a proposition that Burnside allow him to undermine the Confederate fortifications and blow them up. Burnside, having gained the

W. C. WALL

permission of the high command ordered the tunnel to be started. When at last finished, a shaft 511 feet long had been constructed with galleries branching in

several directions. A charge of 8,000 pounds of powder was placed in this great mine and the zero hour drew near.

Grant, determined to follow the explosion of the mine with a strong attack, assembled nearly 40,000 men behind his lines with Burnside's Ninth Corps formed to lead the assault. General Burnside, portrayed by Colonel C. J. Miller, commanded the army of the Potomac with Lt. Col. G. D. Jackson playing the part of Brig. Gen. J. H. Ledlie, commanding the 1st Division; Major D. Curtis as Brig. Gen. Potter commanding the Second Division; Major R. L. Montague as Brig. Gen. Wilcox, commanding the Third Division, and Captain M. S. Swanson as Brig. Gen. Ferrero, commanding the Fourth Division. The Second Battalion, Fifth Marines took the part of the First and Second Divisions, with the First Battalion, Fifth Marines as the Third and Fourth Divisions stood ready for the assault to follow the explosion of the mine.

The 1937 version of the Battle of the Crater was divided into two phases, that of the exploding of the mine and the resulting confusion in the first, the morning phase, and the retaking of the Confederate lines by Mahone's men as the second or afternoon phase.

The spectators, well informed as to the distribution of troops, pictured themselves on the hillside at 3:30 on the morning of July 30, 1864. The zero hour had arrived, the Second Brigade deployed to the rear of the Federal picket line waiting for the blast which would send them forward. The time comes and no blast—an hour passes during which time the fuse had been again relit. Suddenly the heavens opened to receive the bodies of hundreds of men, animals, and equipment flung to the sky. Unexpectedly the blast caused confusion in the leading ranks of men, the Second Brigade dropped back in utter confusion. Panic reigned supreme. Officers reformed their troops with difficulty but complete reorganization was impossible. The leading Brigade started forward, the men having trouble scrambling out of their own deep trenches, and advance with the First Brigade at their heels. As though drawn by some great magnet, the advancing men rushed to the very lips of the crater, peer into the hellish hole and become (Continued on page 70)



Brigade Officers who participated in the Battle of the Crater.

Photo by Dalton



NEVER SAY DIE

A small boy was trudging along dejectedly in the grip of a policeman. In his arms he carried a football. There had been a broken window and trampled flower-beds.

A group of his pals stood on the street corner. He tried to keep a stiff upper lip as he passed them.

"What did you do, Fred?" asked his pals.

"Oh, nuttin'," he replied, casually, "they've just asked me to play for the cops."—*Boston Transcript.*

Two men had escaped from an asylum and wandered into an airport. Some mechanics were warming up a motor, and the men jumped in the plane and managed to take off. When they had reached an altitude of some two thousand feet, one became quite fidgety.

"I believe I'll jump out of here," he said. "I can't stand it any longer."

"O. K.," said his buddy. "But you'd better take a parachute."

"Why?"

"Don't be silly," was the reply. "Can't you see it's raining?"

—*Washington (D. C.) Herald.*

One of the men spoke: "I dug this hole where I was told to and began to put the dirt back like I was supposed to. But all the dirt won't go back in. What'll I do?"

For a long while the Police Sergeant pondered the problem. Then: "I have it. There's only one thing to do. You'll have to dig the hole deeper."—*Punch Bowl.*

A millionaire's beautiful daughter was drowning at the seashore, when a young man plunged in and rescued her. The father was so grateful that he signed a check and said: "My dear sir, will you fill in your name and write any reasonable sum you care to indicate."

The young man smiled modestly and replied: "I wish no reward. I did what any other self-respecting gentleman would have done when a lady is in distress."

The father was so insistent that the hero, to save an embarrassing situation, said casually: "Well, if you insist, just give me a golf club."

A week later he received a telegram from the father: "Have bought for you the West-end Golfers' Club, and am now negotiating for the Sunnyside Links."

—*Kablegram.*

GOOD DUTY

A Marine private was detailed as orderly at a general's reception. "There ain't much to do," the sergeant explained to him. "All you got to do is to stand by the door and call the guests' names as they come in."

"This is a swell detail, Sergeant," the private beamed. "I've been wanting to call some of those people names for a long time."



"I thought your sister and her husband were inseparable."

"Yeah, it takes about six people to drag them apart."

Dr. F. L. Alloway, Legionnaire of Kingsport, Tennessee, writes about the time two officers who had been in the line for several days were ordered to report to division headquarters.

Their uniforms were dirty and torn, they needed a bath. On their way into headquarters a sentry reluctantly gave them a salute. Entering, they encountered an immaculately dressed young adjutant.

"Come in!" he said. "But just a minute—are you by any chance lousy?"

"No," indignantly replied one of the officers. "Not yet, but thanks for the tip."—*American Legion.*

MEDICAL DISCHARGE

A Marine who was a kind of student of psychopathology suddenly decided he wanted to get out of the service. He was a perfect specimen physically, so a disability discharge was out of the question. He tried a new one.

"Doctor," he said, "something is wrong with me. When I try to write down words I invariably spell them backwards."

"That's too bad," sympathized the doctor. "You are apparently afflicted with a rare disease known as mirror speech. I'll have to give you an examination. Try spelling the following words: boob; mad-am; pup; Hannah; toot, and tenet."

The new second lieutenant decided that the commanding officer was missing a few bets in the running of the station. In he went to the colonel and expounding long and seriously. When he at last exhausted himself, he said:

"Colonel, what do you think of my argument?"

"Sound," replied the C.O. "It was very sound. In fact there wasn't anything to it but sound."

It was in the Royal Navy on H.M.S. *Unbendable*. Taff Williams, P.O. One, kept dangling a running bowline, made of a bit of spun yarn, before the eyes of Digger Jones, Signal Yeoman. The Digger would get sore and walk away. Taff explained it all with, "E 'as no sense of humor. Cawn't tike a joke. 'Is blooming brother was 'ung this morning."

—*U. S. Coast Guard.*

The boot in the mounted detachment in China had just been tossed off his horse. The sergeant pulled up his mount and said in that kindly way that sergeants have, "Jones, your system may be excellent and all that, but in this outfit we still prefer that you dismount according to regulations."

Sergeant Major Blank, as hardboiled a disciplinarian as ever read off a boot, finally retired. Two non-coms who had known the sergeant major for a long time, were commenting.

"What's he going to do now?" one of them asked.

"He has a place up in Maine somewhere and is going to grow roses."

"But will roses grow up there?"

"The darn things had better grow!"

NO GOT

A tourist going through the Northwest, suffered a slight accident. Unable to find his monkey-wrench he went to a farm house and inquired of the Swede owner:

"Have you a monkey-wrench here?"
"Naw," replied the Swede. "My brother bame got a cattle ranch over there; my cousin got a sheep ranch down there; but too cold for a monkey wrench here."

—The Sentinel.



First Gyrene: "Let's go down town and have a few snorts."

Second Gyrene: "No; we'd better not. Don't you know the colonel decided to stop drinking?"

First Gyrene: "Heck! First thing I suppose he'll want us to stop too."

It was in Guam. The Marines were playing the Navy team. A Navy civilian employee was umpire. The eleventh inning and the game still a scoreless tie. Foggy Horn, Marine shortstop, picked one out of the groove and slammed it over the right fielder's head straight through the window of the postoffice. It was a home run in any man's league *except this one*. The umpire ruled the game over in favor of the Navy because Horn, in batting the ball through the postoffice window had violated U. S. Postal Regulations, first, by breaking into the window and, second, by mailing addressed matter without postage affixed and without return address. The ball was, of course, addressed to A. G. Spaulding, Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.—Heinie Miller.

"Boy," yelled the new China-side Marine to his number one, "you go catchee new trousers from tailor-man, all same like this piece," holding up a dilapidated and patched pair of grey flannels.

Two days later the new trousers were delivered, complete with patches on seat.

—Globe and Laurel.

Boxer: "Have I done him any damage?"

Disgusted Second: "No, but keep swinging. The draft might give him a cold."
—Montreal Star.

Along a country road came a \$7,000 limousine. As it caught up with the small car, the owner of the big car could not resist the temptation to slow down and jolly the other driver a bit.

"Heavens, man," he said, "what is it about your car that makes such a dreadful rattling sound?"

"That? Oh that's the \$6,500 jingling around in my pocket," said the small car driver.—Wall Street Journal.

TRAINING

Bill Boot, you remember, had just shipped in and was down at Parris Island. On his third day in training Bill received a wire from his father asking if he liked the Marine Corps. Bill, a thrifty soul, wired a one word reply, "Yes."

The father, taken up with business, had forgotten his question, and the answer bewildered him. So he sent another telegram, asking, "Yes what?"

By now Bill had come under the influence of a formidable drill sergeant, so he immediately snapped back another wire, "Yes, Sir."

"I 'aven't 'ad a bite for days," said a tramp to the landlady of the George and the Dragon. "D'y'er think you could spare me one?"

"Certainly not!" bellowed the landlady. "Thank yer," said the tramp and slouched off; but a few minutes later he was back.

"What d'y'er want now?" asked the landlady.

"Could I have a few words with George?" queried the tramp.

—The Pas Northern Mail.



"My father was a great railroad engineer."

"Yeah—and I'll bet you were his first wreck!"

Rastus was sent to the general store: "My boss," he said to the clerk, "wants a pane o' glass nine by 'leven."

"Haven't got none that size, Rastus," said the joking clerk, "but will a 'leven by nine pane do?"

"I'll try 'er," replied Rastus. "Maybe if we slip 'er in sideways nobody'll notice it."—Log.

MacGregor and MacPherson decided to become teetotalers, but MacGregor thought it would be best if they had one bottle of whisky to put in the cupboard in case of illness.

After three days MacPherson could bear it no longer and said: "MacGregor, ah'm not verra weel."

"Too late, MacPherson, ah was verra sick m'sel' all day yesterday."

—The Earth Mover (Aurora, Ill.).

WE'LL BITE

A Marine coxswain of a ration cart was piloting his mules along a road through Belleau Wood. His sailing orders weren't very clear and he was off his course. Suddenly he sighted a doughboy crouched behind a tree.

"Hey," yells the leatherneck, "where's that Marine outfit that's supposed to be around here?"

The soldier held up a warning finger. "Be quiet," he cautioned softly. "You're almost into the German lines. Turn around and don't speak above a whisper."

The leatherneck scratched his head. "How in hell can I turn four mules around and not speak above a whisper?"

The races were over, according to Sam W. Reynolds of the National Finance Committee. The crowds were disappearing from the stands. A forlorn looking man, his coat collar turned up, stood alone at the rail. An attendant walked over and asked: "In trouble, pal?"

"In trouble?" the man whispered in a strained wheeze. "I'll say I am. I bet a hundred on the first race and won. I bet the two hundred on the second and won again. Then I socked the four hundred on the third race for another win. Again I doubled, placing the eight hundred on the fourth race—and won. I had sixteen hundred then and I bet it on the fifth race. I won. I doubled for sixty-four hundred on the sixth race. I then planked the whole kaboodle on the last race, and my horse ain't in yet."

"Golly, if I'd done a fool trick like that," said the attendant, "I would cut my throat."

Dramatically, the man pulled back the flaps of his upturned coat collar and gurgled:

"Look!"

—Dan Sowers in the American Legion.

Lady (handing dog over to railway guard)—"Now, before you give him his meals, I want you to say, 'Diddum Dinkie want 'oos dindums?' And if he yawns, he's not quite ready."—USNA Log.



Cook: "I went into the galley yesterday and a mouse ran out of my stove."

Sgt.: "Did you shoot it?"

Cook: "Nope, couldn't. It was out of my range."



NEW GUINEA

THE LAND THAT TIME FORGOT. By Michael J. Leahy and Maurice Crain (Funk & Wagnalls). \$3.00.

"Gold!" That magic word has caused stampedes all over the world. That was the word that sent Michael Leahy and his companions questing in the unexplored regions of New Guinea.

In the vanguard of the rush the prospectors landed at Salamaun, and in spite of warnings began a perilous trek inland. Two of them managed to stake out claims before time limitations expired.

But Edie Creek and hard toil brought Leahy down with fever and he returned to the coast.

The official map of New Guinea was practically blank, with the word "unexplored" written across it. It isn't that way any longer, for upon his recovery Leahy started for the interior to take a look at the color in the many streams and rivers.

Incredible hardships were encountered. And as they penetrated the forbidding wilderness, the natives were none too friendly. After recovering from their astonishment at seeing the first white men, the savages became avaricious and openly hostile.

The expedition hacked its way across the country, and then returned to lay plans for extensive operations conducted by aeroplane.

Blazing a trail for the ships of the air, Leahy and his party started out again. The same desperate hardships were encountered as they moved from village to village. The natives differed strangely. One tribe existed as in the stone age; but they had beautiful farms and gardens.

This time there were actual clashes between the hostile savages and the expedition. Leahy had armed his carriers with rifles and had taught them their use. Again and again were the boys able to beat off attacks. Then Danny came down desperately ill, and Michael decided that the best thing to do would be to make for the base camp.

WAR BIRDS

CONTACT. By Charles Codman (Little Brown). \$2.00.

Lieutenant Codman piloted a bomber, laying eggs on Clermont, and adjacent villages. Then the squadron would scurry back to the field, and by judicious calculating some of them would be off on "business" to relaxation in French towns.

But a life as pleasant can't endure in war. The flight is attacked by two-score planes of the Red-Nosed circus. With the odds six to one, the result is obvious.

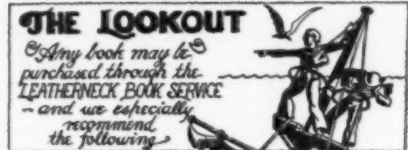
With both his observer and himself wounded, the lieutenant's plane starts falling out of control. They spiral down. "Below a town. God, it's Conflans. Think of crashing in Conflans. Buck up. How high are we? The altimeter has been shot away. The left aileron's gone too. What is left of the controls seem to bite the air better at low altitude though. A tug, and we straighten out somewhat. We ought to clear the town. Beyond, a nice big field, soldiers drilling in it. German soldiers. We make it in a nice wide curving glide. Hold tight, Mac. A thump, a bound—an other thump and the plane stubs its nose in the long grass and flops over on its back."

The observer is sent to the hospital, and Codman goes off in custody of a German sergeant. Subterfuge, threats and cajolery are used to make the lieutenant disclose his squadron. They even get him drunk, hoping he'll talk.

He meets Jim Hall, now known as James Norman Hall, co-author of the "Mutiny on the Bounty" trilogy.

While his suffering is endurable, life in German detention camps was not pleasant. There were occasions of friendliness and instances of brutality on the part of the wardens.

The revolution breaks in Germany; then the Armistice. The four Americans thought their term of prison would be over. But when they learn that some time must elapse before they could be released, they decided to escape; which is effected with interesting results.



THE OTHER HALF. By John Worby (Lee Furman). A hard-boiled, racy autobiography of a hobo. England is already yelling for its suppression, and our own well known W & W will probably want to wash its face too. \$2.50

DEATH STOPS THE REHEARSAL. By Richard M. Baker (Scribners). Murder in the theater; and our old friend Franklin Russell, schoolmaster and amateur sleuth, solves it. \$2.00

PAINTED POST RANGE. By Tom Gunn (Messner). Another gun-fighting western, a thriller from start to finish. You can always gamble that Tom Gunn's yarns are well worth reading. \$2.00

1001 OUTDOOR QUESTIONS. By Iroquois Dahl (Funk & Wagnalls). Information on outdoor subjects, hunting, fishing and wild life. A good thing to aid your study of "Scouting and Patrolling." \$2.00

MARSHAL NEY; A DUAL LIFE. By Legette Blythe (Stackpole Sons). A biography of Napoleon's famed marshal, supporting the legend of his escape from the firing squad. \$3.50

BUSHMEN AT LARGE. By Harold Waters and Aubrey Wisberg (Green Circle). Adventures among the gold seekers, the fighters and savages in the land of "Down Under"; and the ill-fated campaign at Gallipoli. \$2.00

THE U. S. ARMY IN WAR AND PEACE. By Oliver L. Spaulding, Colonel, USA (Putnam). A history of our army from its inception to the present day, detailing its activities in war and peace. \$6.00

YOUR WINGS. By Assen Jordanoff (Funk & Wagnalls). Read this and you should be able to fly, even if you never saw a plane before. Recommended by the Instructors of the M.C.I. \$2.50

THIRSTY EARTH. By Will H. Robinson (Messner). Gunplay and irrigation construction, with gambling for high stakes, both in money and men's lives. \$2.00

THE LONG DEATH. By George Dyer (Scribners). The death of a scientist appeared to be from natural causes, until a slight clue pointed to murder. \$2.00

KHYBER CARAVAN. By Gordon Sinclair (Farrar & Rinehart). Traveler Sinclair takes us to the romantic and adventurous lands of India. \$3.00

AND CALL IT ACCIDENT. By Mrs. Belloc Lowndes (Longmans, Green). A horror story set in an old castle in England, with the villain trying to kill the unsuspecting victim. \$2.00

COWBOY LINGO. By Ramon F. Adams (Houghton, Mifflin). An interesting study of the cowboy, his work and play. An explanation of brands and other details, written in an entertaining fashion. \$2.50

BRONCHO APACHE. By Paul I. Wellman (Macmillan). Massasi, an Apache, escapes from his military captors to weave a bloody thread through the tapestry of our western frontier history. \$2.00

JOHN L. LEWIS. By Cecil Carnes (Speller). The life story of the labor leader whose activities land him on the front page of the daily papers. \$2.50

ORDER BLANK

1937

THE LEATHERNECK,

Marine Barracks, Washington, D. C.

Enclosed please find for Dollars.

Please forward to the address below the books checked on this sheet.

Address

WRITE ADDRESS
PLAINLY

THE LEATHERNECK



THE MARINES AT CAIMANERA

By James Pym (1898)

Well done, Marines!
Yours to brunt the ambush'd foeman;
Yours the vanguard, as of yore;
Yours to hoist and hold the standard
'mid the death-hail on the shore;
Yours to scent the fume of venom borne
upon the breath of hate,
While the spectred bush re-echoed, as the
bullets sought their fate.
"Well done, Marines! Well done!"

With Manila's hardy fighters—serried
monsters' mighty play—
With the glory-girdled heroes blocking
Santiago Bay—
Place the gallant soldier-sailors first, the
bayonets to breast;
Blaze the chapparral forever over Caima-
nera's crest;
"Well done, Marines! Well done!"

"Well done, Marines!"
Blazon this upon the 'scutcheon of the
Soldiers of the Sea;
On the scroll of fame inscribe it; write
it bold in history.
When the coming generations read the
story of today,
Let the burning words impel them, in
their gratitude, to say:
Well done, Marines! Well done!"

"Well done, Marines!"
When the pearls of Carib's waters Free-
dom's diadem adorn;
When the eagle drives the vulture forth
to face his fated scorn;
When the flag of "Cuba Libre" greets
its natal-dawning sky,
Lord above the acclaims' ringing shall the
chorus'd nation cry:
"Well done, Marines! Well done!"

June, 1937

LEATHERNECKS AT BELLEAU WOOD

By William S. McCollam

Songs are sung and stories told,
Of martial deeds in days of old.
The march of time with ceaseless tread,
Adds tribute to the soldier dead.
The price of peace is paid with steel,
To make secure the commonweal.
When history records the toll,
Where heroes died to gain their goal.
'Twill mark the terrain where they stood,
The Leathernecks at Belleau Wood.

The Boche hordes were pressing on,
As Allied ground they quickly won,
And the serried ranks of Frenchman brave,
Made fodder for a soldier's grave.
The gallant charge of England's sons,
Was thwarted by their hellish guns.
Then came that break in battle's fate,
The tide was turned at Páree's gate.
Laud them as a patriot should,
The Leathernecks at Belleau Wood.

From obscure village and far flung farm,
From belching mill and the city's swarm.
Came sturdy lads that joined the Corps,
And answered their country's call to war.
But God decreed that many should fall,
In shambles beside that pasture wall.
But the breed of men in years to come,
Will cherish the victory they have won.
Bless them as their mothers could,
The Leathernecks at Belleau Wood.

The Stars and Stripes still proudly waves,
O'er the mouldering tuff of their wind-
swept graves.
But the thunder of guns and bursting of
shells,
Is no longer heard where the poor peasant
dwells.

They have added a page of heroic fame,
To the gory annals of "National Shame."
And the sacrifice made at liberty's shrine,
Will embellish their names on the tablets
of time.
Sound "Taps" softly as an angel would,
For the Leathernecks at Belleau Wood.

THE PRIVATE AND THE SERGEANT

By J. D. Ferguson

A Private was walking the railroad track,
And the train was coming fast,
The Private got off the railroad track,
And let the train go past.

A Sergeant was walking the railroad track,
And the train was coming fast,
The train stopped, got off the track,
And let the Sergeant past.

I wouldn't be an Emperor,
I wouldn't be a King,
I'd rather be a Sergeant,
And never do a thing.

A SAILOR'S YARN

Author Unknown

This is the tale that was told to me
By a battered and shattered son of the
sea—
To me and my messmate, Silas Green
When I was a guileless young marine.

'Twas the good ship *Gyascutus*,
All in the China Seas,
With the wind a-lee and the capstan free,
To catch the summer breeze.

'Twas Captain Porgie on the deck,
To his mate in the mizzen hatch,
While the boatswain bold, in the forward
hold
Was winding his larboard watch.

"Oh, how does our good ship head tonight?
How heads our gallant craft?"
Oh, she heads to the east, south, west by
north,
And the binnacle lies abaft."

"Oh, what does the quadrant indicate
And how does the sextant stand?"
Oh, the sextant's down to the freezing
point,
And the quadrant's lost a hand."

"Oh, and if the quadrant has lost a hand
And the sextant falls so low,
It's our body and bones to Davy Jones
This night is bound to go."

"Oh, fly aloft to the garboard strake
And reef the spanker boom;
Bend a studding sail to the martingale
To give her weather room."

"Oh, Boatswain, down in the forward
hold,
What water do you find?"
"Four foot and a half by the royal gaff
And rather more behind!"

"Oh, Sailors, collar your marline spikes,
And each belaying pin;
Come, stir your stumps and spike the
pumps,
Or more'll be coming in!"

They stirred their stumps, they spiked the
pumps,
They spliced the mizzen brace;
Aloft and alow they worked, but, Oh!
The water gained apace.

They bored a hole above the keel,
To let the water out;
But, strange to say, to their dismay,
The water it did spout!

Then up spoke the cook of our gallant
ship,
And he was a lubber brave;
"I have several wives in various ports,
And my life I orter save."

Then up spoke the captain of Marines,
Who dearly loved his grog;
"It's awful to die, but it's worse to be
dry,
So I moves that we pipes to grog."

Oh, then 'twas the noble second mate,
What filled them all with awe;
The second mate, as bad men hate,
And cruel skippers' jaw.

He took the anchor on his back,
And leaped into the main;
Through foam and spray he clove his way
And sunk and rose again!

Through foam and spray, a league away
The anchor stout he bore;
Till, safe at last, he made it fast
And warped the ship ashore.

"Tain't much of a job to talk about,
But a ticklish thing to see,
And suthin' to do, if I say it too,
For the second mate was me!"

Such was the tale that was told to me
By that modest and truthful son of the
sea;
And I envy the life of a second mate,
Though Captains curse him and sailors
hate
For he ain't like some of the swabs I've
seen
As would go and lie to a poor Marine.

PICTORIAL FLASHES



Tea Party at Nanikuli Beach, Lualualei, Oahu, T. H.



Privates Emerson and Frank Ransier, the Chicago Guard's authorized commercial pilots.



MARINE CORPS BASE RIFLEMEN TAKE BEAR TROPHY

The group, Marine Corps Base Rifle Team, winners of the San Diego Bear Trophy, Western Division Rifle and Pistol Matches. Left to right: Cpl. L. A. Oderman, Cpl. Harry Arnold, Cpl. Johnny Jennings, Cpl. Victor Brown and Capt. H. E. Leland. The Individuals: Left, Cpl. H. W. Reeves, winner of the Individual Pistol competition, W. D. Matches. Right, Pvt. T. Skocdopole, winner of the Van Dyke Trophy, W. D. Matches.

AN EYE WITNESS' STORY OF THE HINDENBURG DISASTER AT LAKEHURST

By

CAPTAIN M. V. O'CONNELL, USMCR

May 8, 1937.—Special to THE LEATHERNECK.

ONCE more the Marines played their part in disaster—with the traditional courage of the Corps.

In what was undoubtedly the greatest air disaster in history, the burning of the huge dirigible *Hindenburg* at Lakehurst Naval Air Station on Thursday afternoon, the Marines, commanded by Lt. Col. T. H. Galliford, USMC, won high praise for their attention to duty, their courage in rescue efforts, and their general work at the station.

As a representative of the zeppelin operating firms, it was my duty on that fatal arrival of the airship, as in past, to arrange for the newspaper men and photographers, newsreel and radio men, to obtain such news and pictures, etc., as they desired. Furthermore, it was my duty officially to record the arrival time of the airship, the exact moment when her bow lines touched the ground.

Consequently I was almost directly beneath the huge airship, when with a dull, muffled "boom," and a flash of flame, she suffered her death blow which reduced her to a mass of molten wreckage, the tomb of more than thirty human beings.

In more than twenty years of active newspaper work I have seen the results of disaster, of fires, floods, hurricanes and wrecks, but never have I actually witnessed the complete record of disaster before my eyes. I never want to again. The memories of the flaming airship almost above my head—of my frantic race for safety from flying parts and possible explosions, of the return to the flaming pyre and the rescue work among the un-human looking objects which once were gay happy passengers or hard working crew members, will live with me as long as I can remember anything. But through it all will come the memory of the cool, calm, efficient work of the Marine detachment and its officers, for I had just left Lt. Col. Galliford at the mooring mast a few minutes before disaster arrived.

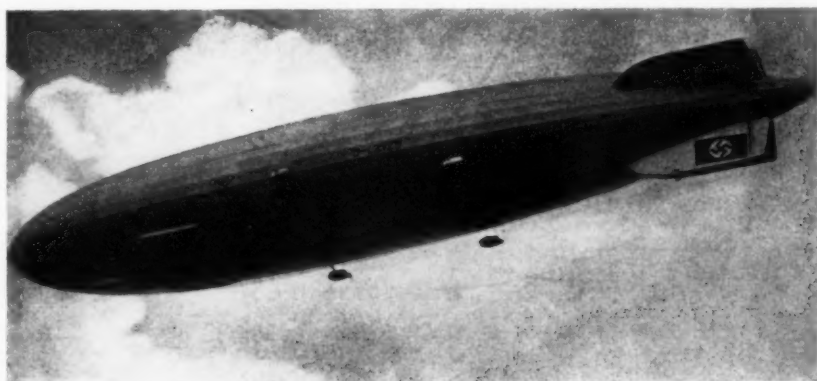
Some years ago I saw the explosion at Lake Denmark arsenal. It was horrible. There too the courage of the men and officers of the Corps made history. The *Hindenburg* disaster is one more plaque on the monument to Marine courage and efficiency.

It is not easy to hold down a sentry post when hundreds of frantic persons are trying to reach the vicinity of the trouble. To handle, with good humor yet firmness,

some of the news reporters, cameramen and others who besieged the Air Station by the hundreds, was in itself a wonderful job, efficiently carried. And those Marines on the landing field who, with their sailor comrades virtually walked into the flaming hulk to drag out the victims, are well deserving of whatever commendation or reward they can receive. Once more, watching the Marine Detachment at Lakehurst work, I was proud to be a member of the Corps!

And, when the radio mobile units, of the NBC, Mutual and other systems demanded eyewitness stories from me over the nationwide hookups at weird hours of the night and day, I was glad to have been able to pay tribute to this gallantry of service of our boys at the Station. If this article seems too personal in tone, it is only because as one who shook hands with disaster, I still recall the wonderful work of these officers and men.

The bow lines of the huge zeppelin dropped exactly at 7:20 P. M. (Daylight Saving Time) and I had checked my watch with that of Lt. (sr. gd.) George Watson, USN, press liaison officer for the Station, and started to the mooring mast telephone to flash the official time to the press hangar. I had hardly taken ten steps before there was a dull



The *Hindenburg* standing in for Lakehurst

"boom" sound, and a flash of light that I instinctively thought was the flashbulb of a nearby news photographer. Turning however, I saw the flames crawling up the side of the ship's fabric, aft of the rear port motor gondola.

Knowing what can happen to a hydrogen-filled ship, I ran from the spot, into the wind, as fast as a human's legs could carry me. A scream from a woman spectator standing nearby and watching the big ship careen slightly and the flames spread, split the air above the roar and crackle of the flames. Although full daylight, the huge clouds of black smoke made the field like night, with the glare of the flames illuminating the center of the stage and silhouetting the unfortunate passengers and crew who sought to escape. The ship, when the fire broke out, was but 70 feet in the air, and about 30 yards from where I stood. In less time than it takes to tell I was half a mile away.

Once the ship's blazing frame settled to the field, and I knew there was no danger of exploding cells or tanks, I turned with others and ran as fast as possible toward the wreck, knowing there was (Continued on page 68)

PICTORIAL F-L-A-S-H-E-S FROM HERE AND THERE



Fourth Marines in bayonet practice



NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS OF THE FIRST PAY GRADE, FIRST MARINE BRIGADE, FMF, ABOARD THE USS WYOMING, RETURNING FROM U. S. FLEET LANDING EXERCISES NO. 3

First row, left to right: Ch-Phar. Mate Evans (2d Bn., 5th); Paymaster Ayres (Bgd. H.Q.); Sgt-Maj. Pince (Bgd. Sgt-Major); M-Gunnery Sgt. Gustafson (1st Bn., 5th); Sgt-Major Siegenthaler (Bgd. H.Q.). Second row: QM. Sgt. Lyons (2d Bn., 5th); QM. Sgt. Mervin (Bgd. H.Q.); Sgt-Major Shaker (2nd Bn., 5th), and M-Gunnery Sgt. Buckley (2d Bn., 5th).

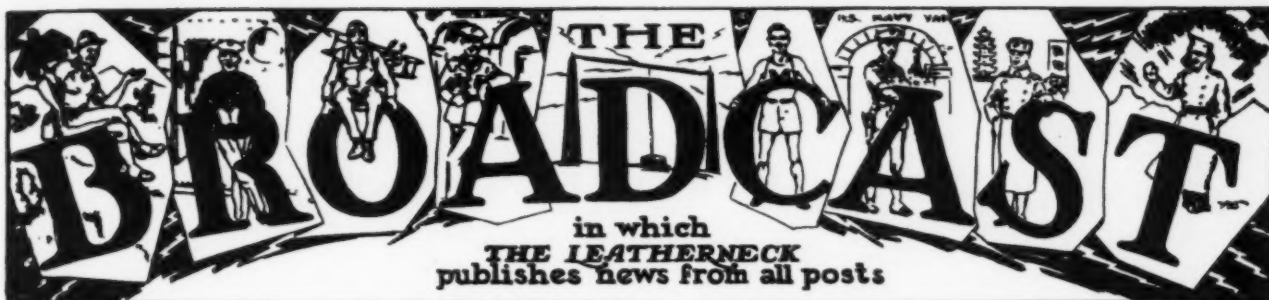


Photo by Tager

Assistant Secretary of the Navy Edison and Brig. Gen. Meade at Quantico.



5th Platoon, San Diego, instructed by Sgt. D. R. McGrew and Cpl. W. W. Alford



Tropical Topics

GUANTANAMO BAY

Last month the topic was volleyball. The tournament has ended and the dope was an upset, Team No. 1, Col. Buse, sponsor, was a 10 to 1 shot until Team No. 6, sponsored by Chief Pay Clerk Dee, came through with a bang and tied Team No. 1. A play-off resulted in Team No. 1 carrying off the colors. It is rumored that sponsor No. 1 lost the enormous sum of two bits to the sponsor of No. 6.

All games were nicely played and the men are to be complimented on their sportsmanship.

We again had a crack at a few ratings during April and a goodly crop of men stepped up to the next grade, namely: Cpl. H. L. Wehrly to Sgt., Pfc. J. H. Hanner, F. M. Soltys and C. B. Whittinghill to Cpls., while Pvt. J. B. "Post Exchange" Gambill now wears one stripe.

May brings us our local softball tournament, "May Day," and sand-fleas, etc., to make life itchy on this quiet and peaceful Isle de Cuba.

Our softball tournament will consist of four Marine teams of 15 men each. To the winner goes the spoils. The Navy is also putting their fingers in the pie, but it is assumed at this writing that the Marines will carry off the laurel.

We have gone the "land of Senoritas and Guitars" one better by having among us Pvt. Ettenborough, who has become quite efficient in playing the guitar and harmonica at one setting.

Ettenborough awoke the bug, and since it is noticed that several guitars, "sweet taters," harmonicas, and Tom Toms (from a recent trip to Haiti) have made their appearance. This ought to afford us much amusement on occasions.

A new game of "5 card draw bridge" seems to be the vogue here at periods. This "new game" has been kept in the dark until one evening recently, a certain Staff NCO visited the post library and overheard a corporal bid one spade on a five card hand. We'll have to look into this "new game"—it may have its points—What?

April brought several new faces to meet Senorita "Cuba Libre." They were: 1st Sgt. William A. Jordan and family, Sgt. John McGlade, Cpls. Robert B. Ernst and Benjamin F. Rippey, Pfc. Clarence T. Espeland, and Pvts. Homer Callahan, James A. Cates, Otis B. Clifton, Robert E. L. Closson, William F. Dean, John Q. Goffe, Harry Goldberg, Frederick A. Jensen, Raymond F. Leary and Harry H. Stickle, who has taken over the Post Corral.

First Sergeant Jordan is acting sergeant major while ex-acting Sergeant Major John T. White now has the barracks detachment. Much luck to you, White.

Those leaving to make room for the new faces were: 1st Sergeant Joseph L. Stoops to Quantico, Cpl. Bazyl Byra and Pvt. Anthony J. Napoli, as well as our Elliot Trophy team composed of First Lieutenant



Sgt-Major Raymond Clayton, Pearl Harbor, retires this month.

John F. Stamm, Platoon Sergeant Claude N. Harris, Corporal Joseph Gulino, Pfc. David Crews and Privates Peter J. Borchester and Alvie L. Thomas. Borchester is the only new man on the team and with him went our congratulations in the hopes that he makes the grade.

Captain L. S. Hamel has relieved Lieutenant Stamm as Post Recreation Officer and no doubt will give the boys many things in the line of amusement. Captain Hamel has reverted back to his boyhood occupation, that of farmer, now having the Post farm under his charge. That's all, see you later.

PEARL HARBOR MARINES

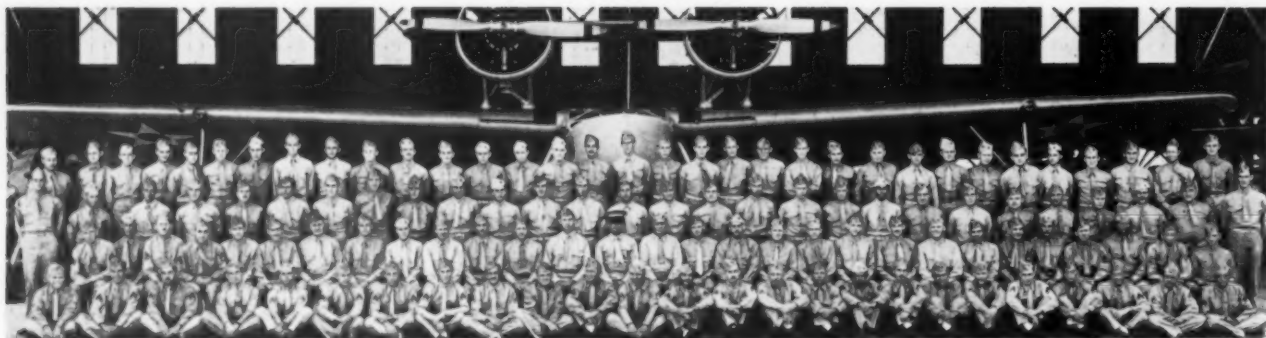
By C. E. S.

At the time of this writing Sgt. Major Raymond Clayton is seen around the barracks showing Sgt. Major "Paddy" Lynch the ropes. Clayton will retire the latter part of this month after serving twenty-three years in the Corps. His successor will be "Paddy" Lynch who arrived in Honolulu aboard the S.S. Makola last week. The Sgt. Major and his wife expect to make their home in Honolulu. Sgt. Major Clayton first enlisted in the Marine Corps on the 21 July, 1914. On completion of his recruit training was transferred aboard the USS *Texas*. Served aboard that ship until November 1918. Served during the World War with the 6th Battle Squadron of the British Grand Fleet. Went to San Domingo in February 1919 with the 14th



MARINE BARRACKS, GUANTANAMO BAY, CUBA

Showing, left to right, Library and Movies, PQM, Recreation Hall, Galley, PHQ, Boat House and Officers' Quarters.



VO Squadron 9-M, Charlotte Amalie (St. Thomas), V. I.

Regiment. Served there until October 1920. While there served as a First Lieutenant in the Guardia Nacional Dominicana. Served at Marine Barracks from November 1920 until June 1921 then to the USS *Maryland*. Served on the USS *Maryland* until February 1928. Then to Bremerton. Served at Bremerton until March 1929. Then to the USS *Mississippi*. Served aboard the USS *Mississippi* until June 1931. Then to Naval Mine Depot, Yorktown, Va. Served at Yorktown until April 1934. Arrived at present Station 7 November 1934.

These past few weeks have seen many new chevrons in our Barracks and outposts. The men being promoted from Private First Class to Corporal are: Edward A. Sieber, Edgar L. Miller; Fleet Air Base, Aaron E. Oliver; Old Naval Station, Albert L. Davis, Arthur L. Coffee and Ivan N. Matum. Those being promoted from Private to Private First Class are: Stephen K. Pawloski, attached to the main gate and Allen M. McLeod, the Commanding Officer's chauffeur. It's a well earned promotion and we extend our hearty congratulations. We'll be looking for those glasses of foam.

We had one very surprised Corporal here last week. Our Jean H. Neil was about to descend down to the operating room to have an operation performed when in walked Colonel Roger W. Peard and handed "Cheez" his Sgt.'s warrant. Congratulations, Sgt. Neil came to this post in June last year and he's really kept himself busy putting the Marines on the map in the line of sports. One of our strongest hitters on our baseball team last year. He played and coached our football team to a victory over the Navy and also played and coached the basketball team. Neil has taken sets in tennis from the Service Champions in the Islands and he really had to step. At the time of this writing he is at the Naval Hospital and is getting along fine. We expect him back with us in less than a month. Corporal Raymond Sadler is wielding the baton with the band at the present time in Neil's place and is doing a pretty good job.

The inner company indoor baseball league drew to a close this past week, with "Blind Tom" MacCamman Barracks Detachments team winning out in the final round from Sgt's Klein's A Company aggregation. A keg of beer was the goal so you can imagine the competition we had. It was a fight to the finish. Ask Capt. W. H. Lee.

If at any time any of you new men feel like a little bit of true Hawaiian entertainment just stop down by the post office at the barracks around 6:00 p.m. in the evening. John McRill will be plucking away on his Hawaiian steel guitar and he's getting pretty good.

LUALUALEI, OAHU, T. H.

By C. B. M.

There is an old and well known proverb that says this is a small world, which brings to mind the fact that the Marine Corps, too, is rather a small organization in many respects. But the writer would hazard a substantial wager to the effect that, if the average Marine was to pay us a visit he would be so impressed that his inclination to leave would be prolonged indefinitely. The alluring fertile valleys, the ever green and luxuriant and changing countryside has that appeal which tends to induce one to dig in as it were.

Although we are somewhat isolated here there are any number of activities and pastimes (aside from MCO No. 41 and post routine), such as keg-tea parties on the beach at Nanikuli, pig hunts in the mountains, tennis, baseball, volleyball and many others not to mention our regular dances which always go over in a popular way. And last but not least our stables which afford opportunity for a canter over our picturesque and inviting bride paths.

We have a Commanding Officer of the first water in the person of Capt. Harry E. Dunkelberger whose thoughts are always for the welfare and contentment of his men.

Also First Sergeant Parker rates "Tops" with the men and is still going strong in athletics. He says the NCO's will someday muster a volleyball team that can beat the privates. Corporals Smith W. P. and Gordon still ride feathered chairs and make foot tracks on their desks and Corporal Basset is seeking their solution. Aloha, until the near future.

VO SQUADRON 9M

Charlotte Amalie

Saint Thomas, Virgin Islands

SHORT TIMERS SOUND OFF: The spring migration north has started in earnest for VO-9M, headed appropriately enough by Lieutenant Colonel James T. Moore, who was detached to Headquarters Marine Corps on April 23. The Colonel left Bourne Field and a host of well wishers, surrounded, in formation, by all the planes that VO-9M could put in the air. The Colonel proceeded to San Juan, where he was a host to the officers at a farewell luncheon.

Following the Colonel is Lieutenant R. B. Hurst, of the Fleet Marine Corps Reserve, who leaves tonight, bound for the Naval Air Station, Pensacola, Florida.

On 5 May, all of VO-9M's St. Thomas "Pioneers" with but six exceptions, will have left us. Twenty-three men are leaving on that, long to be remembered night, bound for San Juan via the *Catherine*, to embark on two commercial vessels for

New York. That is, to say the least, very hard to take. Leaving this, the gem of the Caribbean, commercially.

The exceptions stated above, the last of the Mohicans, the home guards, the practically native St. Thomians, are Sgt. Jesse B. Mclear, whose transfer orders were revoked by the MGC. He will remain down here as the NCO in charge of the engine overhaul section, a job that he has been handling deftly for the past two years.

Corporal James M. "Hoo" Wray, who was in charge of the erection shop in the now returned MT Sergeant Hauschel's absence on detached duty in San Juan, has extended his tour to overhaul two SU's. He has also at times been in charge of the fabric and parachute departments during the absence of their respective heads and has proven himself capable of all the aforementioned jobs.

Corporal Gheen has extended for Frigidaires. He came down an electrician and will return a Frigidaire engineer.

Sergeant C. L. Haney is still carried on the muster rolls of this organization. I don't know what he extended for. I am not in a position to say, unless he has ideas of going back a construction engineer. If that is the case, Aircraft One will be run over with technical engineers. Private Jonasson extended for the assistant crew chiefship of the RD. Mayhap some day he will have one of the big planes to call all his own.

Police Sergeant Wise (Private's warrant) extended for the police shed (and fourth class specialist?). He has been doing a very good and capable job of handling the native employees at this post and would make a good police sergeant anywhere. Well, perhaps, when Mr. Roeller gets enough of Saint Thomas, Roy will have had enough too.

Perhaps when this is read, he will be a Pfc. who knows? There will be a competitive examination this coming week end for one sergeant's warrant, two squad leaders' certificates, and a pair of Pfc-ships. There are two promotions in the bag though, and two very deserving ones at that. Sergeant Harry L. O'Hey will be a third pay grade potentate along with Staff Sergeant to be Leslie H. Row. Harry has been with the power plant at the new field since it was a blueprint and knows as much about it, practically, as Mr. Diesel himself. Sgt. Row is the aviation carpenter down here when he isn't doing straight hammer and nailing, and any ex-St. Thomian will tell you that the carpenter shop is no snap here. Congratulations to you both, and Row, get to work on two new mail boxes.

The entire command assembled on Wednesday, 21 April, for picture taking purposes. All but the cook on watch, two

THE LEATHERNECK

sentries, and the sick were included in the last assembled picture of the old Virgin Islandites and the near old. Included some where on these pages will be found this historic picture. As before stated, the whole command was there, and not wanting to take all THE LEATHERNECK'S space, I will not left to right the picture.

Lieutenant Martin A. Severson, FMCR, reported at this station on the 19th of April as Lieutenant Hurst's relief, and already has worn an inroad on the San Juan-St. Thomas airplane.

Private Glenn Powell and Sergeant Henry "Cowboy" Anglin are in the sick bay with malaria. Here it is the 28th of April and as both men are on the transfer list for the 5th I might have to change the number from twenty-three to twenty-one. The squadron wishes these men quick recovery, so that they may travel on the sailing date.

Corporal Musselman is also sick-baying, and he is also another short timer. If I didn't know better, I'd pass some remark about these people that will do anything to stay.

Lockers have been set up in the new barracks and it will not be long till this column is thought up on a bunk in a fine new airy and light barracks, and written up in the palatial executive offices of VO-9M's new location.

But to get back to the short timers, who are the most important news of the month, we note that the two armorers, Staff Sergeant Straba and Sergeant "Whitey" Johnson, are not to be seen in the armory. A little investigation, however, turned them up, not with a gun or a

rifle, but with, who would have guessed it, a pick and shovel, supervising the digging of a east-west drainage ditch along the same directioned runway. Well, men, we must all lend a hand in making this a bigger and better air base.

And among the short timers, that is short since arriving, is Sergeant Donahoe, who reported on April 19th, with Lieutenant Severson and will be second man at the power plant. Sgt. Donahoe was on duty at the Atlas Imperial Diesel Engine plant before being transferred down here. There should be no hitch on the power score down here with O'Hey, Donahoe and Gheen, who is a Diesel man.

First Sergeant Frank Martz reported for duty on the 27th of April, relieving First Sergeant Ralph Garrie, who was transferred back to the States on the 14th.

Corporal Bracei was elected to succeed Corporal "Marty" Berg as president of the Service Club. Berg served in this capacity for four months in a very efficient and commendable manner, but Marty is on the short timers' list and we believe that we have elected a man that will carry on the good work that was done by him.

Sergeant Alvie D. Godwin will go to San Juan on detached duty on the 1st of May, relieving Private A. L. Roberts, who will return, probably to the crew of the club president's ship.

And with no comment on Sgt. Musachia's losing one of the bigger fish in the Caribbean a few Sundays ago, this column will close, with hopes of being back for the next issue, if, and only if, its instigator gets away with this one.

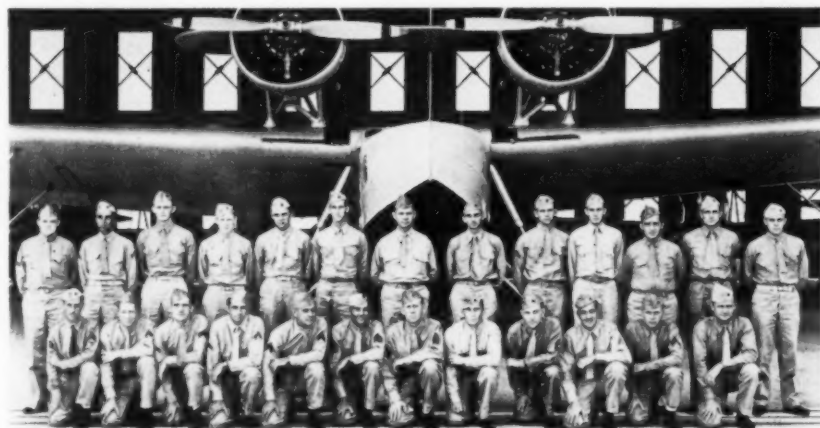


NAVAL OPERATING BASE Norfolk, Virginia

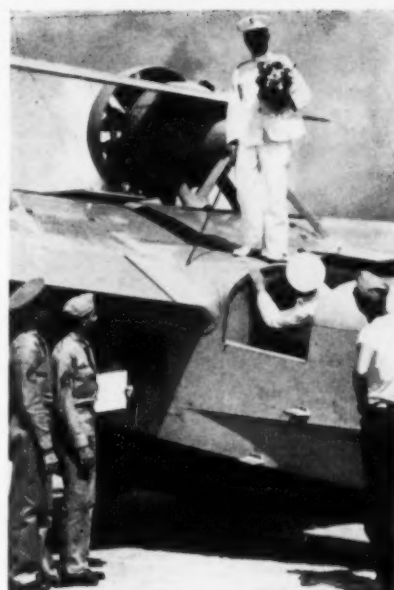
Goodbye, Mr. Edison: Call again. Dressed in faultless blues, at present arms, three-pounder booming a salute, thus did this post do much to contribute to the welcome extended the Assistant Secretary of the Navy. We are proud to quote: "I have enjoyed the visit tremendously and am

happy to see that both officers and enlisted men fill the rigid qualifications required by our service."

Word reaches us via intellectual sources that our recently promoted Major Kaluf will shortly be transferred to the Marine Corps Schools in Quantico as instructor in Topography. This is, no doubt, welcome news to men who have served previously under the Major. To us, it means the loss



Field Section, VO-9M



Colonel Moore bids farewell to the men of the Squadron.

of one who has done a lion's share in promoting recreational facilities. Suffice it to say, we shall miss him.

We wonder:

Why Mickey Nolen, the baker, was presented with a bunch of flowers on Mother's Day. Come to think of it, he does turn out hot biscuits like Mother used to make.

If McClellan's daily moody moods denote an undying love for that lovely creature he spliced with lately.

Why the Commanding Officer recently published an order requesting married men to make proper notations in their record books.

Why Collins has forsaken his weekly jaunts to Newport News for more lucrative fields in Larchmont. Is he mercenary, or is it just a case of variety is the spice of life?

Why sergeant Vale prefers to sit at home with a western and a corncob or briar preferably to "chercher la femme."

If T. P. Jones needs a compass to navigate his pedal extremities into his size 17's.

Whether the epidemic of church-goers such as Frank, Tilley, Jones, Smith, Myler, Sutton and Hildrup is prompted by a desire to better themselves spiritually, or because in the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love.

Why Sergeant Muscheck ponders over Dale Carnegie's "How to Win Friends and Influence People (He is police sergeant)."

Whether the bundle Kilpatrick was holding at the movies recently was his baby, or whether he is just practicing with an inanimate object wrapped in a blanket—in expectation.

When Overfield will become reconciled to the fact that a beer a day will not keep "office hours" away.

If Zorman, Zorny weather, Colonel William's chauffeur, will ever stop springing those ancient puns, and how come he thought (until last week) that a Buick's rear fender would get the best of an encounter with a cement post.

If Lynn, our postman, will ever realize his fondest dream. He has been hoping the quartermaster will issue him an Austin for mail delivery.

"THE JAMOK POT"
Navy Yard, Charleston, S. C.
By Frijole De Cafe

Since last going to press our fair post was visited by the Marine Corps Inspection Board consisting of General Vogel, Colonel Williams, of the Quartermaster Department, Lieutenant Colonel Hermie, Lieutenant Colonel Arthur, and Quartermaster Clerk Goodwin. The men stood inspection in their various uniforms and had clothing and equipment inspection on the bunks. Everything went along nicely and the inspection party appeared to be satisfied with the conditions in this post.

The members of the Marine Barracks have organized a new post of the Veterans of Foreign Wars here at Charleston and we believe that it is quite out of the ordinary due to the fact that all charter members are Marines. We hold our first meeting on 6 May and expect to start off with a bang. We are naming the Post after Major General Harry Lee (deceased).

Quartermaster Louis A. Sullivan was in a very unfortunate accident while returning to this post from temporary duty in the President's camp at Warm Springs, Georgia. He took a ditch in preference to running into a wagon load of darkies and as a consequence he reduced his car to wreckage and nearly succeeded in wrecking himself. We are glad to see him back to duty with no more injuries than a couple of cracked ribs and many sore muscles.

Our post mascot, "Corporal King," of the German dog-police, recently celebrated his first birthday with a hip-bone of beef and everything else that goes to make a dog's life happy. He acted like most recruits for his first year in the Corps and has just recently started to get onto the life of the Marines. It is believed he is the only dog-infielder in the entire Marine Corps. He can field grounders to either side and very seldom does he boot one. Only trouble is that his throw is kinda slow.

Many of the ex-Charleston Marines will remember the "Swell Doings" that we have here during the Azalea Festival Week. It is "Mardi Gras" except that it is on a smaller scale. This year the festival was held during the week of April 11-18 and opened up the first day with a grand parade of floats and feminine beauty.

An added attraction to the parade this year was the addition of numerous "Funny Floats." Large caricatures filled with air and cutting up all kinds of funny didoes. The rest of the week was devoted to various children's parades, pet parades, dog shows, dances, crowning the Azalea Queen, and numerous other things of which I can not remember at the present. Nevertheless it was a festive week for everyone within many miles of Charleston.

We are very glad to see that Private First Class James I. Strawbridge came through with a bronze medal in the Southeastern Division Pistol Match. Two of our men should have placed in the Rifle Match also but the scores were so high this year that even though their scores tied the last year's winner it was not good enough to take a medal this year.

After a very indifferent practice season our baseball team stepped out and won their opening game in the Municipal League of Charleston by a score of 3-2. The Marines put the game on ice in the first of the ninth, when Corporal (Itchy) E. B. Kissane banged a long triple to

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HINGHAM SALVOS

By Jack H. Martin

After reading the contents of last month's article, I'll bet that some of you old Hinghamers wonder what has happened to this part of the country since you left it, also, why you didn't stay to enjoy the fruits that always follow the harvest. Yes, it sure is a pleasure to be here, it's sort of a paradise now-a-days. About the street car to Boston, why you don't even have to go to that expense as experience in the use of the "Air route" method of transportation has supplanted the street car and in most cases, one can reach his destination much quicker. This "Air lane" is proving to be a up and coming project and holds promise of vast profits as the fare saved in this manner would come to a sizable amount.

Nantasket Beach will be officially opened for the season by the Marines from the



Marines and buds burst forth in spring—Pfc. Shaw and Pvt. Land enjoying a popular springtime relaxation, Charleston.

appearances of several of the boys who are snapping in for the pleasures to be derived from a visit to this beach. As the weather gets warmer and the days more clear, so, the lawn is dotted with those firm believers in sun baths. Jakie Quinn has a good start by getting burned and several more are around the barracks with pink backs claiming that they have a terrible sun burn.

Well, range practice is just about to start. The first detail is snapping in and firing the small bore (.22 Cal.) at our own range here, on the reservation.

The whole Hingham complement of Marines wishes to take this opportunity to extend its congratulations upon Ch. Mgun Thomas Whitesel in his recent promotion. We all feel that the promotion is a well deserved one, especially after a record of faithful and competent service. We all shall continue to discharge our duties under his supervision as adequately, if not more so, than we ever did.

Our Commanding Officer, Lt.-Col. G. C.

Hamner, is away on a ten-day leave and CH. Mgun Whitesel is his successor until such time as Col. Hamner returns to duty.

He have had several changes here this past month. The departures are: Cpl. Harriman to Boston for Wakefield, Pfc. Goullette to Quantico (did you get your rifle, Goullette?). Pfc. Adams to Boston for Wakefield, Sgt. (Sir Malcom) Disco to Quantico for the Marine Corps rifle team. Sgt. (Uncle Al) Humza to Coca Solo. Those who were paid off are: Pvt. Harrell (that fascinating southerner), Cpl. Moon (the dreamy messman) and Dmr. (Loopy) Salvucci.

Cpl. Sankus joined our crowd of happy and contented Marines from Norfolk, Va.

This post has for the past two weeks, been enjoying exceptional weather. Plenty of sunshine and cool breezes to make the days even more enjoyable. Makes you think of a cool spot under a spreading palm tree in the good old South or where ever you wish to spread. In fact, that weather man was so unselfish in his contributions of good weather that a day was set aside when all the windows in the Barracks received a well deserved and more or less necessary washing. Funny, how every body wishes for rain or something when ever a small invigorating job like window washing comes up. There are plenty of growls when ever it rains on duty days guess, somebody had better drop a line to the good old weather man and explain our problems to him. Most of us who are from the good old South don't mind telling you that we feel this heat of seventy to eighty degrees much more than we did temperatures of ninety or a hundred. Whew, where's that swimming hole?

The tennis rackets have been put to considerable use lately and the tennis courts show signs of having been subjected to severe punishment. The warming up spells, as the first games of tennis are called, would provide a good comic scene at any professional game, seems the fence surrounding the court isn't high enough to keep the ball within its limits, or is it too much pep? The old ball field has been put into use also, and quite a few evenings have been spent in the sweet and sweat of a good ball game. Out side of the athletic activities of this post liberty is the subject most indulged in for the evening and it would seem the most enjoyed as one would find himself very lonesome should he decide to stay in for the evening. This post has plenty of liberty and offers plenty of excitement both in the line of duty and pleasure. When duty is hard, it is so, but we take great pride in knowing that how hard it is when it's over we know we can say "Well done, well done."

Old Mush, known to many of you as Admiral Byrd's lead dog, would seem to surpass even "Stepin Fetchit." Mush can't seem to find himself a comfortable spot that would afford him plenty of shade. He is so intent in his determination to accomplish this aim or desire that he won't even respond to chow call any more. Old Mush is the object of much attention around here and all of us take pride in having him among us.

We Wonder

Why Sgt. Ferrigno waits for a phone call at 19:15 every night?

If Cpl. Brown should have been twins?

If Speight had to pay a jewelry bill or just wanted to make a "Liberty"?

If Bullen will ever recover?

Why Kesner says he has isolated the "Silver Dollar"?

If Connolly and Sullivan aren't the two

(Continued on page 60)

TOM-TOMS OF INDIAN HEAD

By The Ghost

Hurrahs and Huzzahs, for the A.&I. has come at last and the long weeks of anticipation are over with.

The long looked-for inspector arrived shortly after nine A.M. and caught us with a bit of work underway but it was hastily left off and the men hurried to fall out for the big event of the year.

The inspection came off very smoothly considering all the drawbacks that we endure here and it was all over before three in the afternoon of the same day.

Our Commanding Officer, Major T. H. Cartwright, received several compliments, commendations and constructive criticisms, and the Post Exchange Officer, Marine Gunner W. M. Henderson, was elated over the fact that his books were found in good order.

Of course we had troop in khaki, clothing on the bunk, equipment on the bunk, inspection in blues, and then full greens with leggings and heaves. Four unlucky privates, Clifton, Terry, Green and Somers, had to pitch shelter-halves for the A.&I. and it seems that fortune cast the lot upon just about the four worst shelter-half pitchers in the Marine Corps. Even at that the performance was almost satisfactory.

The post's garden was of especial interest to the inspecting officer and met with no disapproval. A lot of hopes lie in that garden now that so much work has been put out on it. Thames is still tilling the soil of said garden but no one has seen him work up a sweat as yet.

About the biggest piece of news here of late is the opening of the base-ball season. The first official game was played on Monday, May 3rd, and there is only one subsequent game to report to-date. The baseball news will be found in the sports section of the magazine.

More good news of the day is the promotion of Sgt. Street to Platoon Sgt., Privates Hueston, Haynes and Gore to Private First Class, and Pfc. Moeller to Corporal. Many felicitations boys and may you have many more occasions to buy the beer (hint hint).

Messmen Gilbert and Dickerson were promoted back to Private just before the A.&I. so we don't know whether to congratulate them or their reliefs, Soanes (Dorothy Dixon), and (Schnozzle) Hugbins.

Biddy DeLoach has been promoted to the rank of Chicken since he added three whiskers to the fuzz on his chin, and since Taylor was clamouring for the title of Biddy. He's it. Taylor is also it with a certain something in Indian Head (I don't know what to call one that isn't yet hatched).

"Hoss Thief" McCrory is noticeably lacking competition in standing Post Office watches since the transfers of Moore and Bell.

By-the-way, Private Bell was transferred back to his old stomping ground, Brooklyn, and the Personality Kid has left behind a certain U. of M. coed that is reputedly hard to handle. Since Bell left with his extensive wardrobe, his inadequate adversary, Pvt. Clifton, has managed to make a brilliant show-off of haberdashery before the local clam-diggers.

The men sent to the range in the last detail were: Cpl. Easley, Privates Klim, Ellis and Moore, and Pfc. Gore. Gore came back after firing for record and the others have stayed at Quantico to try out

(Continued on page 39)

RECEIVING STATION MARINES

Philadelphia Navy Yard

By H. M. Wheeler

As this is written all hands are looking forward with considerable pleasure to the Receiving Station Dance to be given at the Rittenhouse Hotel in Philadelphia, by the Command on the night of April 30th in honor of Captain F. C. Martin, U.S.N., Lieutenant Commander C. C. Kress, U.S.N. and Lieutenant J. F. Piotrowski, all of whom are going to the retired list in the near future. Captain Martin has been our very fair and considerate Commanding Officer since last July and has become acting Commandant of the 4th Naval District and Navy Yard as of April 26, 1937. Doctor Kress has faithfully and efficiently taken care of all our ailments as the Receiving Station Doctor, and Lieutenant Piotrowski has been in charge of our Ships Service



Assembled on the steps of the Basic School at Philadelphia, these college athletes bid good-bye to each other before leaving on their first active duty assignments since being commissioned Second Lieutenants last July. Seated on the balustrade at the extreme left is Lt. Glenn Funk, University of Nebraska runner, who gained the Olympic finals. To his right is Lt. Thornton Hinkle, former Yale track star. Next to him is Lt. Howard Davis, Ohio State links star. In the right background is Lt. Spencer Berger, All-American grid ace at the University of Virginia, while in the foreground with extended diploma is Lt. Douglas Reeves, of the University of Utah, who boxed in the Golden Gloves and A.A.U. tourneys. They graduated from Basic School March 31.

Store. We all regret the departure of these officers from active duty and wish them a long and happy cruise on the retired list.

Corporal Archie S. Poole, whose enlistment expired on April 26th, immediately shipped over the following day and departed with his good conduct medal for Hatboro, Pennsylvania, to spend a month's furlough helping his Uncle operate an automobile parking space there. Poole's plans were rather rudely disrupted when

he discovered he was not entitled to a three-month furlough upon re-enlistment, as he had hoped to work the parking game for a large part of the summer. However he did promise to return here for our dance, all duked up in his tuxedo. We hope Poole's leave is both pleasant and profitable and that perhaps he may be able to get some sort of an extension from the Major General Commandant.

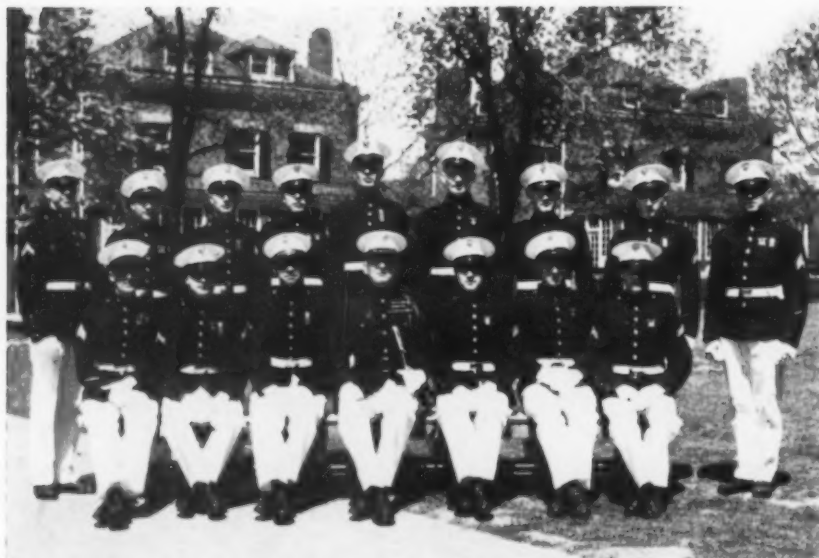
In addition to the three Naval Officers mentioned above, in whose honor we are giving the dance, we are also losing our Executive Officer, Lieutenant Commander S. S. Reynolds, U.S.N., and our Personnel Officer, C. S. Beightler, U.S.N., before this article will have been printed. Both Commander Reynolds and Lieutenant Beightler have impressed everyone in this Command with their fairness and consideration. It has been a pleasure to serve with and under them and we wish them both a happy cruise in their new duties at sea.

During March our Detachment fell several men below strength and we were faced with the prospect of having to put on a running guard at the Brig from May 1st when our first range detail left for Cape May. However, Headquarters Marine Corps has come nobly to our rescue and transferred the following men to our Detachment during the past month. Platoon-Sergeant Wayne K. Miller and Privates Robert E. Sturm and Jessie W. Ulmer. We heartily welcome all three men to our Detachment, not only because we need their services, but also because all three appear to be efficient marines. Platoon-Sergeant Miller came to us from Portsmouth, Virginia and promises to be a big asset to the Detachment. Private Sturm cranked up his trusty Plymouth and drove down to join us from Marine Barracks, Naval Torpedo Station, Newport, Rhode Island, while Private Ulmer left Marine Barracks, Charleston, South Carolina, high and dry to join our happy family.

We have just been advised that Scott C. Phillips, Apprentice Seaman, U. S. Navy, the general court-martial prisoner who wounded our Sergeant Paul Rowan last January while enroute to Portsmouth Naval Prison in an attempt to escape, has been tried by general court martial for breaking arrest and striking another person in the Navy and sentenced to confinement for a period of five (5) years, in addition to his original sentence of one (1) year's confinement for wrecking the automobile of an officer in this Navy Yard. We mention this sentence as evidence of the futility of Phillips' attempted escape. While this sentence can in no manner make amends for the possible crippling of Rowan for life, we do hope that it will provide an effective warning to any other misguided young prisoner who might be tempted to try to escape. You will perhaps recall that Rowan unhesitatingly attempted to disarm Phillips, after Phillips had obtained Rowan's automatic pistol, cocking it and jabbing it into Rowan's stomach. Rowan was shot twice in the right thigh, the second shot badly shattering the femur of his right leg. Rowan is still a patient in the Naval Hospital, Newport, Rhode Island, and we do hope that he will be able to rejoin us for duty some day.

Our first range detail, consisting of Privates Richard Gonzalez, John A. Kowalko, Harry K. Louderback, Jr., Herman P. Magee and Robert P. Weller, has

(Continued on page 39)



CANDIDATES FOR COMMISSION, MARINE BARRACKS, WASHINGTON, D. C. Front row, left to right: Sgt. Charles R. Boyer, Cpl. Brooke H. Hatch, Cpl. Frank Lisi, Lt. Col. LeRoy P. Hunt, Sgt. Gregory J. Weissenberger, Cpl. Lawrence V. Patterson, Cpl. Monford K. Peyton. Back row, left to right: Cpl. Teddy L. Hansen, Cpl. Virgil E. Harris, Sgt. William H. Doolen, Cpl. Alfred T. Greene, Cpl. Thomas M. Emmons, Cpl. Herbert H. Townsend, Cpl. Robert J. Loesch, Cpl. Henry J. Revane, Sgt. Clair W. Shisler.

M. C. I. BABBLINGS

By Hobo

SILENT! ASSERTIONS OF YOUR NEWSMONGER:

Tubb will make two stripes before that horsey, hot-shot society man.

Who doesn't know the story behind the alarm clock given to the guard by Ray's girl friend from Boston?

Someone should mangle Luck again so us quiet boys can have a little peace.

Ed King, with excitement, "Someone please help me learn the general orders, quick." (It was just one of the gags put on by six-A during the A&I).

Do the sand-gnats in Quantico have a good time when Pop Vaiden takes his hat off?

Why is it you can get almost anything from McElroy's storeroom if you approach talking of baseball and A&I?

Bryan's ears are getting sore from bucking for the Sgt. rating now open in the Comm. school.

Hodgdon is easy for his tedious work on that contest. (One of those get-rich in maturity things, so it seems).

Must Quirk forever shout "clean up around that G. I. can." (Especially before reveille?)

Kelly: "Lay off Barr, he's mine."

Barr: "Nope, Hodgdon's."

If Hoffman had two more hands we would be in the same predicament as the starving Armenians.

According to the boys in Quantico, Landman was lazy. According to us, Landman is lazy.

Miller: "A box of candy for a buck, it's not so hot, but you can give it to the girl friend." (His cut is 20c a box).

Carroll had a "get rich quick scheme" during a recent poker brawl. It worked until Brown stepped on his hand.

LOVE TRIUMPHS OVER DUTY

That mighty buster-ouster of bulls-eyes that Dan Boone of the M.C.I., that Romeo of the rifle range—H. A. Tipton reached a crucial moment in his short but hectic career as a potential team shot when he

waged a mental (?) battle as to whether he should go to the Divisional and National Matches or remain quietly with the Institute. Some say that H. A. knew of a promotion soon due in his dept. and refused to leave for professional purposes, but ole' Hobo was on the job as usual—and the truth is that Tip's interest was bent in the direction of a beautiful young coloratura soprano star who has just risen on the concert and operatic horizon. She made a successful debut the evening after Tip was to have gone forth to blaze further glory for the Marine Corps rifle shooters.

PARLANC'E FROM M.C.I.—M.C.O. 113:

Smith: "Push one leg over the fence and the other one will follow."

Higuera: "Charge with the bayonet, they'll get scared and run" (If they're afraid).

Cronan: "Set the alarm for 1.45, I've some work to do."

Alley: "Well, if it was up to me I don't know what I'd do."

Reading: "Hot-dog, another sleeping period."

Fike: "I'll say it slow now."

PANEGYRIC STUFF.

Flowers of essence should go to Phinney, Pulliam, Fort, and Grafton for their fine work as white house orderlies.

Ditto to Astelford for his new department in the M.C.I.

Johnny Ahern has just shipped over for another tour of duty with the M.C.I. as head of the Civil Service School. Forty-five days in St. Louis should put him in (some) shape.

Middleton receives his degree in Accountancy from Southeastern U. the latter part of this month. Persistence rewarded. Congrats, kid.

Congratulations are in order for Barker, Werner, Ray, Quirk, and McDonald on their recent addition of a pair of stripes.

(What do you expect from a hobo, no-how?)

RECEIVING SHIP NAVY YARD—NEW YORK

By "Tony"

A brief tour of duty spent maneuvering about endless corridors. Sniffing that familiar aroma of ether; men in white and immaculate bleached bulkheads of that big house on Flushing Avenue will remain among my memories, but despite the leisure one may receive in this home it's really grand to be back amid 12-4's and guard mounts. Thanks to Smith for his clever contributions for the Receiving Ship in last month's LEATHERNECK. However, for Smitty's information—a patient doesn't gold brick in a Naval Hospital, but convalesces.

Our initial Rifle Range Detail of the season has set sail for Cape May, N. J. (20 miles at sea, cetra, cetra). Cpl. Guice, Pfc. Rudd, and Pfts. Burch and Walkewicz will get the first crack at the bobbing targets and silhouettes.

Receiving Ship "Wallabout Dodgers" topped the Marine Reserve 3 to 2 in their opening game of the season. "Red" Dailey on the rubber for the Dodgers tossed his usual "3 inning" game (for which he is famous) fanning eleven.

Among the interesting people of the balmy season, we find Pvt. Richard C. Barron, the President of the Receiving Ship "Ching Lee" Laundry is most amazing. He is the sole inventor of a gadget of gadgets. This marvel removes buttons and chevrons from shirts, presses them and attaches the bill, all in one movement (Congrats, Duke).

Echoes from the Brooklynites: Cocktail hour on the Avenue finds Ptn. Sgt. Rudder and "Bo" Baker sipping champagne cocktails, (apparently no snake-eyes this trip).—Gus Brock is so fond of chop suey he spends most of his leisure time in Chinatown.—Labyack and "Hamburger" Si Brock dropping nickels in the subway as ten cuties strut by to the musical cliking of the turn stiles.—Smith and Mirachver at the Waldorf-Astoria drinking Vatica with the "400."

Sgt. J. Grossman of Yorkville is a perfect Master of Ceremonies but has difficulty in distinguishing a ball from a strike.—Guice, Tex Fowler, and Dailey quoting lines from Emily Post to "Key-o" on the N.C.O. mess.—Pvt. Walton seen counting the articles in windows of leading shoppes on 42nd Street (Goes on for days).

Pfc. Alfred Steff has been inflicted by that so called "Love Bug," during one of his gay romantic ga-gas, moves in a German Hofbrau on the East Side. He states he doesn't miss the case of Johnie Walker but all he wants is one more chance (Love you eccentric thing).

"Pajama Kid" Tex Fowler has a spur monogram on his blue pajamas.—Mangum has been presented with sparkling red stripes (Congrats, Cpl.).—Cpl. Cretara will receive his diploma this month for eight years of faithful service. *Auf wiedersehen*, Charlie and best of luck.—"Chubby" Torbert the brig's overseer waddled up to Portsmouth with a prisoner on May Day.—Snyder and Land were seen carving hearts on the willow trees in Central Park (Does Cpl. Baker and Hinsey envy their Spring Spirit?).

Pvt. S. C. Milkiewicz and J. J. Weir are additions to our Detachment. Jessie Peterman one of our recent middle-aislers is residing in Yorkville and not lower East Side (Please accept correction).

Will cop a fast sneak for I fear I hear the jingle of Riot Call.

THE LEATHERNECK

"A HURRY OF HOOFS IN THE VILLAGE STREET"

Charlestown (Mass.) Navy Yard

By Al.

"Four on and sixteen off!" And we're doing it with a smile. All of which accounts for our long absence from the "Broadcast" columns.

Spring is in the air around historic old Boston and we are the exception that is proving the rule. They say that Spring makes one just a little, should we say, fatigued. But it has given us a new burst of energy and we are going to try to let you know some of the men stationed here and what is going on.

Our acting sergeant major and first sergeant is the inimitable First Sergeant Walter C. Grant. Q. M. Sergeant G. S. Furey handles all the quartermaster department activities. A new addition to our ranks is Pl. Sgt. A. L. Cramer, who recently came from the China station. Mess Sgt. Alphonso Carbone, who accompanied Admiral Byrd to Little America, is the chief vitamin dispenser and does a good job of it, too.

We also have, as members of our little family, Sergeants "Mittens" Ulrich, "Horse Collar" Pierce, "Phil" Philpott, Phinney, "Champ" Hutchcroft and Tpr. Sgt. Guthrie.

Sgt. Becker is also attached to this outfit. He is the Admiral's number one orderly but he is almost a stranger to us; about the only time we see him is on payday.

There are two outposts attached to the Yard. The one at the Naval Hospital is in charge of First Sergeant Buckley, with Sgt. Ganzell as his first assistant. The other outpost is at South Boston with Sgt. Kranich in charge.

Several new men joined the guard temporarily while awaiting the opening of the Wakefield Rifle Range. Among them we have such famous characters as Staff Sgt. "Abe" Collins, mess sergeant extraordinary, Sgt. O'Sullivan (Don't forget the O), Cpls. "Caribou" Johnson, George T. (The "T" is for Terrance) O'Brien and Mangogna. They are settling down in fine style.

As we stated in our opening paragraph, guard duty is the main thing at the Navy Yard here. The guards come fast and furious but we don't mind them. We still find time to pass our tests in MCO 113.

We are also firing an inter-unit small bore match on the newly completed small bore range. With the aid of this match and the snapping in with the Springfields, we are aiming to produce a qualification record at the Wakefield range that is going to be hard to beat. Of course, we are not neglecting our close order drill. We still find time to sandwich a little of that in, also.

A few words about the yard proper will not be amiss at this time. The barracks in which the guard is quartered is one of the main points of interest. The building was constructed in 1803 and was occupied by British troops during the War of 1812. And that grand old ship, the U. S. Frigate *Constitution* is tied up in the Yard. We will try to give you some more historical data about the Charlestown Navy Yard in our subsequent articles.

For the present, we will close in order that we will not bore our readers too much and they will not want to hear from us again.



ORIENTED NEWS FROM THE SECOND BATTALION, FOURTH MARINES, SHANGHAI, CHINA

By L. Guidetti

ONCE again we appear in print with a little more news from this part of the great world, and when I say great world I mean just that, because this is one of the most interesting spots in the world for tourists and others that care to find a thrill and exciting measures. The tourists arrive here by the boatloads, but just before they arrive all the merchants in town put out their oldest goods and call them antiques to fool the tourists. But for we gyrenes it takes more than that, as you all know.

Headquarters Company

"Pappy" Sherman thinks that this column is a little out of place. My public! "Pop" is the 1 Battalion music, by the way.

The "Griffins" have settled down to their new positions and made a few liberties to find out what makes Shanghai so popular with Uncle Sammy's Gyrenes. A few have already located their own little corner out in town and seem to be doing quite well for themselves. Is it pure personality or that seventy (dollars) payday last month?

See where a former member of our proud organization, G. Franklin Ogilvie, now staff artist for the *Walla Walla*, is breaking into the local newspaper with his cartoons. Nice going, old bean.

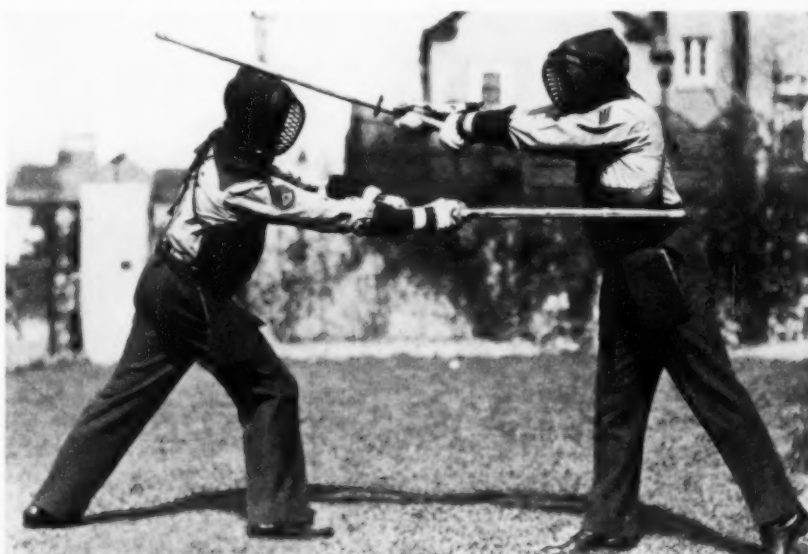
In the realm of sport we find Cpl. Cushman and his feminine partner crashing through to win the mixed doubles bowling championship. Not bad for an old man, "Master."

When one hasn't any more "squibs," one can't put them on paper, consequently one says "finis."

Company F

Here's F Company back in the harness again, not with exactly heavy hearts, but with a little sore at everything in general. Just lost the Battalion small-bore trophy, also the right to be called champions, by one point to Company H. Guess we can't kick, though, for the two highest scores made in the Battalion were by Pl-Sgt. Boyle and Pvt. D. L. Smith, from F Company. Pl-Sgt. Boyle won the \$30.00 prize for being the distinguished rifle shot, shooting a score of 364, Smith winning the \$50.00 prize as non-distinguished rifle shot with a score of 370.

There will be a few more vacant bunks in F Company again soon, some are glad to be going back to the states, a few are wailing about it, of course, you all know why. By that we know the Orient hasn't lost all its charm. Remember to send some good athletes and rifle shots to replace the ones that are returning on the *USS Chamont*.



"Lay on, Macduff," or something. A pair of Fourth Marines fencing with Japanese broadwords.



Fourth Marines in farewell parade for Lt-Colonel W. Dulty-Smith

Gee! Wonder why everyone is breaking out the books all covered with rust. No—everyone can't make it this time, here's luck to Pfc. Potts, hope he makes corporal all right, and Pvt. Smith, and Clemons make Pfc. Be patient, boys, you may be next. Who knows?

Rugby season is over now and already some of the players are looking forward to the beginning of the baseball season, don't know whether it's because they like to play baseball or just don't like to stand guards. Won't mention any names, but I bet two fellows their initials are, Zeher and Sykes will both be very pleased when baseball season opens.

Higginson, of the bowling squad, is giving a good example to the Shanghai bowlers how it should be done. If any one would like to become an expert in the use of the stroking machine, I'm sure that Sgt. "Higgy" will furnish the information, as he knows how.

As news comes in small quantities and far between times we will have to stop, with a promise of more next time.

Company H

By S. J. T. Price

We are coming again with the latest news around the company. Maybe we can enable the ex-H Company men to recall what the company is like and who is who.

We had one swell time today in the form of a Regimental Parade in the meager space of the Second Battalion—yep, we sure did and those who are in the know may believe it or not.

The usual amount of firing has been in progress recently.

The small bore company match was recently run off with H Company living up to her old standard by placing first with F Company a close second.

Those participating are named in order with regard to placing respectively. Pfc. F. W. Huppert, First Lieutenant E. R. Smoak, Pvt. J. G. Herrin, Jr., Corporal E. A. Anderson and Cpl. W. J. Jacisin. The total score, including prone, sitting, kneeling and offhand amounted to 1,761. F Company totaled 1,760—pretty close, but a win, however. To say that any one man was luminous would be granting a grave injustice, but most credit should go to Lt. Smoak, as he even ate and slept .22 cal. rifles.

Prizes were meted out to those indi-

viduals who scored the highest scores. We are fortunate to have one man out of forty-five firers who placed third. Private First Class Huppert, of this company, placed third and incidentally walked off with the \$15.00 prize. Orchids to you, Huppert—good going.

By the time this is published we will have fired the Inter-Battalion Match. The boys have been promising us a win—we shall see. During the month of February the company fired the .22 cal. Machine Gun for record. In this work the second platoon stepped forward and barely downed the much favored first platoon.

More firing. Last week we fired the 500-inch Landscape Target Course and we are proud to say that everyone did well. We fully pleased the skipper, Captain J. F. Shaw, Jr., to the extent. Good thing we did—ahem!!!

Sports—Shipwreck Kelly showed up well in the City League Bowling Match. He looked like an old timer at that game with great accuracy he rolled each sphere toward the pins.

The rugby season has at last come to a close with the H Company members playing their share of the season. Private Foster suffered a broken leg during the initial struggle, but other than that the rest finished in ship-shape.

For the time being the boxing squad has been somewhat of a stand still due to the fact that local promoters can't find enough local talent to pit against the Marines.

An effort to put out and support a field and track team got under way this week. The outcome looks fair as all participants are ex high school or college stars. Second Lieutenant Nickerson broke the China record last season in the javelin throw event, but failed to place first due to an injured shoulder sustained during the meet.

Watch him this year, though. In our following article we will give you the outcome of this embroglio in full.

The old mud hole at the Navy Y.M.C.A. has opened and many H Company men are gasking full advantage of the cool, refreshing *agua*.

The latest fad for recreation for the non-athletes is bicycle riding. Shanghai, one of the most thickly populated cities in the world, has a new traffic problem on its hands—Marines on bicycles—its easy and lots of fun.

COMPANY A NEWS

By Blackwell

"Once a music always a music." This is true of "Silent Hal" Respass, who at the invitation of Gy. Sgt. Turner, impersonated a music and pulled a guard mount all by his lonesome, due to the absence of our regular "tooters." So safe may you feel, when you say, once a music always a music.

With the arrival of the newcomers to our outfit, there has been a special concentration on drill. Resulting, my friends, we are fast gaining the reputation of the crack drill company of the First Battalion, if not of the Regiment. Competition between the platoons is indeed strong, but up to now the Third Platoon is in the limelight as "the" Platoon.

It has been mentioned that we are to represent the 1st Batt. in the forthcoming Drill Demonstration, so if you hear the perturbed bellows and roars of Sgt. Al Maltz and Cpl. Skid Goodrich you'll know that the boys are probably going "round and round." All in all, this team of the Damon and Pythias of the Drill field, has plenty on the ball when drill call goes.

We sincerely hope that the members of the Small Bore Rifle Team will make a good showing in the coming Inter-Co. and Batt. matches. I'm sure we have nothing to fear, for with the splendid shooting of Eddie McAuliffe and the rest of the team under the supervision of Plat. Sgt. Reeves. Best of luck, gang, and bring home the bacon.

The company volleyball team of late has taken an awful trouncing, but your correspondent offers an explanation for this, for I know you'll agree that you can't be good in everything.

Some time when you have nothing else to do, celebrate a St. Patrick's Day in Shanghai, it's the first time I ever heard "Where the River Shannon Flows" with a little "Whangpoo Jazz" (sing-song to you) mixed in. So-long lads.

B COMPANY

By L. I. B.

Yes, sir, spring is in the air; and even though this is China, we too have our Easter parades, two of 'em, one on Avenue Joffre for the men who have Muscovite maidens, and one on Bubbling Well Road, for those whose girls live in the English Concession and boy such fashions, some are straight from Paris and others are strictly Cathay, but, well, they make one take a second look and boy what looks.

If any of you old company "B-ears" were to see the old home you wouldn't know it. We have a Radio billet and a Guard house in the compound and two ninety-foot radio towers, and what I mean the place is getting so cluttered up that we can't drill in the compound any more.

The company did pretty well this last month when they put out the rates this last month after competitive examinations. We got two corporals and two privates, first class, namely, Dewitt, of the company, and Kurseth, of the M.P.s. as corporals and Chesnia, of the company, and Grossi, of the M.P.s. as privates first class, and those exams were on the up and up too.

We still have our share of the boxers in the company. Baker of the second platoon, one of the best welters in China, and D'Alessandro, a coming lightweight, also of the second platoon.

The track season is under way and there is quite a turnout with the following men of this company out for running and jumping: Warwick, a pole vaulter;

Edwards, a runner, and Boes, also a runner. Here's hoping they show well in the coming meets.

You know spring is in the air when you see Charley Hyman and several others out every afternoon tossing the apple around trying to get into shape for the coming baseball season.

I might also add that about thirty men took advantage of the hospitality of Gande Price Co. and enjoyed a Japanese Sukiaki feed and Lion beer to their fullest. Thanks to the efforts of Captain Fenton of the Enlisted Men's clubs.

Small bore shooting has hit the regiment with a bang, but as yet ye B Company shooters haven't showed so well, only placing sixth at the last shoot, but next time, better condition, better shooting. Corporal Freedman took second place in the inter-company small bore matches and a prize of \$35.00 Mex. Good going, Freedman!

SERVICE COMPANY

By W. B. Ramsey

Spring is here with its rain and balmy weather, the time of the year that is very conducive to colds and pneumonia if the fellows don't take proper care of themselves. Sergeant Waltemann was in the hospital for two or three weeks with pneumonia, but now he is out and getting around very well. His knees were just a little bit wobbly for a few days after he was released from the hospital.

Some time ago Master Gunner Sergeant James A. Satterfield came in with a beautiful black eye, a real shiner. His explanation was that he ran into a swinging door over at the NCO Club. We sent him down to the Chaplain's office to get a sympathy slip.

First Sergeant Nicholas M. Grieco, Sergeant Stanley W. Mortensen, and Corporal Millard L. Nicholson put in a couple of days drilling and training the American Troops, a part of the Shanghai Volunteer Corps. Grieco seemed to be well pleased with the way the men responded to their teaching, and also gained much knowledge from a lecture that was given by one of the inspectors of the Shanghai Municipal Police.

Recent additions to the company included Sergeant Adolph Ziegler, of the QM Department, Privates Claude K. Johnson, Edwin R. McKay, Anthony F. Sharan, Adolph D. Siemasko, and Wilbur I. Vogel. These men all joined from other companies in the regiment.

Service Company was represented in the Inter-Company Small Bore Rifle Match by the following men: Captain Robert S. Pendleton, Sergeant Stanley W. Mortensen, Corporals Leonard E. Carlson, Casper B. Piotrowski, Privates First Class Wilson J. Acord, Lowell W. Locke, Nels A. Pearson, William B. Ramsey, Privates Edwin R. McKay, and Raymond A. Nicolai. These ten men fired in the match, the five highest scores counting in the competition. Those men in the five high were Mortensen, Nicolai Piotrowski, Locke and McKay. These men scored 1,745 points, which was not good enough to win because H Company of the Second Battalion, scored 1,761 points to win the match. E Company was second with 1,760 points and then our company third with 1,745 points. The match was held at the second battalion compound on their small bore range.

In the Inter-Battalion Small Bore Rifle Match to be held the latter part of this month, the service company team, in addition to Marine Gunner Tom Woody,

will represent the Headquarters Battalion. Gunner Woody should strengthen the team, and then we also expect some of our men to do better than they did in the Inter-Company match. We have high hopes of winning this match, but at the same time we realize that we have some very keen competitors to come up against when firing match the match shoulder to shoulder.

4TH MARINES INSTRUCTED IN BROAD SWORD COMBAT

The broad sword, a slightly curved, single-edged blade, has been since earliest times the principal weapon of the Japanese troops and the instrument used to settle personal quarrels. All children were trained to fight with this popular blade.

It is wielded rapidly with a combination chop and swing, only one blow necessary to cleave a man in two. The experts use but four targets: straight down from the top of the head, horizontally across either side of the head, horizontally across the mid-section, and across either arm. To wound in any other place is the signature of a novice and a disgrace. The duels have become a game and an exercise, the bamboo stick replacing the actual weapon, with a mask for the head and pads for the body affording protection.

Mr. G. Ygami and Mr. Tajari, broad sword fencing masters, instructed a group of Marines and after a short while this small group mastered the elementary movements. Fast foot-work, good balance, and endurance are required in this sport and only through long hours of practice and training can this exercise be perfected.

D COMPANY BURSTS

By Nick Carter

Hello, "Molines!" Spring's in the air and Shanghai's perfumed atmosphere once more comes out in full strength.

D Company this month prepares strenuously for drill competition with special training in elementary gun drill, mechanical training and disassembling while blindfolded.

This outfit fell out en masse on Easter morn, garbed in full civilian dress of the latest design (according to the company tailor). It sure looked like a college campus for a while. What ruined the illusion was the unmistakable absence

of coeds. We are told that other companies are scouting us for our chances in the next fashion show.

More for realism than anything we think, are the chorus from numerous riveting machines which brings us into an imaginary battle every day. Maybe the building of two radio towers has something to do with it all.

The first platoon is getting notorious for its invalids; measles, cat fever, and other serious illnesses have sort of crippled the outfit's strength.

From the company's weekly sewing circle come these rare bits of gossip: Redden climbed a notch into the Battalion Social Elite—Ilyde got twelve letters at a recent mail call—can't understand it!—"Tiny" MacKenzie has disclosed his hobby of breaking risha shafts—Evers, not to be left behind, broke with his gal—rumor has it that he was serenading someone besides his Olga with ice tongs—Latzka met up with an irresistible force, if the battered appearance of his puss means anything—Leemans, the ace, has on display many different hued athletic supporters; the latest mode from Hollywood, we are told.

And so for another month, D Company carries on.

MOTOR TRANSPORT COMPANY

By Deacon

It's been a very quiet month since our last writing. In fact, it's been so quiet that we have been more or less asleep (sound). Pfc. E. E. DeWitt left us early last month for line duty, and we got Pvt. J. Wysocki in replacement. Wysocki is now driving the regimental surgeon's Ford.

We had three promotions this month: Cpl. John H. Faggart to sergeant, Pfc. James K. Kayser to corporal, and Pvt. Gerald L. Pines to corporal.

The fellows that came in last boat have settled down to the regimental routine in fine shape.

To you fellows who have never seen Shanghai and think that the States breeds some first-class gold-diggers, listen to this: Pvt. Kenneth Moore, one of our International A-4 drivers, recently took a lady friend to one of the local cabarets. Later he found that she was employed at this same cabaret. He bought drinks that night

(Continued on page 63)



Part of the Fourth Marines fencing enthusiasts



INSPECTION BY THE ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF THE NAVY

“C” HE Commanding General of the Post desires to express his appreciation for the cooperation shown in making the visit of the Assistant Secretary of the Navy on 16 April, 1937, a most successful inspection.

“May I also say that the showing made by the First Marine Brigade at the Tank Demonstration, the Review, including Aircraft One, and the Parade, was splendid and should give the Assistant Secretary an idea of the efficiency which I know exists in the First Brigade.” In the above words Major General Charles H. Lyman complimented the members of this post upon the inspection held for the Honorable Charles Edison, Assistant Secretary of the Navy.

These compliments were further “forwarded with congratulations” by Brigadier General James J. Meade upon the above occasion.

The Post band with its 58 pieces and the First Brigade drum and trumpet corps with 28 pieces contributed to the excellent appearance of the parade and review in which unbroken platoons of Marines in blue gave a snappy “eyes right” and “front” upon passing in review before the Honorable Charles Edison, Assistant Secretary of the Navy, and the Major General Commandant of the United States Marine Corps.

Earlier in the morning of the same date the First Tank Company gave a demon-

stration and trial of the newly acquired equipment, upon which favorable comments were made by the Assistant Secretary of the Navy and party. In a like manner Aircraft One gave a fine inspection upholding its high tradition and standing.

A COMPANY

Both Spring time and A Company seem to have returned to Quantico simultaneously. Many of the fellows are doing a lot of week-ending up Washington way. Could it be the famous cherry blossoms or just illustrations of the old adage about a young man's fancy in the spring? Who was it that furloughed in New York and on getting back mentioned the unusual size of the cherry blossoms near the 14th St. bridge approach to Washington, D. C. Sorry, Mac, those were magnolia blossoms.

The parades that seem to be popping up at us from all over lately are taking their toll. Pfc. James G. Richardson, on hearing that the smoking lamp was lit, dived into his pocket for his cigarette case. Brought out a case, and opened it and lo, it was his soap case. Just get a few more hitches and a few more parades under your belt, Richy, and you'll have a legitimate excuse for being absentminded.

Having gathered unto ourselves our rear echelon all the squad leaders are standing around with open arms waiting for a draft of replacements. So far Cpl. Linwood Besemer seems to have the best arms because to date his is the only full squad. At all the formations the platoons look like war torn remnants of shock troops. Blank files being the rule rather than the exception.

The rifle range and requalification looms larger every day. Just the Petersburg sham battle between us and that will soon be over. Just wait a while and I'll tell you about the greatest blackface show on earth.

B COMPANY

The Company Officers, having returned to duty, are now busily engaged in putting the company through its Spring training routine. History, so they say, “repeats” and so does shooting the range. Bob English, “Mitzi” Mizelle, Ralph (Boston) Greene, and Luke Moring are aspirants for the Brigade Rifle Team. Mizelle shot a couple of 49's at 500 slow and 500 rapid fire, while Greene popped off a 47 at offhand. Nice shooting, lads, we hope you make it!

The old order changeth and another familiar B Company landmark passes. . . . Tim (NO!!) Blankenship has turned over his duties as supply sergeant to Sgt. Glass.

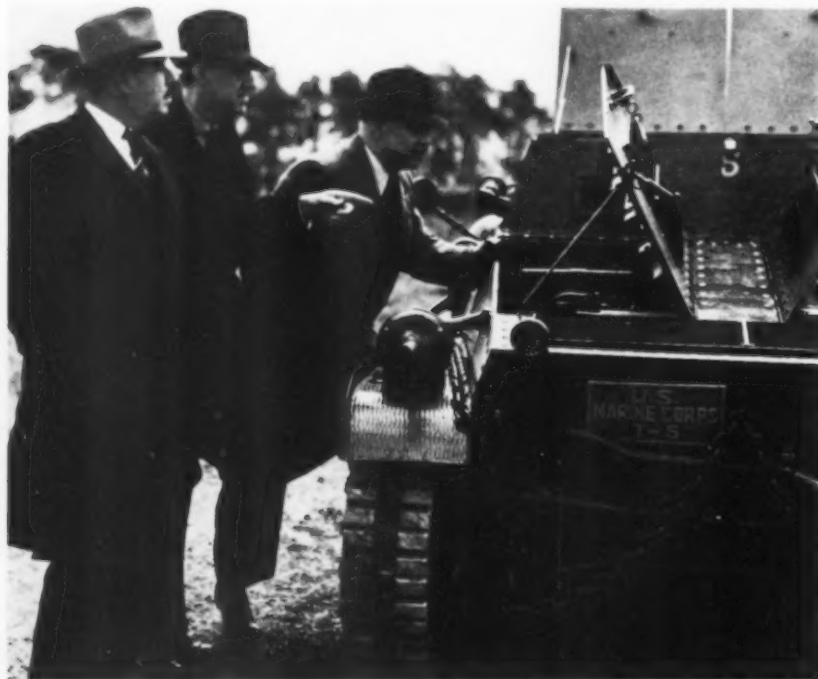


Photo by Tager

IT WASN'T LIKE THAT IN THE OLD MARINE CORPS

Three not unimportant former Marines look over the improvements on a modern tank—Congressmen Bob Mouton (La.), M. Maas (Minn.), and John M. Houston (Kans.).

Our compliments, Tim, you did a swell job on a tough assignment.

Black shoe polish is at a premium these days as the more ambitious of the B Company boondockers are snapping in at black facing for the re-enactment of the Petersburg Crater.

We welcome those newly fully fledged Marines, i.e., "boots" from P.I. One of them was heard to remark that he joined the Marines to escape school. Boy, was he surprised! He's learning MCO No. 113 now. What was that? A Browning sub-machine pistol, belt-fed? Whoa that's enough. April 28th was a big day for a big man. That well known Pfc. Melton said "I do" for another cruise. Wotta man!

Congratulations to the office force! Who was responsible for that 8-man working detail, six corporals and two privates. We wonder how much work was done? And we notice that our friend Julius "Sore-thumb" Morgan has made the team. After showing such excellent form in the laundry aboard the *Antares*, he has been promoted to first string dish-washer in the mess hall. Out of the starch into the stew, what?

C'est ça, c'est ci.

C COMPANY

Ahhh!!!! Home at last. The old adage "There's no place like home" has certainly been well borne out here since our arrival back in Quantico. The boys have gotten things all squared away now and have been hitting the bunks and getting in a little extra bunk fatigue in order to catch up on a little sleep. And then too, when a fellow falls into one of the bunks here it feels like a feather bed in comparison to the decks of the *Antares*. Said one of our young members of this organization a few days ago: "I once thought grandmother's feather bed was soft. But these bunks seem even better than a feather bed after a cruise on the *Anty Maru*."

At the time we submitted our last article for the Broadcast we were just one day out of Panama, on our way home and we were anticipating a pleasant liberty there. From all reports that could be gathered, all men had a very pleasant liberty, and another grand jamboree of shopping.

The dear old Atlantic didn't fail us on the way up. As a matter of fact it was even rougher inside the breakwater of Colon than the Pacific was all the way from San Diego, to Panama. Corporal Lair, who fared rather badly on the trip over to the West Coast, was observed near the rail casting rueful glances at the choppy water even before Colon faded into the distance. And the day after our departure from Panama was Sunday, but rather a bad Sunday it was for Lair. He took it with a grin though, and said he could stand on his head for the final week up to Quantico.

Our First Sergeant, Fred Riewe, held up his right hand and said "I do" for another four years between Panama and Hampton Roads, Va., the 24th of March. 'Tis said he was seen in the Ships Service Store laying in enough canned goods to do him the day he was a civilian on board ship. Then after his arrival here at Quantico he again held up his hand and said "I do," but this time it was in Rockville, Maryland, and it was a longer term than four years. We all wish him and the charming and delightful young lady a very very happy trip upon the sea of matrimony.



Photo by Tager

Major General Commandant Holcomb, Assistant Secretary of the Navy Charles Edison, and Major General Charles H. Lyman watching a demonstration of the fast whippet tanks of the FMF.

Since our arrival back in Quantico, a number of the boys went home on furlough, and have been spending the rest of the time getting things all trim and ship-shape for another tour of duty at Quantico.

Part of the Company is now undergoing preliminary training on the range in preparation for firing for record next week. The remainder of the company has been taking care of the guard and working details, and also snapping in whenever the chance arises. In order to be all set to go on the range after our arrival back in Quantico after we return from the re-enactment of the battle of the Crater near Petersburg, Virginia, the latter part of this month.

So again with deep regrets we shall have to be signing off for this month. But will be seeing you again shortly.

D COMPANY

Pardon, folks, our news did not appear in the April issue even though we did send it in at the regular time, and even though page 60 shows a heading "Company D, First Bn," for, that article didn't cover our personnel; probably the Second Brigade or the Fourth Marines. However, Mr. Rentfrow, your apology is accepted for we know you are kept pretty much on the go and we see you have almost an entirely new staff to edit and publish "our" paper. (Ed's Note: We do apologize, and still wonder how it happened.)

We are now back in Quantico, having arrived here on Sunday, March 28th, and we sure were glad to see our old stamping grounds once more.

On the first of April they fooled us as we like to be fooled, by transferring our old men back from the Second Battalion,

and the Rear Echelon, with a few from the Tenth Marines. In other words, our enlisted strength jumped from twenty-eight to one hundred and four. We did, however, lose our company commander, Captain Raymond A. Anderson, and there was not an officer or enlisted man in the company, and, we believe we may extend that to say in the entire Battalion, that did not hate to see him go. Our only consolation is that he is not leaving the Corps, only going to the Philadelphia Depot for a tour with the Quartermaster's Department, and that we may have the pleasure of serving with him again, and the further fact that Lieutenant August Larson, who joined us last September, has taken command of the company.

Among the new faces seen in the company may be numbered those of Sergeants Samuel G. Gilbert, Francis J. Martin, John E. McMillan, Corporal William W. Byers, John N. Kennemur, Edward A. Riggles, Jr., Henry E. Stien, Wallace D. Thomas, Private first class Francis M. Salyer and Private Frederick Kitchener.

Brigade Headquarters wanted some chauffeurs, so we lost Privates Charles G. Cunningham, Henry Kudla and Julian Lanier to Brigade Headquarters Company of the First Marine Brigade.

Now we are again preparing to leave Quantico. This time to re-enact the Battle of the Crater, near Petersburg, Va., on April 30th, at which time the Petersburg National Military Park will be officially opened. As some of you may remember, the Battle of the Crater started on June 25, 1864 and terminated on July 30th, with a loss to Federal troops of 4,400 and to the Confederates of 1,500.

In addition to getting ready for these

(Continued on page 60)

HEADQUARTERS COMPANY, FIRST BATTALION, 5th MARINES, FIRST MARINE BRIGADE, FLEET MARINE FORCE

HOSE of us who came back on the *New York*, and thought that we had been horribly mistreated, found out that the *Antares* bunch had to scrub bulkheads and sling paint also. Our excitable friend Hussle vowed undying vengeance upon Goldilocks Grant because of the latter's despicable habit of letting the former be a six-man working party.

Teieiechin Sightleaf has resigned as a bolshevik ever since that paintbrush was kidnapped from him and will massacre the first guy who tries to find it for him.

Adagio Wood, our Bounding Battler, has acquired unto himself a rating, specialist's pay and a new sparring partner. You can see him any week-end with that love light in his eyes and a Washington-bound thumb.

Little Rollo Reese apparently has the baseball virus in his blood in this blithe-some springtime, because he is always tossing some object at some innocent bystander and shouting abruptly, "Catch it." A regulation growl greets those who don't like it.

Paunchy Grant (nee Chubby) has been resigned from his job as acting Topkick and is back to company clerking, ever since 1st Sgt. Allen S. Benjamin took over the job. After one look at Grant's filing system, the Top shoved off on a 72. Paunchy had a crabby disposition for a few days, but at present his sunny temper is up to scratch as usual.

"We Ain't Got It" Lowry, our premier short timer, is going about trying to get bets as to whether he will ship over or not. Our spy has just informed us that wily Willie is going to do whichever pays him off the most. Beware, suckers.

"Et two Brutus" Powell was an innocent victim of circumstances the other day during a parade when he was reprimanded for looking like a hod-carrier instead of a rifleman. So far, Early Bird Nolan and Baby-Face Davis have confessed that they have strong suspicions that they were the real culprits.

Sawdust Szymski, our ferocious carpenter, is now firing the range. He came in the other day with a 22 target, claiming that he had made a possible at off hand. When his attention was called to the fact that the target had nary a hole in it, he claimed that was his snapping-in-score.

HEADQUARTERS AND SERVICE BATTERY

By Lowrey

While your regular correspondent, Clements, is convalescing in Washington, after a short sojourn to the sunny clime in Georgia, I am attempting to fill his shoes. We hope to see him back at his typewriter soon.

On the morning of the twenty-sixth of April, we were awakened by the blare of

Koeneman's bugle, prepared to shove off to the historical old city of Petersburg, Virginia, where we were to assist in the reenactment of the Battle of the Crater. It was raining when we left and most of the time that was spent there. In spite of the damp weather and cold showers, we all agreed that the Petersburg "Rebels" are exceptionally good hosts. During this short stay, there were two dances given for our benefit. Although the men outnumbered the women, these two evenings were well enjoyed by all who attended.

Our "old soldier" John Fagley, was without doubt the most popular Marine on the field. When reporters discovered that Fagley's father and uncle had been in the original Battle of the Crater, the candid cameramen were snapping him from all angles.

The battle went off with the usual Marine Corps precision. With the blowing up of the Crater the first Confederate rush was under way, from then on until the final shot was fired there was a bedlam of shouts, shots and charges. The same mortar, which was used in this battle, in the Civil War, was extracted from the relics of the Civil War days and was again used to defend the city of Petersburg from the "dam yanks." If Grant and Lee could have been able to witness the replica of their battle they would have had just two words for the modern soldiers in blue and grey, "WELL DONE."

The Headquarters and Service Battery personnel has become very efficient bomb throwers, due to the part they played in this battle.

On the first of May we returned to Quantico, the post of soft bunks, hot water showers and our own chow.

Fifty thousand spectators gathered from all parts of the country to witness this great spectacle, and all returned to their homes will be pleased.

"Alice the Goon" Grafton has at last received that one stripe that he has been looking forward to for the last three years. "Duke" Dilliard, our short timer, has the days numbered until he can go to Winchester, or return to Georgia, which will it be Duke? We have had our communication section increased in number and efficiency, by the addition of Cpl. Grato and Pvt. Peroni, from the signal troops. It looks as if we may lose our acting Sergeant Major, 1st Sgt. Waldrop, but our loss will be some other post's gain, whose we do not know, but all of us hope him success wherever he goes.

We are getting ready for our trip to Parris Island, S. C., for our annual service practice, on or about the first of June, so until then "Adios."

BATTERY A

By H. H. Gambill

Well, folks, you have, no doubt, heard that the "Cannoneers Have Hairy Ears," but right now it would be hard to tell on account of the heavy coating of Virginia mud that adorns most of them.

The mentioned mud was gloriously acquired during the reenactment of the Battle of the Crater, in which cannoneers, as part of the 1st Marine Brigade, took part. The action took place southeast of the City of Petersburg, where Col. Henry Pleasants and his 48th Pennsylvanians (mostly coal miners) tunneled under Pegram's Confederate battery and blew it up with a four-ton powder charge on the morning of July 30th, 1864.

General U. S. Grant, Chief of the "Dam-yanks," had the explosion followed by

(Continued on page 60)



Photo by Tager

Major General Commandant T. Holcomb, Assistant Secretary of the Navy Charles Edison, and Major General Charles Lyman.

INSIDE DOPE

Battery B

Hello everybody! Here we are, all together again with the gang back from Warm Springs, Georgia. They lived up to the old Marine Corps reputation. The people in towns surrounding Warm Springs, Georgia, hated to see the gang leave and the gang, in turn, had that mutual feeling. We all know how it is—here today and gone tomorrow. The boys are still saying, "the people of Georgia showed us some real Southern Hospitality," and we can readily believe them, for the fan mail is pouring in every day.

We have changed our name for the time being, calling ourselves "Busy B." We are getting ready for maneuvers to our old stamping grounds, the place all Marines know so well, good old Parris Island for our annual target practice. While we are still in Quantico, we are doing our bit, packing up and then pack up some more. Standing Gun Drill is the order of the day with a few close order drills thrown in as a side dish and parade or two for desert. As you could expect, the gang is going at it cheerfully; just like they do at Joe Newlin's Hot Cakes, making short work of those poor little cakes.

Ex Private Lapi is coming up in this world and now it is Pfc. Lapi; keep it up and don't stop with only one. Believe it or not, Private Whitelock was voted the "Gigolo" of the Warm Springs Detail. Better watch out, Whitelock, those little Georgia Peaches bite. Private Thompson, the Ripley of the Battery, can tell you all about Georgia—But all you guys had better wait until he comes out of the messhall, his new ambition in life is to be a "pot walloper."

"Baby Face" Faulk wore out a broom sweeping out squad-rooms: Claiming that he is the hardest working man around these here parts. Private Barker is fastly becoming a very popular man, getting the boys in great shape for the next SMOKER. We'll be needing all that brute strength while we are handling those guns. "Pec-wee" Korn is standing in line for the Supreme Court. He is studying law and if you get into any trouble see KORN & SOBEK, Attorneys at Law, and I can assure you that you will receive justice (or something). Corporal Oezypok and Pfc. Fields joined our happy family from H&S Battery. Private Story has been promoted to Assistant Cook, Trumpeter Nelson to Tpt-1el, and Privates McCarty, Thompson, and Whitelock to Privates 1el.

Our Battery has taken a change of pace and we are now, temporarily, a rifle company. We left Monday to take part in the re-enactment of the Battle of the Crater, at Camp LeJeune, Petersburg, Va. We arrived in Petersburg, Va., at about 11:00. The town was crowded with spectators who give us a real welcome and they key to their town. After a long hike to about a mile from town, we reach our camp. Now our fun began. It had been raining for about two weeks and our camp is a sea of mud. We wallered up the company street and were finally assigned to tents. Then the daily routine comes, reveille, chow, practicing for the battle and then liberty call goes. Liberty call goes at 1,500 every day and the camp is deserted. The only thing that seemed to trouble the boys at first, was the lack of money but that was soon remedied as rings, wrist-watches, and etc., started to pour to those familiar Petersburg "Hock-Shops." Two dances were given in our honor and a great time was had by all.

The last day looms—The Battle of the Crater is reenacted and it seemed as if the whole State of Virginia had turned out. Then pack sea bags and do those last little things. Early next morning the tents were struck and the camp was soon turned into a barren and deserted field. Out march to the train—everybody snappy and alert so as to make our last good impression—all aboard—wave your hand in last farewell—and then memories. And thus we end our story.



MAJOR SHEARER DIES SUDDENLY

Death of Popular and Brilliant Officer Stuns the Post

Major Thomas Rodney Shearer, after a brief illness, died at the U. S. Naval Hospital, Washington, D. C., at 3:40 a.m., on 21 April, 1937. He is survived by his wife, Mrs. Wade McKenzie Shearer, and five children, who reside at the Marine Barracks, Quantico, Virginia.

Major Shearer was born 28 April, 1891, in Chambers County, Texas. He was commissioned a Captain in the Naval Militia, Marine Corps Branch, on 10 February, 1917, and reported for duty at the Marine Barracks, New Orleans, Louisiana, on 12 April, 1917. On 1 July, 1917, he was transferred to the Marine Corps Reserve, Class II, and ordered to the Naval Air Station, Pensacola, Florida, for flight training. He completed the course in flight training and was designated a Naval

**BROADCAST FOR THE JULY
LEATHERNECK
MUST REACH THE EDITOR
BEFORE JUNE 8**

Aviator 4 April, 1918. He was discharged from the Marine Corps Reserve 21 September, 1919, and appointed a First Lieutenant in the Marine Corps on the same date.

He served in Guam at the Marine Barracks from January, 1921, to February, 1923. He next served at the Marine Barracks, Quantico, Virginia, from April, 1923, to September, 1925.

From September, 1925, to June, 1926, he served at the Naval Air Station, Pensacola, Fla.

He was ordered to the First Brigade of Marines in Haiti in July, 1926, and returned to the States in June, 1928.

From July, 1928, to July, 1933, he was on duty at Headquarters, Marine Corps, Washington, D. C.

He was graduated from the Air Corps Tactical School, Maxwell Field, Montgomery, Ala., in June, 1934, and from the Command and General Staff School, Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, in June, 1936.

His sudden death is deeply regretted by all members of aviation personnel. Major Shearer was well known and popular throughout the Marine Corps.

From the standpoint of flying service, he was one of our oldest pilots, since he completed his flight training at Pensacola in April, 1918. His various duties had brought him in contact with a majority of the personnel in Marine Corps Aviation and his friendly presence will be missed by both officers and enlisted men. At the

time of his death, he was Operations Officer of Aircraft One.

Funeral services were held at the Arlington National Cemetery on 23 April at 10:00 a.m.

Honorary pallbearers were Representative Maas of Minnesota, Col. Roy S. Geiger, Lt. Col. F. P. Mulcahy, Lt. Col. W. W. Ashurst, Maj. Field Harris and Commander Paul Dickens, USN.

As a final tribute five planes flew over the grave, a gesture to a departed aviator.

In Memory

Somewhere, out in the unknown, Major Thomas Rodney Shearer is making his last flight. Our human ceilings are so low we cannot understand why a brilliant career was clipped short. We see no farther than a white marker in Arlington over which five planes circle above a lost comrade.

Yet, out there, a courageous aviator is soaring to greater heights. He will never be grounded as we are by fears and heartaches. To his memory this is dedicated.

Marine in Finals of National A.A.U. Boxing Tournament

Private First Class James Riggs Lindsay, a fighting Marine from Fighting Squadron 9M, Aircraft One, F.M.F., dropped a close, hard-fought decision in the finals of the National Amateur Senior Boxing Tournament held in Boston on April 14.

After winning the Middleweight Allegheny Mountain Association A.A.U. crown, Lindsay entered the National contest as the favorite to take the honors in the 150 lb. class.

Fighting his way to the top, and with every expectation to annex the middle-weight crown, Lindsay was matched with Ted Cerwise of Detroit in the finals.

Both Lindsay and Cerwise fought on even terms most of the three rounds, putting up such an aggressive and pleasing battle that the decision was in doubt until the finish. Their fight was a bruising affair from start to finish, and could have been called either way. But Cerwise's early lead in the first round gained him the favor of the officials.

Lindsay prior to entering the elimination amateur boxing contest had engaged in only ten bouts, three of which were fought in the last two years in the Marine Corps. Yet what this Marine lacked in the way of proper coaching, he made up with a fighting heart and the will to win which ought to bring him to the top one of these days.

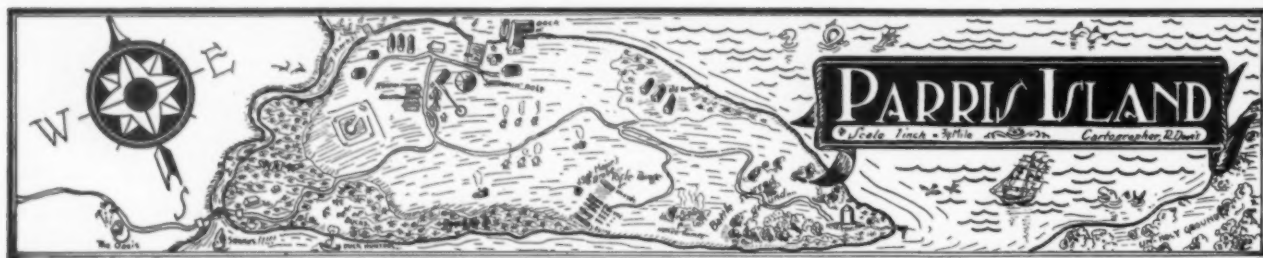
The Honorable Charles Edison, the newly appointed Assistant Secretary of the Navy, paid a visit to our field on 16 April, 1937, in order to get a general view of Marine aviation while on an inspection tour of the activities of the Fleet Marine Force.

In order that the whole of Aircraft One would be present to honor the Assistant Secretary of the Navy, the planes of VF Squadron 9M were flown back from Parris Island. Thus all the planes, totalling about 60, were lined up on the field, showing the entire active strength of Marine aviation on this coast. The sight and general effect of so many airplanes was impressive, even to the initiated, and showed the readiness of our squadrons to cooperate with the fleet at a moment's notice.

Private Arnold A. Bazell, of Brooklyn, New York, was transferred to the Marine Barracks, New York, where he will be close to home the remainder of this cruise.

Corporal John A. Mayer was discharged on the seventh of April. After experiencing aviation duty, both aboard ship and ashore, Mayer decided to return to civilian

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6 RIGADIER General James T. Buttrick, USMC, was detached from this station on 3 May, 1937, and ordered to duty at Marine Barracks, Quantico, Va. General Buttrick has been the Commanding General of this post since July, 1936.

Since the departure of General Buttrick, Colonel Jesse F. Dyer has been Post Commander. Major Robert E. Mills is Post Executive Officer and Post Adjutant.

Lieutenant Colonel Lyle H. Miller joined this post from Fleet Marine Force, Marine Barracks, Quantico, Va., and is now the Commanding Officer of Recruit Depot, this post.

Aircraft Squadron VF-9, of Quantico, held their annual target practice at Parris Island during the month of April, returning to Quantico early in May. Squadron VB-6M is now with us. They will return to Quantico early in June.

Our old friend, Clyde Wheeler, who left Parris Island in January for recruiting duty in Texas, is back here again. His number came up and he was promoted to Staff Sergeant while in Texas. He is now in the office of the Sergeant-Major, Recruit Depot, where he will take over the duties of Staff Sergeant John J. Rogers, who will be transferred to the Fleet Marine Force at Quantico.

An epidemic of mumps has caused several quarantines for recruit platoons. One platoon was quarantined three times during their training period.

Big Joe Swearington left early in April on a furlough transfer to San Diego. Joe has been a drill instructor at Recruit Depot for the past two years, and had developed into one of the very best when the wanderlust struck him.

Sergeants Wade H. Lee and Bruce Wilson were promoted to the rank of Platoon Sergeant on April 12th. Private First Class Ralph E. Phillips has recovered from a severe attack of pneumonia, and is back to work in the Post Commissary.

Major H. Benjamin Hoople objects to our story that appeared in the last issue of THE LEATHERNECK. He claims that the picture he made was on the other side of the sheet carrying the story about his blank picture. It must have been on the margin.

Quartermaster Sergeant Reuben C. Collins and First Sergeant Melvin Mosier have been transferred to Quantico, Va., for duty in connection with the Marine Corps Rifle and Pistol Teams.

Louis "Dutch" Rossich, who recently reported to this post from Norfolk, has been promoted to Master Technical Sergeant (Mess).

Platoon Sergeant John H. Slusser tells me that he knows how to handle seasick men, homesick boys and punch drunk pugs, but he is now up against quite a problem. It seems that he has a love sick assistant drill instructor. Said assistant walks around in a daze with a lovelorn expression on his face, admiring the flowers, the moon and the one and only.

However, I am confident that "old-do-or-die-Slug" will prove equal to the situation, even if he has to use his crutch.

The Non-Commissioned and Petty Officers' Club enjoyed a big month of entertainments in April. On the tenth a floor show was presented at the weekly dance by the pupils of the Dorothy Davis Studio of Dancing, of Savannah, Georgia. The members and guests of the club witnessed the performance of some very talented youngsters in several numbers, including an adagio dance, a rope-skipping tap dance, a roller skate tap dance, and an aerobatic dance that was as good as could be seen anywhere. On April 24th the dance music was furnished by a barn



Pvt. Edward C. Poirier, on island patrol duty, Parris Island.

dance orchestra, The Powolin Ramblers, favorites of Station W T O C, Savannah, Ga. General Buttrick was at this dance for the purpose of saying farewell to the non-commissioned officers.

Lieutenant Colonel William W. Ashurst was a visitor from Headquarters, Marine Corps during the firing of the Southeastern Division Rifle and Pistol Matches.

Peter A. Goode, CSF, U. S. Navy, has joined this post as relief for Amos Barton, ACM, U. S. Navy, for duty in connection with the mooring mast at Page Field.

Field Cook Clarence E. Minter has been transferred to Marine Barracks, Navy Yard, Philadelphia, Pa., for duty.

Platoon Sergeant Charlie Swearington was convalescing in the Naval Hospital following an operation for hernia when he learned that he had been placed on the eligibility list for promotion to first sergeant. He is back to duty. If the list

had been published a month sooner, he might not have been gold-bricking.

A last minute arrival at this post from Bremerton Navy Yard was Supply Sergeant Claude L. Holton, who has settled down in the Post Quartermaster's Office for duty. Welcome to our post Holton, may your stay be long and pleasant.

PLATOON FOUR

By H. C. Bagley

Recruit Platoon No. 4 was formed at the Recruit Depot, Marine Barracks, Parris Island, S. C., early in February, 1937. It was composed of young men from all sections of the country who came to learn to be good Marines.

From the first day on the post, we began to snap into the cadence of the Corps. During the fitting-out period of organization, the platoon was under the charge of First Sergeant Albert Gordon, who left us just before we went on schedule. Sergeant Richard E. Mayson took charge of the platoon and kept it until we finished firing the rifle range.

Since the third day of schedule we have been handicapped with several cases of mumps. Each time that one of our men contracted a case of mumps, we were quarantined for twenty-one days. Several of our men were sent to the hospital for treatment. They will follow us in a later platoon.

The platoon qualified on the bayonet course with a percentage of 84.4. After the bayonet course came the rifle range with its many disagreeable hours on the school range amidst those tiny little "Hell Drivers" and fleas. It was there that we learned to "take it" with a grin—that didn't appear until after we finished.

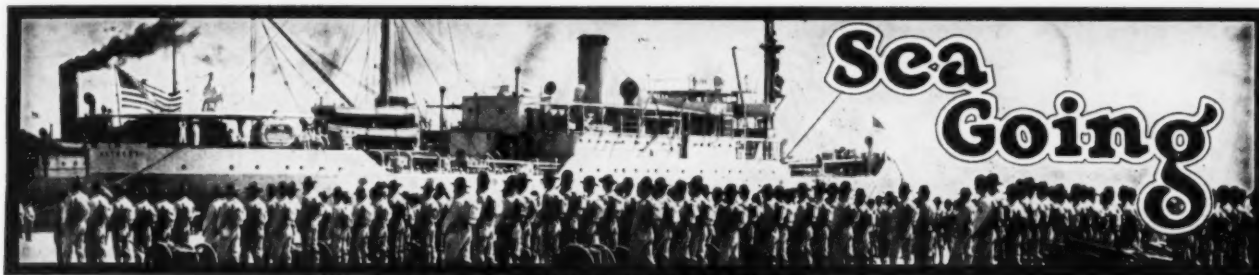
The real pleasure came when we began to fire the caliber .30 rifle. During the course of our practice, we pulled targets for the Southeastern Division Matches. From the expert shooters competing, the men of our platoon tried to get all the pointers on good shooting. It is believed that we learned quite a bit from these team shooters, as our platoon qualified with a percentage of 89 per cent—seven experts, 38 sharpshooters and 15 marksmen.

The platoon showed pistol qualification of 95 per cent. The hand grenade qualification was 87 per cent.

When the platoon completed training, we had just one more day of quarantine. By the time this is published, some of us will be in sea school, some in Quantico, and some of us still on Parris Island.

In closing, we extend our thanks to those three sterling drill instructors, Sergeant Richard E. Mayson, and Corporals Peek and Sharit. While we had long hours during our few weeks in recruit camp, we know that they work month in and month out at the same old grind just

(Continued on page 60)



TWO YEARS ABOARD THE U. S. S. INDIANAPOLIS

By Hanlon

RELIEVING Captain Joseph H. Fellows in June, 1935, First Lieutenant John D. Blanchard, USMC, assumed command of the Marine Detachment USS *Indianapolis*, beginning an interesting tour of service.

At this time, First Sergeant Fred Riewe and Gunner Sergeant Henry E. Klappholz were senior NCO's of the Detachment.

Soon after, the vessel left for a tour of northwestern and Alaskan ports, visiting Seattle, Washington, Juneau, Sitka, Seward, and Yakutat Bay, Alaska.

Spending the Fourth of July 1935 in Seattle, the Detachment participated in the huge Independence Day Parade (spending most of the time "mountain climbing" on the city's avenues).

After leaving Seattle, with several days' maneuvering and SRBP drills, we arrived in Juneau, Alaska. A new port, new and interesting sights, with three days for sightseeing in the beautiful snow and tree covered mountains of the great north. The most interesting places visited were the Mendenhall Glacier, the famous Alaska-Juneau Mine which supplies our country with thousands of dollars in gold yearly, and the old mine of Douglass, Alaska, the richest in the world before it had been flooded by seepages from the ocean.

Our next port of call, Sitka, Alaska, also proved very interesting. Here we saw one of the early Greek Catholic Churches, built by the Russians even before the time of the famous Baronoff. The interior of the church was lined with age-old golden tapestries and old oil paintings. The altar and its mounting were of solid gold, which at one time had been covered with plaster to prevent brigand Russians from knowing of the immense treasures and plundering them. In Sitka also is the Sheldon Jackson Indian School, and the original Lover's Lane. The Lover's Lane is a long path winding through the forest between rows of tall, weird-looking totum poles. Along this unique path years ago, the Indian youth would take his maid in the customary ritual of wooing her.

An overnight run from Sitka brought us to Yakutat Bay, Alaska. Here we found only a small fishing village and a salmon cannery.

In Seward, Alaska, our next stop, we found opportunity to visit a salmon cannery in operation. Here we saw hundreds of salmon dumped from fishing boats into troughs leading into the cannery, pass through several amazing and intricate machines to come out canned and ready for shipment to all parts of the world.

Bidding good-bye to the city of Seward and Alaska, we returned to Seattle, leaving there after a few days' visit for San Francisco. Here we saw the frameworks being built of the now famous San Francisco Bridge.

Leaving Frisco for San Diego, California, we continually practiced the seemingly never ceasing gunnery drills.

About this time Second Lieutenant Michael S. Currin joined the ship from the Basic School to become second in command of the detachment.

In San Diego we visited the world famous San Diego Exposition, several of us spending many days viewing this amazing and colossal work of art.

For two months we fired gunnery with the fleet, upon completion of which the entire fleet concentrated at San Diego to present a gigantic review of the fleet in action for The President of the United States.

In February, 1936, Daniel "Slaughterhouse" Ruscileli defeated Sailor Hippo Hipps to annex the all cruiser light-heavy-weight title.

On the first of April, First Lieutenant Blanchard was promoted to the rank of Captain.

For several weeks, the Marine Whaleboat Crew had been working out for the Scouting Force Marine Crew Race. The race

took place in April, 1936, with the *Indianapolis* crew running a close second to the *Salt Lake City* crew for the second time in two years. This coming in second was tiresome and the crew vowed to win the race next year.

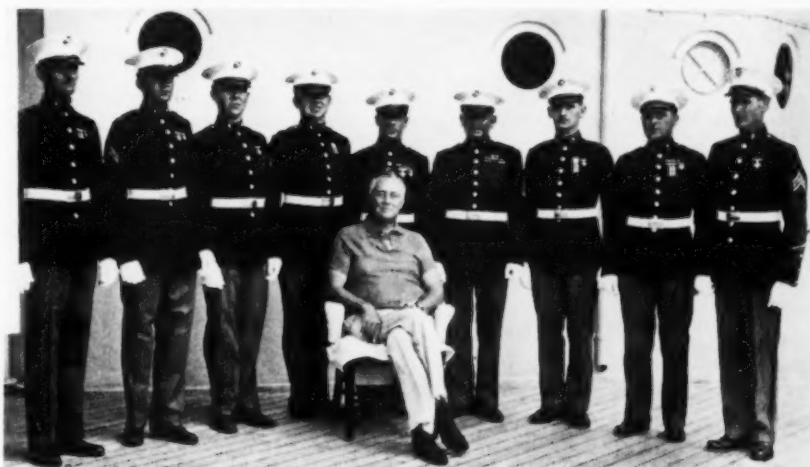
On 27 April, 1936, the ship left Long Beach, California, with the fleet for maneuvers and eventually several months of cruising about the entire Western Hemisphere.

After thirteen days of maneuvers we arrived in Balboa, Canal Zone, where eight days of liberty in old Panama were enjoyed. The already praised Black German Beer became more famous to the detachment in those eight days. Oh Boy!

Leaving Panama with the fleet we headed south for the Equator and the Royal Domain of King Neptune. On the eventful day of 20 May, 1936, all Pollywogs were duly and fitfully initiated into the Royal Order of the Deep, and became affirmed Shellbacks. Captain Blanchard being accused by Shellback sailors of being a Marine, loudly shouted "Once a Marine, always a Marine," and was immediately given a double dose of the "WORKS" by the infuriated sailors. Sergeant Atcheson, now doing duty at San Diego, will probably never forget the color of raw hamburger—for that is just what his posterior regions looked like after the beating he was given. Not one shillalah missed him (How could they?).

Returning to Panama, transferring the Scouting Force Flag to the USS *Houston*, and leaving the fleet, the ship traversed the Panama Canal heading for the east coast.

Stopping at Guantanamo Bay for two



THE PRESIDENT'S MARINE ORDERLIES

Seated, President Franklin D. Roosevelt. Standing, left to right: Sgt. Piscacek; Cpl. Handley, Pfc. McDonald, Cpl. Tipton, Pl-Sgt. Hynes, Sgt-Maj. Nelson, Cpl. Dingwall, T-Sgt. Higuera, and Sgt. Bailey.



THE PRESIDENT AND HIS AIDES

Sitting, left to right: Lt-Col. Watson, USA; Lt-Col. James Roosevelt, VMCR; the President; Capt. Paul Basedo, USN; Capt. MacIntyre, USN (MC). Standing, left to right: Lieut. Hord, USN; Lieut. A. D. Clark, USN; Captain John D. Blanchard, USMC.

days, the detachment took advantage of the rifle range facilities and had some good practice.

Leaving Guantanamo, we went to Hampton Roads, Virginia, stopping only long enough to transfer the aviation unit to the Fleet Air Base situated there.

Going to Annapolis, Maryland, the ship stayed for June Week to witness the graduation exercises at the Naval Academy. Many of the fellows making liberties in Baltimore came back to the ship with tall tales of a good liberty town. I believe "Squarehead" Johnson easily takes the rubber cake (or should he take the rubber-hammer test), for being able to tell the tallest stories.

Leaving Annapolis we went to New York where we stayed in the Brooklyn Navy Yard undergoing overhaul for three months.

Upon arrival in New York, Lieutenant Currin was detached from the ship and Second Lieutenant Thomas S. Ivey, a graduate of Citadel and the Marine Corps Basic School, joined the ship. Also while in New York, First Sergeant Riewe and Gunnery Sergeant Klappholz were relieved by First Sergeant Newton E. Carlbaugh and Platoon Sergeant Neville.

While undergoing overhaul at the Navy Yard the entire detachment was able to fire the rifle range at Cape May, New Jersey, finishing up with a 96% score. Not bad at all!

The summer in New York was an interesting and eventful "holiday" for all of us, with everyone having plenty of good times.

In September, the ship "was" to return to the west coast.

En route New York for Hampton Roads to pick up the Aviation Unit, orders came for the ship to base indefinitely at Hampton Roads. From that time on, the ship was given the name of "Mystery Ship," and has remained under that name, as we never know just where we are going next. (From the time the ship left the Navy Yard, to date, more than 32,000 nautical miles have been traveled).

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THE CHARLESTON CHRONICLE

USS *Charleston*

By Nosey

The USS *Charleston* returns to the pages of THE LEATHERNECK upon completion of the vessel's shakedown cruise. The cruise covered approximately 10,000 miles and was of some 70 days' duration.

We left Norfolk, Va., on the 24th of February for our first foreign port, Ponta del Gada, Azores. The two week period of steaming was uneventful and a bit depressing. There was a strong Atlantic sea driving us forward with chilly days and cold nights. It was only when we neared the Azores that the weather became moderate and enjoyable. It was a welcome sight when the island appeared on the horizon and the realization that liberty was in the offing.

The city, itself, was small and typical of all other island towns. However, the ship's company lost no time in hitting the beach. I think I can honestly say that everyone who was able to walk went ashore. Our stay was but two days and the liberty was divided into a port and starboard watch. The curio shops were kept busy as well as the restaurants. Many of the men hired cars to drive them to the sulphur springs some 30 miles in the mountains. All in all, everyone seemed to have a good time.

On March 5th we steamed out of the harbor for our next port of call. The weather changed for the better and everyone took advantage of the sun and warmth by sunning himself on the top-side. Ten days out of Ponta del Gada we reached the war zone off Spain and the Strait of Gibraltar (or if you prefer the medieval name, "The Gates of Hercules.") The national ensign was shown at the gaff, the foretop and atop No. 4 gun. The commanding officer was taking no chance of either party taking a shot at us or a plan dropping a bomb down the stack. During the night lights

were played on the colors. This continued for two days.

Twelve days out of the island we reached the very picturesque city of Algiers, Algeria. There was no liberty in this port. We stayed but a few short hours. The purpose of this stop was to make contact with the USS *Kane* and discharge some cargo we had for the SOPA of European waters and to receive a number of men returning to the states for discharge and shore duty. Two days later we were in the Adriatic Sea nearing our next port, Trieste, Italy.

Our stay in this fine city was six days. It was altogether too short, according to Ptes. Mize and Lester. These men seemed to have exceptional luck with the dark-eyed señoritas. The city, itself, is very beautiful and historical. The most interesting sight was a very ancient castle in the heart of the city. The castle was a mecca for the men off the ship. The admission was 2 lire (approximately 12c.). Guides were in attendance and they did everything in their power to make the visit educational. Some difficulty was encountered, for the guides spoke very little English. The castle is approximately 400 years old. The castle is not occupied at this time. It is used for sightseeing purposes and for traveling operas. The writer visited the place with several other members of the detachment. We were shown swords, spears, axes, pike poles, coats of mail, cannon and warclubs of the vintage 1500. One of the most interesting sights was a bar atop the castle where wines and fine German beer could be purchased for a modest price. After climbing about the place and hearing that this picture or that table was of the sixteenth century it was indeed refreshing to visit the bar.

Undoubtedly, Trieste was the best port of the cruise. The only drawback was the number of honor guards necessary. Italy, as you probably have seen by the newspapers, is highly militaristic. There is probably no place on earth, with the possible exception of Japan, where so many men are under arms. Fully two out of every six or seven men on the streets are in uniform. With the King's own, Ill Duce soldiers, the Black Shirts and the sailors it was one continual salute after another. Every other person in uniform seemed to be an officer. Since there are but sixteen Marines in the detachment it was necessary for us to forego liberty in order to render appropriate honors to the high officials that visited the ship.

Dubrovnik (Ragusa), Yugoslavia, was our next port. The city, some two miles from the sea, was built within a castle. The entire place was surrounded by walls. I am told it was some 800 years old. Its history dates back to and beyond the time of the Crusades. It was at Ragusa that Richard, the Lion Hearted, made his camp. The city, or castle, was impregnable. It was never taken by the enemy in three crusades. The more modern part of the city is outside the castle walls. It was very interesting from a historical standpoint but offered little amusement for the men.

Naples, our next port, was not up to expectations. The city is very commercial and with so many tourists it was not unlike parts of New York City. The men took advantage of the trips to Mt. Vesuvius and Pompeii, the ancient city of Campania, buried 79 A. D. The trips lasted about six hours and included dinner for the sum of \$4.00. Other members of the detachment hired carriages and visited

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THE LEATHERNECK

THE QUINCY LANCERS

By Wake

Here's one for the books. What books, you ask? Ripley's and Marine Oddities, we answer.

It took Columbus 64 days to sail from Palos, Spain, to San Salvador Island. The USS *Quincy* made it in a little over 199 days; that, however, includes a 187-day stopover at Boston Navy Yard. Columbus probably might have done the same but history says that there was no navy yard in those days. Oh, yes, and when the "Great Admiral" left Spain there was a war raging within, just as there was when we left, although history does not say if he had any refugees among the personnel. In those days the Spaniards were driving the Moors out of Spain, where they had been entrenched for several hundred years. But in 1936 the Moors were helping to overthrow the Spanish government. As the old professor said, "History sure do repeat itself."

Well, we're finally on our way to the West Coast. Here is our itinerary: From Boston to Norfolk, Norfolk to Guantanamo Bay, Guantanamo Bay to Cristobal, C. Z., transit canal to Balboa, and leave Balboa on the 27th of April, expecting to arrive in Honolulu on or about the 9th of May.

We left Boston the 12th of April on as beautiful a day as could be wished for. There was a smooth sea and, although overcoats were worn, the sun put forth as much power as possible, giving us a faint idea of what to expect farther south. Norfolk was our first port-o-call, but no liberty was granted. A short stay of a few hours in which we picked up about 35 passengers, movies, oil and our new Marine Officer, 2nd Lieutenant Cecil W. Wight, who will take the place of Mr. Fields.

Mr. Wight is a recent graduate of Basic School, Philadelphia, and the detachment takes this opportunity to welcome him aboard, hoping that his tour of duty with the *Quincy* Detachment will be interesting and happy. Mr. Field leaves us in Honolulu or San Francisco, and his next duty will be in Quantico, probably with the Marine Corps Schools.

Our next stop was Guantanamo Bay, Cuba, where we washed, scrubbed, shined, polished, and painted ship. Recreational liberty was granted and all hands took advantage of every available occasion to hit the beach. The weather was excellent, the beer was cooling and refreshing, the swimming was great, but one of the lads insists that barraeuda were biting him every time he hit the water. There are those cynics who looked sideways and asked him how many beers he had before he went swimming.

Leaving Guantanamo, the *Quincy* headed for Cristobal, C. Z. To many it was an old story, but it held new and thrilling sights for the first-timers. Ten o'clock was the time for expiration of liberty and at 2:30 A. M. we cast off to transit the canal. Not many of us saw the first part of the canal or Gatun Locks because of the earliness, but we all witnessed the famous Gatun Lake, Gaillard Cut, Pedro Miguel Locks, Miraflores Locks and found out hundreds of facts concerning the building and operation of this engineering miracle. The ship's paper, in giving the history of the canal, says that Charles V of Spain had the idea of building a canal through here in the 15th century.

At present we are tied up in Balboa, Panama, being only a stone's throw away is the mecca of liberty-bound Marines. Thanks are extended to the Y.M.C.A. for

their management of tours to old Panama, and other points of interest. The Army also played their part as hosts. Here also were the USS *Babbitt* and the USS *Taylor*, of the Special Service Squadron. Many of the members of each detachment of these "cans" were old shipmates at sea school and old acquaintances were renewed under the palms of Balboa and Panama.

On the 27th of April the *Quincy* said "goodbye" to this country of contrasts and set sail for the "Vacation Land" of the world, Hawaii. And that, patient readers, is probably where you'll hear from us next month.

THE RACKETEERS

USS *Chicago*

We still lie peacefully moored in the land of infernal machines. Air hammers, buffers, deck caulkers, and those men that produce that acrid smoke around the compartment, those yard welders (Let us also not omit that detachment hot air merchants).

ODORS FROM THE RIFLE RANGE ALIBI CAN.

Mare Island's rifle range again took its toll of experts. This was contrasted by the phenomenal shooting of former 275 men firing in the 300 bracket. Our C.O. led the field (as usual) with the remarkable score of 329. He was closely followed by Pfc. W. M. Solley with the count of 324. The detachment as a whole finished with the average of fifty per cent of the men qualifying in the money.

We bid farewell to 1st Sgt. Howard E. Reynolds who was transferred to the Marine Detachment, USS *Henderson*. Good luck with your new duties, Top. Platoon Sgt. Ernest D. Villegas is temporarily officiating as detachment first sergeant.

Arrived on board is 2nd Lt. A. B. Barrow, replacing 2nd Lt. C. S. Todd.

Corporals "KiWi" Kennedy and Marion L. Howell are patiently awaiting the arrival of their respective reliefs (How patiently?). Pvt. Orval (Ken to you) Raymond is slated for the FMF, San Diego. Extension of sea duty . . . Pvt. Charles Sherman Hampton (Chief Long Beach Home Guard).

The Ransier brothers, (the guard's own commercial aviation pilots) contemplated a furlough together. It so happened that the plane they were going to use was only

a one-seater so "Stoney," the biggest, got the furlough.

Kedwards and Boze pulled a fast one in a recent contribution of theirs to the ship's paper. The ship's welfare fund offers the sum of one dollar for the best written article each week. The aforesaid gentlemen's article was concluded with the sentence: "How about that buck, Ed? We rate this forty-eight."

It is widely rumored that Pfc. "Parker Dam" Danker will soon be an engaged man.

Our new custodian of property is none other than Cpl. G. A. (the "Frisco Kid") Montgomery. He relieves Cpl. "Poop-deck Pappy" Pethick, our Harvard scholar. "Ding" Davis, the Iowa Collegiate, is negotiating the clerical duties around the Marine Office during the company clown's absence.

Local reports have it that our galloping Gael from Michigan, Pvt. "Swede" O'Hilton goes to dances to scare the women if he is refused his favorite kind of dancing.

Privates Kaylor and Smith have taken thirty day furloughs to Virginia and good ole Mississippi. Have y'all arrived yet?

PRUNE BARGE DOPE

USS *California*

By G. Hoff

Here we are, ploughing along through the waves like a seal doing a diving act, and standing by for most anything. The inevitable dope is blowing around as to how many days it will take to get to somewhere, and how long we'll stay there, and what we're going to do when and if we do get there.

This cruise makes it hard on us liberty hounds. In port we can stay over in L.A., so as to catch the last motor launch back to the ship; missing the Monday morning commissary working party. Now we're marks for the police sergeant.

It's been some time since we went to press, and in the meantime there has been a quantity of sewing on of stripes. Sergeant warrants were going to William D. Bethea, Franklin Pierce, and Samuel "Olaf" Johnson. This is the "Great Dane's" first cruise, so apparently he has the goods. In the two striper class, we have Raymond Mae Isaac. The PFC ranks were filled by: "Deck bag" Floreyzyk,



Quincy Marine Guard at Colors, Guantanamo Bay, Cuba

Leonard Digati, Douglas Bogue, "Shifty" Jenkins, Joe Boennecke, Ivan Hamilton, Sherman Woodin, and "Jim" Orr. With several vacancies after the cruise, left by those being transferred, in view, most of us are to be seen bucking and snapping like mess cooks on pay day. Our main amusement now is guessing who the men of the guard are when "Joe" Pender, the barber, unhogties his victims. Joe is a good barber, but even an angora rattle-snake would look different with a regulation haircut.

The CAL Marines took second place in the sailing race, and as a parting shot of straight dope, we will be the winners next time.

WYOMING WISDOM

By Doro

"And Time Marches On."

The past few months went quickly and in their passing were many changes. Some were drastic and sudden, others were inconsequential to all but us, and we remain the Marine Guard of the USS *Wyoming*.

Captain Robert S. Viall is our Commanding Officer. He came to us from the Marine Corps Base, San Diego, the day before we left the West Coast. The morning that we did leave San Diego—one of the few nice West Coast mornings I can recall—the Marine Band from the Base cheered things up with their music, hundreds of people crowded the dock, strains of "Auld Lang Syne" floated across the waters, and we realized that we had another good "skipper."

Second Lieutenant Ferdinand Bishop is now stationed at the Norfolk Navy Yard. Second Lieutenant Thomas C. Moore, Jr., is our new assistant to the commanding officer. We extend every good wish to both in their new stations.

First Sergeant Fred H. Kelley traded jobs with First Sergeant Carl Wilek during the first week of April. We lost a good "Top" to the Philadelphia Reserve Unit, they too, lost a good "Top." We feel very fortunate and we look forward to pleasant cruises. There's something about the Marine Corps—there must be—it's so easy to become accustomed to changes. Invariably the replacements fit right in, from commanding officers to privates. Perhaps because always there remain orders to be carried out, just as always there continues to be that matter-of-fact good fellowship among Marines, regardless of bars or chevrons; perhaps it's the men, the fact is that we are a unit that percolates right well.

We are just out of drydock. It was so long that it seems we were raised there. In a few days we will have forgotten all about it, but the four weeks of snappy morning walks, four weeks of greeting the Navy Yard cats and dogs at the foot of the gangway, four weeks of admiring the big belly of our home (for those who have never visited a Navy Yard, a ship in drydock is like being stuck in a big bathtub and having all the water drained) four weeks of viewing her from stem to stern, from keel to the peak of the masts, impressed on us the fact that we were in drydock. Fortunately the drydocks are near the Yard Gate.

I don't know what is usually told of the detail of a period of time thus spent. It is unimportant, all except the first few days, especially the first few hours of that first day, those hours that the water receded from the ship's sides to the tune of scrappers manned by all hands. Then

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Rear Admiral Sinclair Gannon presenting General McDougal with the Eleventh Naval District General Efficiency Trophy for 1936. The General accepts for the M.C.B.

West Coast News

HEADQUARTERS COMPANY, 2nd MARINE BRIGADE, FLEET MARINE FORCE, MARINE CORPS BASE, SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

HAIN Headquarters Company has crawled out of its shell, and has a new reporter this month to try to give you the dope. At present the rifle range has claimed the usual company reporter so I add my wishes with yours that he will be back with us again next month.

This company has been divided into three details for the purpose of firing the range. The first detail is already holding and squeezing them, but from what I can hear most of them are having quite a little difficulty with the battle sights. The second detail is snapping-in here at the base, and the third is waiting to start snapping-in as soon as the second one leaves. The order says every man must have at least thirty-five hours snapping-in prior to going on the range; so if this company does not produce a bunch of high experts there will have been a lot of time wasted.

There have been several promotions in the company the past few months: To Sgt. Mack Tilling, and Edgar C. Mahaffey, to Cpls. Henry P. Barksdale, Beverly N. Stanaland, and Charles W. Knoll, to Pfc. Boyd J. Jackson, and William S. Kappel. Congratulations, men, but we haven't seen many cigars, and this has just about broke private Graham's heart, "The chisler."

Now that this California sun is beginning to be a little unusual, and has started to shine once in a while, most of the men of Headquarters Company can be found on Mission Beach or La Jolla Coves almost every Saturday, Sunday and Wednesday af-

ternoons, and what sun tans most of them are getting, they look like a hard working construction gang, instead of a bunch of pencil pushers.

Sgt. Francis L. Churchville, who was discharged and re-enlisted, is now on a thirty-day furlough, and can be found on Mission Beach almost any day.

Private Edward J. Heintz, Jr., Ray Graham, and Homer J. Hardin are among the men on the range at present. It is rumored that there is a Pfc. chevron waiting for each of them if they qualify, this time, so hold and squeeze them, men; we can hardly wait for those cigars.

The USS *Chaumont* arrived the 27th of April and left the 2nd of May, and with it went 1st Sgt. Edward A. Mullen for Pearl Harbor. 1st Sgt. Mullen has been with this company since 2 November, 1935, and a better 1st Sgt. will be hard to find. We all join in wishing him a pleasant tour of duty in the land of sunshine and grass skirts.

FIRST SERGEANT L. S. SCHAEFFER

At a dress parade and review at the Marine Corps Base at 4:00 PM Friday, 30 April, 1937, First Sergeant Leonard S. Schaeffer was retired from active duty on completion of over thirty years' service. Schaeffer has served continuously in the Marine Corps since 1905, except for one enlistment in the U. S. Cavalry, 1910-1913. In addition to serving at various posts in

the United States, he has served in Panama, Mexico, Cuba and Nicaragua, and on board the USS *Maine*, USS *Kentucky* and USS *Louisiana*, and holds the following medals: Cuban, Mexican service (Navy), World War, Mexican border (Army), Nicaraguan, and Marine Good Conduct with five bars.

At one time Schaeffer served as orderly for Admiral Fighting Bob Evans, and at another time was a member of a Marine company of which the present commander of the Fleet Marine Force, Brigadier General D. C. McDougal, was a first lieutenant.

COMPANY A

1st Bn., 6th Marines, FMF

By Two Bits

Positively the last deal from this "deck," the expected ship didn't come in as the rumors would have it. Oh you California climate, five attempts to hold a heavy have come to naught. . . There seems to be a shortage of First Soldiers, "Gunny" Kohs has been holding down that job for a couple of months now. . . The Staff NCO "palace" is taking shape and it won't be long for moving day to arrive, everything under the same roof with individual private rooms. Who will be the lucky 32 tenants? . . . There is a radio in the Post Barber Shop which is always "Out of Order;" Why? . . . Ever try holding and squeezing them during an earthquake? Cpl. Phil D. Burden tells me that the target and his elbows did some fancy shimmying during the recent quake. . . Heard this one on the arcade: "My, what a great big moon there is tonight, and me with only 27c to my name." . . . In their bare feet, the unqualified men were examined for their eyes. . . Sweet young thing telephoned to Ppts. John Ringheim, Jr., and Boyde Baptie—isn't two in a booth a crowd? . . . Baseball parade by the band, who was the sandwich man? Robberies may be committed in downtown San Diego, but it can't happen here, fifty-five men see to that.

Of the 39 promotions in the battalion, nine came A-way. Cpl. Walter H. Johnson to the rank of Sergeant. Ptes. Vernon L. Hendley, Arlington E. Russell, William S. Overholtezer and Steven L. Sradler to the rank of Corporal. Ppts. Ralph S. Cohen,

George R. Taylor, Ross L. Roundtree, and Herbert N. Strong to the rank of Private First Class. Din't sound "fire call"; it's just smoke from the numerous Phillies. Congratulations and mercy beaucoup for the smoke producers.

Whose girl friend brought what boy friend a box of home-made cakes? The cakes, so I've been informed, were delicious; but it can't be said that the time of delivery was appropriate, there were ahahs, ohhs and deep sighs from the



Brig-General D. C. McDougal and First Sergeant L. S. Schaeffer.

assembled company which witnessed the "presentation."

The A-ers have been unusually active in athletics, the upper deck aggregation coming off at the short end in volleyball, softball and lately basketball, which score was 15 to 14. Wonder if the Act. 1st Sg's. promised ease of refreshments was the necessary inducement?

Feast your eyes on something worth

while, get a glimpse of the E&F company recreation room. The convenience and appointments can not even be equaled by our neighboring Naval Training Station reception room, which is downright luxurious.

Farley & Co. (Bn. Sgt. Maj. and clerical staff) had a good laugh the other day according to the daily "grapevine." With every one industriously peeking their typers in that efficient "shop," a hearty laugh now and then is good for the system, yes? The laugh was provoked by a semi-official communication which read something like this: "Pvt. ——— USMC, was 'Honorably' discharged, etc." What is it that these "brain-trusters" have that A has not? Pvt. Paul E. Wilhelm adorned himself in dress blues for just a visit to that outfit's domicile one evening not long ago, remember? Well?

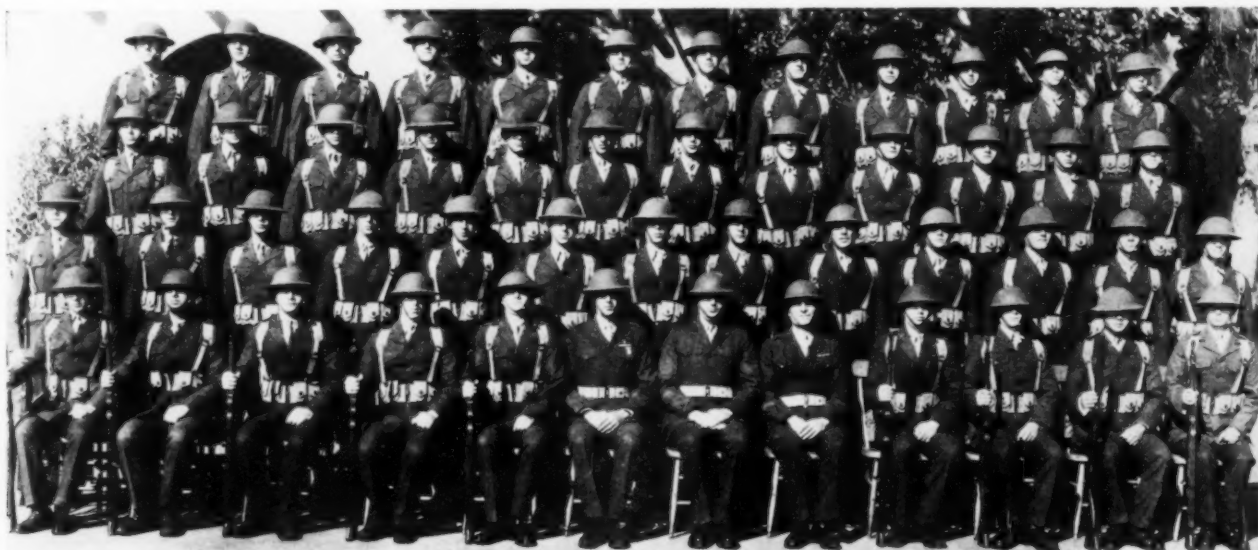
Pte. Eugene M. Emge started a Zoo. Of course it doesn't compare with the city's at Balboa Park, but all things must have a modest beginning, Embe began with a horned toad. Whew. . .

Phone calls for Pvt. Jonath Dick, but alas, Dick doesn't live here any more. Try long distance to MB, NS, Guam, M. I. G'by. And what Romeo's letters all end with "To be continued with Love!!"

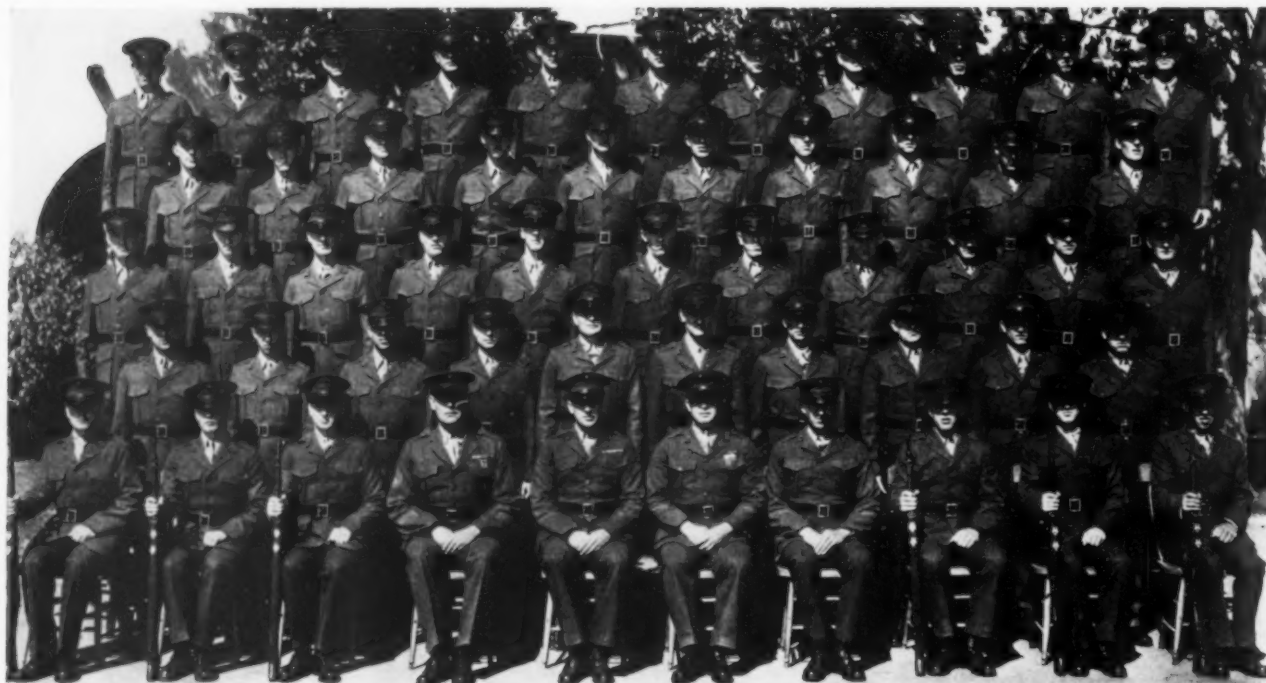
If the present "detached" duty routine continues to prevail, we won't have any officers or men to mobilize with. For several weeks 2nd Lieutenant C. A. Miller was our only company officer, then transferred himself to the MD, USS *Arizona*. The company commander, Capt. R. D. McAfee, returned from the range, but 2nd Lieutenant H. R. Amey, Jr., remained, and the skipper is a short timer himself.

6 April, "Der Tag" was quietly celebrated by our only two charter members of that fraternity while the Army made a day of it. Can there be any one who doesn't know who it was that won the war?

Cpls. Mosco Vallandingham, William S. Overholtezer and Pte. Glenn "W" Robinson played a prominent part in the inaugural ceremonies at Lane Field during the opening of the coast league baseball season. Yes, we all saw the pictures in the papers. All base activities were suspended that afternoon to permit the ball fans to attend the opening game except



6th Platoon, San Diego, instructed by Corporals B. M. Bunn, E. R. Browne and R. D. Keim



8th Platoon, San Diego; Pl-Sgt. A. B. Hudson, Sgt. L. L. Glover, Cpl. C. E. Brickle, and Cpl. A. J. Brengle, instructors.

the "unfortunate" dock W. P. San Diego won, 3 to 2.

FMF duty must appeal to seagoing Marines. Pfc. Jack P. Estes, and Pvt. Arthur G. Stadler joined from the *Pennsylvania*. Pfts. James W. Ortte and Francis L. Wilken were formerly with the firm of *USS Ranger*. Pfc. Arnold A. Marquardt from the crack outfit on the *USS Portland*. He was duly installed in the company office as assistant to "Gunny" Kohs. Pfc. Cleburne Coffey, from the same ship, but is taking the longest way around due to a thirty-day furlough. Pvt. Fred J. Bartokvich gave up hope of ever becoming a flying Marine at the Air Station across the bay, so he took up dock building instead, gosh.

Pfc. Everette B. Dunkle transferred his affections to the Force Hq. Co. His standing on the company promotion list didn't affect this any for he's sporting corporal's chevrons now. Pvt. Robert W. Stansbury is about to take a two-year vacation in old Cathay. Say, have you heard that Pvt. Clinton S. Mourer has taken up cigarette smoking?

COMPANY B

1st Bn., 6th Marines, FMF

Time out will be taken to throw together the items of interest and changes that have occurred since last this company was heard from.

Amid the hue and cry of rifle and pistol marksmanship that is an annual training for this unit, there is also another note that is viewed with interest to most all of us. Promotion has reared its lovely head and has favored a chosen few with its benefits. Four corporals and three privates first class were made and for the information of all concerned they are, namely: to corporal, Pfts. Ashley, O'Brien, Tarr and Matthieu; to Pfc. were Pfts. Linker, Tibbetts and Mallett. In the last case all the recent China jottings will note the names of these men so promoted.

There has been a startling trend of late to change a perfectly good rate as private to that of student music, pounding on the skin of the well-known ass must have its appeal after all, altho not enough to keep one of the prodigies of the Band from the straight and narrow. Those acquainted with Tpr. Hackney and interested in travel can get all the harrowing details from that musician (?).

Upon the completion of the recent winter maneuvers there was an unprecedented amount of furloughs given to those desiring them, it is believed that practically all the country at large bore its share of relief until they returned to the fold and, I may add, table of their Uncle.

Lieutenant McDougal, after a successful tryout in the Divisional Matches at La Jolla, has parted from our midst for the National Team tryouts at Quantico. More than that could be said as it is a generally accepted fact that he will become a part of that team and with more than average success. Best of luck to you. . .

In his stead the company was fortunate enough to have assigned 2nd Lieutenant Arthur R. Stacy, recently of Basic School, and, while at the present time is not completely settled here, has all the best wishes and support for an enjoyable tour of duty.

Your scribe is not out of news, but the courage to face any more infuriated "pals" fails him.

COMPANY C

1st Bn., 6th Marines, FMF

By A. K. Fine

To start things off, we will extend our congratulations to W. F. Pulver on his promotion to Master Gunny, and to M. C. "Slug" Marvin on his promotion to Gunnery Sergeant. "Slug" has taken things on his shoulders, and is training fighters, as well as the company. Pfts. J. D. Henry and E. H. Smith are his pride and joy, respectively, and the fellows term Smith as the "White Hope." Henry as

yet has not been dubbed; because we have been waiting for Pvt. C. B. Reid to do the honors. Reid, incidentally, has been convalescing after a sojourn with the Naval Hospital "cut-ups."

Cpl. E. C. Gajarian has been "paid off." "Danny" R. Lebsock is now a "tummy slighter" at the local rifle range under the official rating of Mess Sergeant; and this, of course, leaves Cpl. F. O. Schilling as the last of the three inseparables.

These old faces are being replaced by those of Pfts. G. H. Balzer and R. F. Stokes, as well as Pfts. D. E. P. Benedict and R. D. Stotts.

Pfts. S. F. Hawkins and G. V. Peck have returned from leaves which will probably be the last granted until the First Battalion returns from the range in June. Pvt. R. C. Rateh, Jr., has had himself "busted" to a bugler, which he claims is much lighter than the old musket.

Sgt. Sam Bashefkin and Cpl. O. B. Callaway have been attending Gas School in order to instruct us in the near future. Spring, as ever, is the harbinger of "snapping in;" and we heave gusty sighs, as we consider how much of it we will have to do in the next month or so.

The company capitalists, such as Pfts. E. A. Kuhn, L. W. Roop, and W. H. Houck have invested in cars. Passersby query as to whether C Company has been mechanized or turned into a community junk yard.

Pfts. Franklin Lewis, Willie Lafleur, and Travis Adams have been spending their money on clothes, and the upper squad-room would make an Esquire look like a dime store catalogue.

Pvt. H. T. Eldredge has been "tripping off" to town at the close of each day's routine. Could it be the spring?

Routine is as ever; but there has been an annoying lack of rain to incite our having much indoor school.

Guards now are few and far between, but we do not know what the future may hold, so until next month, adios.

THE LEATHERNECK

COMPANY D

1st Bn., 6th Marines

By William J. Gunst

Hello, again! This broadcast promises to be a hot one, full of changes, new dope, and corrections. First of all "Bob Romaine" definitely did not leave this station for Honolulu or Quantico. Well, anyway, in spite of the rumors, he is still a very active member of "Fighting D." We did however lose his running mate, Forrest Dewerd, and "Soldier" Quimby. Dewerd was discharged with a good conduct medal and we have it that he has returned to his home in Long Beach, California.

John Lazenby also received a GC medal when he was paid off this month. John went back to the sunny south, to be exact, Atlanta, Ga. Another boy from Georgia got paid off this month, and that was "William" (Pop) Brannen. "Pop," we understand, is different than the rest, because instead of heading for home as soon as he was paid off he decided to take in Hollywood and maybe give Old Man Gable a run for his money. He has a job in a movie studio and is doing quite well, thank you. Pop was a real baseball player, and this company sadly misses him, especially on "Athletic" Wednesday. He has personally promised your correspondent that he would get a lock of Simone Simon's hair to hang up in the Recreation Room here at D Company.

Pfes. "Egg-Head" Arnold, Chisholm, and "Old Goat" Arnold were in the midst of a tether and a sweat when our company commander told them this morning that they had been recommended for Corporal. All kidding aside, these are all good men and have coming whatever they get. As "Bob-Wire" Holmes would say, "Few as good, none better."

Sgt. Herman (Moon) Munari, recently Shanghai's 4th Marine's pride and joy, has been transferred to the 2nd Chemical Company here at the Base. "Moon" was the boy that would give you a great big smile when he had a broom or a mop behind his back that he was about to hand you. Corporal Margolis has taken over his old job as chief slave driver (police Sgt.).

Little Snuffy Ingrassia, the Marine who had the ideas about how big a woman should be before he would go out with her (nothing under 400 lbs.), was transferred to the Naval Ammunition Depot at Dover, N. J. For the sake of Snuffy's happiness, I sincerely hope that the fat lady that works in the circus that comes to Dover, does not quit her job until she has seen Snuffy. He's only a little guy, but woe, woe, woe, what a man!

We are glad to report that Chief Marine Gunner Astin is back from the Naval Hospital, and is again in harness. He has been transferred to the Rifle Range Detachment at La Jolla. About the same time that Mr. Astin came back to duty First Lt. Ralph E. Boulton, Marine Corps Reserve, joined this company for temporary duty.

I did some pretty good guessing last month when I predicted that Bob-Wire would make Pfc., cause sure as you are shooting, Bob is sporting a chevron. Chris Biggs made Cpl. the same day he borrowed someone's stove out at the Rifle Range. Speaking of the Rifle Range, "Squeeze Box" Kerse really gave the boys something to shoot at, and I don't mean perhaps. He glided in with a 337, and there wasn't a Santa Claus any-

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HEADQUARTERS COMPANY

1st Bn., 6th Marines, FMF

This month finds Headquarters Co. in a more elated state of mind. Why? Because a good number of our members have been presented with promotions and within a short period of time we will all be exhibiting our prowess with the rifle at the range and trying our darndest for those extra few dollars.

Those who have received promotions in Hq. Co. within the last month are: Sgt. T. Shaw; Cpls. J. I. Henderson, A. B. Woodruff, E. W. Laperriere; Pfes. A. V. Dorgan, Jr., R. T. Hill, S. J. Chiappetta, G. E. Satchell. Congratulations and thanks for the cigars, men.

We have one member, namely, Cpl. Clarence F. Gentilcore, who may, by the time this appears in print, be riding the high seas aboard the USS *New York*. At least that is what the latest dope leads us to believe. Bon voyage, fran. Waage will miss your verbal onslaughts. Or is it vice versa? At any rate, Clarence can be commended for his ability to provide a substantial debate on a variety of subjects, not excluding psychology. The only trouble is he has difficulty in finding someone who will quite agree with his views. It's a failing not uncommon with the majority of us.

That just about covers "THE NEWS FROM HQCO," so until next month, when more things have happened, au revoir, adios, naz dar, and all that sort of thing.

GRIST FROM THE SECOND BATTALION

Changes galore in personnel are keeping the clerks busy filling out the cards in the Second Battalion, Sixth, this month as the annual turnover plays put and take with all hands.

Lt.-Col. O. R. Cauldwell has been relieved by Major E. W. Skinner as Battalion Commander. The Colonel earned the respect and admiration of his subordinates and the approbation of his superiors for the manner in which he guided the destinies

of this battalion and we are very sorry to see him leave. However, Major Skinner is one of the most popular officers in the Corps and will carry on the good work of his predecessor.

Major E. O. Ames left the battalion for the arduous duties of Base Adjutant and once again we were very fortunate in having Capt. J. A. Martenstein detailed as Executive Officer. Lt. Hayden and Lt. Weber are enroute for Guam leaving, G and F Companies regretting their losses very much.

Promotions hit the battalion like a tidal wave during April. All companies received their share of one, two, and three stripes, and cigars became as plentiful as blades of grass. Headquarters Company smoked cigars when St-Sgt. Q. L. Strickland and Sgt. M. R. Fetter, Cpl. H. S. Griffin, Cpl. K. W. Berg, Pfes. O. P. Berry and G. A. Reilly rose to the ranks indicated.

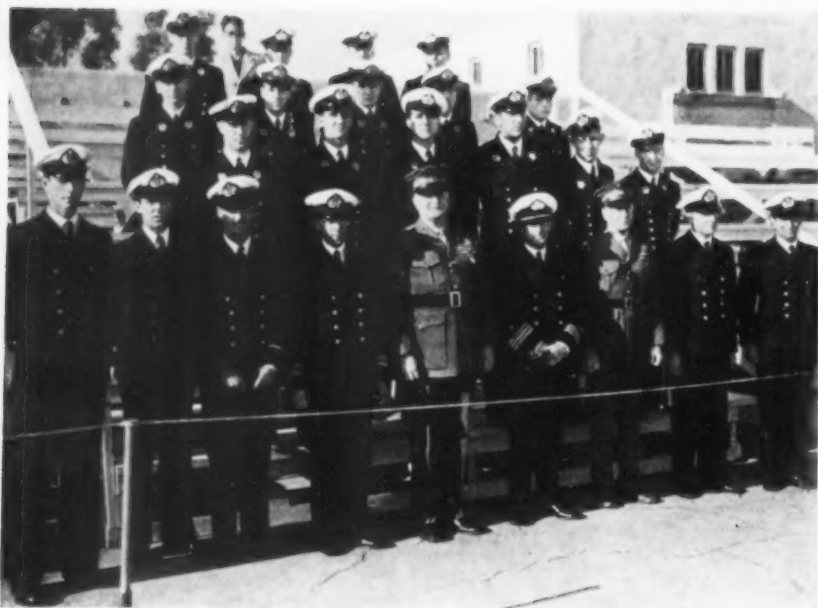
Company E inhaled the fragrant Havana with the promotions of Cpls. P. R. Curless, C. P. Hardin, P. J. Hart, W. A. Hill, N. D. Mize, Pfes. T. A. Blackstone and L. O. Downer. Company F congratulated Cpls. R. F. Carlson, D. Gurney, D. McAbee, A. Steffen, E. T. Wilson, Pfes. H. G. McInturff, G. C. Smith and P. A. Wilcox. Company G found Sgt. A. R. Johnson, Cpls. J. A. Barr, K. D. Dowty, S. P. MacDonald, W. F. McMillan, D. Ward, Pfes. M. V. Brooks, A. R. Hendrix, and T. T. McAmis sporting brand new chevrons. Company H shook hands with Cpls. A. G. Casper, V. D. Mincey, L. J. Malara, W. M. Richardson, K. L. Steffen, A. M. Zorn, R. W. Colwell, Pfes. F. P. Barr, C. A. Thomas, A. J. Miller, J. W. Taylor and D. C. Utterback as they proudly showed their new rank.

Speaking of promotions, we would like to take this time to publicly congratulate one of the swellest persons we know, 1st Sgt. Earl Bostick, upon his promotion to that rank. Earl has been around for a long time, seen a lot of this world, and helped many a boot over the tough spots.

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Rear Admiral J. O. Richardson, Commander Destroyers, S. F., and Brig-General D. C. McDougal



General McDougal and Colonel Moses, with their Chilean guests

CHEMICAL COMPANY

By Ralph Kregoski

Well, it won't be long now before the First Brigade Chemists will be weighing anchor for the rifle range. Everyone is looking forward with keen anticipation of breaking all former records for marksmanship. "Well—We're all hopin'." The schedule states we leave for the range June 12th, and return July 10th, nearly a month for firing, which in our estimation is practically the same as a 30-day vacation, with an excellent chance of either making thirty-six, or sixty dollars a year, with absolutely nothing to lose—ahem!

The coming of the *Chaumont* was a sad event for the Company, because of the fact that it carried away five of our old friends, Sergeant Alsop, Corporal Bradley, Private Winge, Private Hurst, and Private Griffin. All are bound for China, with the exception of Private Hurst, who extended his enlistment for Guam. Well, fellows, we are sorry to see you go, but our opinions are that in the very near future, we'll be seein' you.

New men have already been assigned to Chemical Company to take the place of the transfers. April 20th Pfc. Morrison, Private Coleman, Private Wills, and Private Marxer joined the company. April 28th, Privates Dexheimer, Eddy and two Fitzpatrick brothers joined us. We wish all the luck in the world to both, the old members going Asiatic, as well as the new members joining our company.

April turned out to be a lucky month for the Chemical Company. Out of a clear sky we got orders to make four ratings, Corporal Carter to Sergeant, Pfc. Bradley and Ruth to Corporals, and Private Green, to Pfc. Congratulations, fellows, goodness knows you earned them. But now that you have them, watch your step, because they are so easy to lose. Am I right, Sarg?

It is impossible to realize how many conscientious individuals we have in the company until the news comes out that an examination for the promotion list is to be given soon. Almost at once, all Chemical Warfare Literature, and Marine Corps handbooks are put to use. More than

likely experience has taught them that hard work is always repaid by a bountiful harvest. Consequently, their conclusions are, the harder we study, the closer we will come to the top of the promotion list.

By the way, Platoon Sergeant Crocker is frequenting the company office quite regularly of late. Not a bad idea, Sergeant, you're getting close to the top of the promotion list for first sergeant, and it won't hurt anything to brush up a little on your office work.

April 15th, Lieutenant Kleppinger was transferred from 2d Chemical Company to Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C. Good luck, Lieutenant. We sincerely hope you enjoy your new work, new location, and new friends. We enjoyed working with you immensely, and even though we know it's the type of work you like best, we hated to see you leave us.

2D ENGINEER COMPANY, 2D BRIGADE, FMF

By Meredith H. Baker

Again the Crema smoke clouds have rolled! Corporal Wolkovitz advanced to Sergeant; Pfc. Baker and Thurmond were advanced to Corporals; Pfc. Alford, Brettman and Clark were rated Private First Class. The company extends its congratulations to these men and hopes that more will be as fortunate in the near future.

It seems as though the personnel is gradually changing. Sergeant Terpsten and Drummer McMurran were welcomed into our fold a short time ago. Privates James A. Adams and George R. Metzler have just been transferred to the Asiatic Station on very short notice. This came as a surprise to your reporter as few of us ever thought that this company would be called upon to furnish men for foreign duty. We are sorry to see them go.

Construction work has gone on steadily. A concrete road has been laid around the boathouse after several weeks of hard work. It surprises one just how much this has improved the appearance of things down there. Transplanting of palm trees, land-

scaping and seeding of grass plots have improved the looks of the boathouse, too.

An engine hoist for use on the boats is being built and will be finished shortly. The whaleboat motor-rig has been completed and tried out. Pairs of out-board motors of different horsepower furnish the motivation. With a few minor changes on the rig, the experiment will prove successful. The construction crew is now building a training barge, having sealing ladders and nets in order to give the men of this base some first hand experience in the problems they will encounter on maneuvers. The topography section is still doing a great deal of exhaustive work in the Camp Kearney area.

The company has been rather unfortunate lately due to the fact that some of our men have had to go to the Sick Bay for long periods and that four or five men at a time are being sent to the range. As your reporter has told you before, we are already hampered by a lack of men. By losing these we are handicapped to a greater extent.

Fishing trips and sailboating seem to furnish a good part of our recreation now. The two sailboats the company built are very popular. If the money were available we would like to build more. We wish that it were possible for everyone to go out with us some time. It would be enjoyable to those interested in such things.

Hello there, First Engineers! Are "yuh" listening in?

BASE SERVICE BATTALION

By Marvin D. Andrews

Well, here's your regularly detailed correspondent, back on the job again after a thirty-day furlough in which he lost some seven or eight pounds, and almost caught up on sleep.

Being away from Captain Max Cox's pork chops, veal cutlets, salads and desserts, and other excellently cooked foods certainly will take the pounds off.

One of the best things about a furlough is getting back to the old outfit again; finding a few of the familiar faces still there, and a great many changes made in your absence; getting back into the harness again—and liking it better for the absence. You feel like a new man, all ready to start out and conquer your little world (and the pork chops) anew.

Having done my bit to reduce the surplus stock in the mess storeroom since my return from furlough, the next thing was to check up and see what happened last month. Here are the main items:

Sergeant Walter R. Sonnenberg, one time chief music here, has been assigned duty on the City Patrol under Platoon Sergeant Carl Haynes.

Sergeant Thomas Balaban, formerly on duty at the Eleventh Naval District Commissary, has been transferred to the Fleet, and his place taken by Corporal Gordon J. (Never-late) McCrary, one time brains of the Headquarters Company. Mack is said to be working rather hard now, and is spending most of his off duty time on one of the YMCA's bunks—resting. A report by private wire is to the effect that Mac doesn't leave tracks when he walks.

Corporal Charles E. (Bonus) Brown has been detailed on temporary detached duty as Orderly for the Commandant, Eleventh Naval District, during the absence of Sergeant Towle, who owed himself a little rest and took a furlough. The last we heard of Brown he was liking his new job very much, and the Staff is reported

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HQ AND SERVICE BATTERY

10th Marines, FMF

By Cutchin

Salutations, greetings, and what have you from Headquarters and Service Battery, 10th. We have all reported in C&S for another interview by the writer for this month's LEATHERNECK article, and so now let's start the ball rolling, or should I say the wind blowing.

At this writing the outfit is writhing, struggling, and puffing trying to master some of the more difficult positions in preparation for the annual target practice. After about two weeks or more of intensive snapping in, in preparation for this jamboree the gang has about gotten most of the wrinkles ironed out and seem to be doing right well, of course some of the boys remember the boot camp days and try right hard to get into position.

Let's take a stroll down through Tent City and see just what scandal there is to drag into the limelight. OH! right away we find some of the more industrious chaps out snapping in at this late hour, including Decker, Linehan and Cox, but the writer upon close observation thinks they are waving at the moon, or some good looking damsel perched on yonder hill. Among the Rip Van Winkle's of the outfit we find a number who really take the cake this month, including Godwin, Harris, Tabor.

We are sorry to lose two of our outfit this month who are being transferred to Asiatics, to wit, Corporal Stayer and Private Tarwater. We wish them a happy sojourn in China. Private Cohen, our strong man, has also been transferred to Philadelphia; drop us a line upon arrival, Sampson.

We have a new face among our midst, who recently joined us from Mare Island, Private First Class Bodeker, welcome my friend. Until next month we bid you adios.

BATTERY D, 10TH MARINES

Fleet Marine Force

Since the departure of Captain Price as our battery commander all NCO'S and enlisted men of Battery D extend their most loyal and sincere cooperation and support to our new battery commander, Lieutenant. B. H. Kirk. We salute you, Mr. Kork, and may your tour of duty with us be a pleasant one.

It seems like everybody is trying to get in the money—leave it to Mar. Gun. Hausensak, it will be 316 or bust. Even Binder, the Battery Don Juan, is getting real serious and is taking this qualification to heart. As soon as liberty call goes he is in blues, parading the battery street. Old Slug Graves, of pugilistic fame, can at any time of the day take his little carbine to the 600-yard firing line and shoot twos and threes. Pvt. Van Horn, another Hill Billy from the plains of South Dakota, can go home now, they've elected a new sheriff.

Who is the Sergeant that established his headquarters at Stroebels Bavaria? We don't want to mention any names, now, since we are at the rifle range.

Little Herby Floyd, late of the Embassy Guard of Pekin, is 6 ft. 10 in. and has been telling the boys that he is the smallest one in the family; and the reason he left home is because his kid brother beat him up. I believe you, Sgt. Floyd, but think how many many people won't. They come that tall from Kentucky, no doubt. It's a good old state to be from, maybe. I have never been there. Then we

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BATTERY E, 10TH MARINES

Fleet Marine Force

Question—What is an expert rifleman in Battery E?

Answer—The man who gets the least amount of snapping in, the highest score, and usually no sleep for the time he is on the range. 'N oh, yes; Sgt. Jason.

Question—Why did Cpl. Hill remain in the rear echelon when Battery E moved to the rifle range?

Answer—Some people think because he is a short timer, but ye scribe would like to know the names of the two blondes that spend so much time waiting in front of West No. 2 Barracks.

Question—Why do so many men stay over the week-end at the rifle range?

Answer—Mess Officer.

Question—What prevented the work of scraping the mess tables one Monday morning?

Answer—A certain Signal Sergeant forgot to take the scrapers back. (It is rumored that some of the boys were really heartbroken over the fact that they had no tools to work with).

Question—Why does Gy. Sgt. Isham take such interest in a stop watch?

Answer—It is lost.

Question—Who else would like to find it?

Answer—The man signed up with it.

Question—Who is the best acting Sgt. Major in the post and why am 'I'?

Answer—Because there is not much to do.

Question—What is the mystery of the Oregon a-kers? (Aches)

Answer—Sgt. O. B. Wells and his lost LOVE.

Question—WHO WERE the men that were transferred from the Second Battalion, Tenth Marines, to Asiatic stations?

Answer—Cpl. Stayer, K. M., Pvt. Tarwater, Byrum McD., Pfc. Engle, J. W., Pvt. Costa, Lewie, Pfc. Snyder, A. L., Pvt. Kennedy, W. L., Pfc. Ekern, J. A.

Question—Which one wanted to stay behind the worst?

Answer—Kennedy, and was he in love. M-mmm-mmm-mmm-m.

Question—How many Fords recently purchased by this Battalion personnel?

Answer—Three or four, I can't keep up with them. Lee Moberly sez he can't do without it, Tinar sez you can't beat them and I haven't heard Jackson's comments, but it's an even bet shesa-doinfine.

Question—Who is the worst Chauffeur in the Battery?

Answer—The guy that is late the first appointment.

Question—What makes more noise than a FORD?

Answer—The squeaks in it.

Question—Who has joined the Battalion recently?

Answer—Pfc. Bodeker, E. H., Pvt. Harris, H. S., Pvt. Bagnell, E. A.

Question—Who is holding down the Battalion Quartermaster while everyone is at the range and why do they always seem to get Major Harrison?

Answer—Who is a better man for the job?

Question—What does the insigne of a blow torch and a putty knife indicate?

Answer—Cpl. Cruise and Cpl. Hill scraping green paint off a door that has more grooves than the machine that made it.

Question—Has the Battery Office any more questions to add to this?

Answer and Question—YES, what will the office do now for a runner that Pvt. Beckman has made Pfc? "Snap another one of those Pvt's in," says Lloyd, Bty. Clerk.

Who Made the Mystery Ratings—Pfc. Storch, W. F., to Cpl., Pfc. Jenkins, G. F., to Cpl., Pvt. Hobbs, E. R., to Cpl., Pvt. Beckman, A. C., to Pfc., Pvt. Haire, J. R., to Pfc., Pvt. Lloyd, R. E., to Pfc.

Question—Will there be any more of this sort of thing?

Answer—Yes, when we get around to it. Just a few lines to let you know that the scribe doesn't know any more what he is doing than you do, so why make a mountain from a mole hill. Until later date we bid you one and all, S'long.

BATTERY F, 2D MARINE ANTI-AIRCRAFT

Battery F, the anti-aircraft battery of the FMF, is now settling down after the usual post-maneuver shake up.

The battery was hit with its share of transfers and promotions, the latter more welcome.



Interior of Marine Barracks, Navy Yard, Mare Island, California, in 1889. Photo by courtesy of Col. C. F. Williams, USMC.

New faces, new chevrons, farewells and furloughs have been intermingled to show us that things are continually on the change in the "Ole Corps." A twelve-man detail shoved off for Pearl Harbor, T. H., to take up duties there and find the enchanting secret of the Mid-Pacific Isles. Early reports indicate that they may have been misled on the grass skirt and romance angle.

The First Brigade acquired four of our corporals and one private on their return to the Quantico Base and Aircraft Two has been gaining popularity; six of the anti-aircraft boys have gone to North Island in the past two months. The boys seem to have become fascinated with the antics of their assumed targets.

Sgt. (formerly Pfc. and Cpl.) Coleman and Sgt. Rouna made the Asiatic detail. Sgt. Baze, Cpls. Ireland and Palmer have joined the battery for a tour of hard land duty after rolling on the deep for a few months. Pvts. Kerry and Roland came in from the USS *California* for a dry spell. Pvts. Pilliod, Bourne and Dawsey (a former Battery H man) and Velders were left with us on a trade with the First Brigade.

Late promotion raised five men to Corporal, one to Sergeant and one to Private First Class. The new Corporals are Herbert L. Blue, James D. West, Fred T. Hefley, Allen D. Steed and David Touchette; the new Sgt. is John R. Coleman, who made the China detail, and the new pfc. is "Swede Olson," latest addition to the office force.

Battery F is encamped at the Rifle Range at La Jolla as this is written and by a special issue of several new and reconditioned rifles the C. O. Capt. R. R. Deese hopes to eliminate all alibis and have a larger qualification percentage.

Pvt. Thomas Skoedopole did his battery proud by capturing the gold medal in the Western Division Matches. This is Skoedopole's first year of competition shooting and he turned in a surprising upset of the old-timers by coming in with a fine 560. He is now on the East Coast on the way for more honors and the battery is hoping for him the best of luck.

Pvts. Hubbard and Hand stepped into the specialists ratings of the Transportation Section after Pfc. Hefley and Pfc. Steed made their second stripe.

We want all our former shipmates in the Hula Isles and on the East Coast to remember Battery F and let us know how things are going (of course we hope all is right) from time to time.

BLASTINGS FROM BATTERY G (155mm Guns)

By Karl J. Keller

Hello, again. It's been quite some time since we've given you readers the "low-down" on the doin's of this here outfit, but now that we're with you, your correspondent hopes that this finds some of you who remember the men that will be mentioned and bring back pleasant memories of times past.

At present, we are encamped at the rifle range, near La Jolla, and about fifteen miles from San Diego. Those of you who have been here will remember the beautiful scenery that surrounds the camp. There is a perfectly swell beach about one half a mile from camp, but the only difficulty in reaching it is that the cliff-side that must be descended is about three-hundred feet high, and is inclined to be rather perpendicular. The descent is quite easy, but the ascent kinda taxes one's legs and lung power.

Everyone is concentrating on that "trivial" matter of "snapping in." That one procedure seems to make old men out of young ones who thought that positions were a snap. Bending backs, creaking joints, and squinting eyes are all the rage now. "Of course, everyone will shoot in the money" (We hope!). Thirty-five men fired the B. A. R., and from that group twenty were expert, twelve were sharp-shooter, and three were marksman.

We have two "Bring-Em-Back-Alive (or dead) Bucks," in the persons of Private Wilton W. Salley and Private Charles F. Whipp. One afternoon, these two energetic young men decided to meander through the hills surrounding the range, and during their sojourn, they came upon and killed FIVE California rattlesnakes. They accomplished their merciless slaughter purely with the aid of a keen eye, steady nerve, and a rock! Not being satisfied with their kill, they brought back a live but less dangerous specimen about five feet long. Just a couple of kids having fun (?). Your correspondent was stricken aghast when he entered his tent and found the slithering reptile reposing peacefully in the center of the floor. It seems that Whipp had brought him in for a "house-pet." Never again!

Transfers seem to be an epidemic in the battery as we have lost fourteen men in the past two months. Sergeants Ernest T. Enloe and Ben Klein; and privates Walter A. Fitzsimmons, George Finklestein, Paul J. Fellows, John Keosyan, and Crawford McLeod will from now on give as their address, Pearl Harbor, T. H. Sergeant John Johnson has departed for Bremerton, and Sergeant Richard S. Hooker, Jr., is back in his old "stomping grounds," Quantico. Assistant Cook John E. White will be preparing the chow for the "Guamians" before many moons. Corporal Ira W. Moffett, Privates Julius C. Jones and Mike Semick, Jr., will leave for destinations unknown as they are travelling via the USS *Chaumont* for General Assignment. Gunner Sergeant James V. Palmer is going them one better, as he will stick to his ship all the way to China, thence to Peiping. We're sorry to see all you fellows go, but hope that you will like your new posts as well.

Since our last correspondence, Corporals Floyd P. Shreve and Byrle C. Williby have been elevated to the rank of Sergeant (We enjoyed the cigars). Privates First Class Herbert Bock, Jr., Willie B. Eaker, Wilbur W. Hoylman, Duane F. Shuffler, Vincent G. Savino, Howland G. Taft, and Abraham Zucker are now proud possessors of Corporal chevrons. Stanley P. Pytel, Paul H. Falgout, and Joseph Sproesser recently made their first stripe. Nice going, all of you.

Corporal Alfred T. Greene has been called to Washington, D. C., to continue his studies for the Second Lieutenant's examinations. May success be yours, Greene, we're all for you.

We wish to take this opportunity to welcome to our fold Sergeant Patrick H. Lasator, who hails from the "Pennsy;" Sergeant Garlon Moore, whose latest abode was Pearl Harbor; and Sergeant John R. Blackett, who has disembarked from the USS *California* for the last time. Drummer first class Wesley O. Williams and Trumpeter Ernest W. Farrington have joined us from the Base.

Now for a few "whos, whens, and whys."

"Why does Corporal 'Jack' Taft wear dungarees under his blues for parades?" Really, Jack, it isn't that cold.

"How many of our 'Adonises' will have blistered backs after the sun-bath craze has fallen into the limbo of the lost?"

"Where does Private John Luko get his ability to fall asleep at only a minute's notice?"

"When will Private Ennis L. Wingate learn that a 'tit-mouse' is a bird and not a rodent that leaves its tail wrapped around the field weeds?"

"Who brought his girl friend's water spaniel into camp, just so he would have a constant reminder of his 'one and only'?"

Now that your correspondent is completely devoid of further tattlings, this epistle must stop. So till next time, we say, "All secure."

RECRUIT DEPOT

Marine Corps Base, San Diego

Since we last went to press many changes have occurred in the status of recruits and permanent personnel at this Depot. The fleet was filled as to vacancies before it departed on maneuvers by transfers of approximately two hundred men from Sea School. At present the 7th and 8th Platoons are in Sea School and fifty of these are departing on the USS *Chaumont* for the Asiatic Station on 3 May. This is a rare opportunity for a new recruit as it is seldom that a new man has the opportunity for foreign duty after a few weeks in the service. The majority of Sea School trained men go directly to the fleet. The 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th and 14th Platoons are undergoing training on a six weeks' schedule, with the 15th Platoon forming. Total recruits so far for the month of April is 135 out of quota of 240, compared with a total of 187 out of 240 for the month of March. It is expected that the reduction in the height standard for enlistment from 66 inches to 64 inches will bring in a greater number of men, and the opening of a new recruiting station at Denver, Colorado, about 15 May, 1937, should also help to spur up recruiting. Authority has been received to accept men for first enlistment and re-enlistment at the Marine Barracks, Hawthorne, Nevada, Mare Island, California, and Puget Sound, Washington. First enlistments to be sent to the Recruit Depot here for training. Recruits training at this depot are received from the Central, Southern and Western Recruiting Divisions. Sergeant Gibb and Corporal Regan are departing for the far East with the Asiatic detail via the *Chaumont*.

Through competitive examinations three new privates first class and one corporal are flashing new stripes on their sleeves. They are Corporal Regan, Asiatic bound; Evans, Wigton and Burch, all expert clerks. Our number 1 man for promotion to private first class is Eusey, Sergeant-Major's right hand man.

Under the able and efficient guidance of Lieutenant Colonel Harry L. Smith the Recruit Depot instructing set up is a smooth running machine. New barracks for the depot will soon be completed and we will then be located in a place separate from the other buildings in the base. The group of buildings when completed will consist of an administration building, three platoon buildings, with rooms for two platoons in each building, a Sea School building and finally at the end of the row a new mess hall and galley with all new and modern equipment. Handball, tennis and volley ball courts will be constructed and will afford recreational facilities for all recruit depot personnel.

Captain George D. Hamilton, who has been assisting temporarily in the training

THE LEATHERNECK



The Major General Commandant, his aides, and officials of the Basic School at Philadelphia inspect the graduating class of Second Lieutenants, March, 1937. It was the largest class in the history of the school, 92 men receiving diplomas.

of recruits, becomes the Post Exchange Officer for the Base on May 1. Captain Luce, who has been on temporary additional duty at 11th Naval District Headquarters as Judge Advocate and Legal Aide to the Commandant, goes to that duty permanently vice Captain Hamilton.

Weather conditions for training purposes have been excellent, however the night have been very cool and extra blankets have been found welcome. The health of recruits has been above par.

NOTES FROM 84 Mare Island, Calif.

Chief Marine Gunner John J. Andrews was ordered to his home, awaiting retirement, on 1 May. Gunner Andrews was a member of the Marine Corps Rifle Team in 1906, '07, '08, '09, '11, '19, '20 and '21. He was Distinguished Marksman in 1907, tied for first place, National Military Champion in 1916, and in 1920 made the most consecutive bull's-eyes, 44 at 1,000 yards, straight military sights. Gunner Andrews was an enlisted man for seventeen years and never up for office hours. All members of this detachment are sorry to see him go and wish him a long and happy cruise on the outside.

Second Lieutenant John E. Morris joined the detachment from the Basic School, Philadelphia, and stayed for about a week, when he was detached to the Receiving Ship, San Francisco. All members of the detachment hope he will soon return.

First Sergeant Allen R. Donaghy joined from the MD, USS *Henderson*, and is now securely ensconced in the easy chair in the Commanding Officer's office in 84.

Corporal Tennyson and Privates First Class Johnson, Welch and Underwood sewed on the stripes on 13 April. "Porky" Johnson has decided to stick around for thirty now.

Sergeant Charles L. Arndt was transferred to recruiting duty, Savannah, Georgia, on 1 May and Sergeant Joseph W. Canfield is under orders to go to recruiting duty at San Francisco on 15 May.

(Continued on page 62)

Miscellany

THE PEN AND THE SWORD

OUR battalion of Marine scribes appear to be advancing on all literary fronts. The pulpsters are especially active.

BOB GORDON is accorded this month's palm for industriousness. You remember Bob when he was on the editorial staff of *THE LEATHERNECK*. We were sure he'd starve when he shoved off on the hazardous adventure of free-lance writing; but we're mighty glad to admit we were wrong. At first his stories popped up at infrequent intervals, but now they are appearing consistently. *Detective Fiction Weekly* for three issues in May, dated the 8th, 22d, and 29th, carried his "Murder Comes Home to Roost," "You Can't Kill a Leatherneck," and "Dead Man's Orders." Also, *The World Digest* for June reprinted his "G-Men of the Gagsters," originally from *The Radio Guide*.

KENNETH BROWN COLLINGS continues his monthly feature, "The Cockpit," in *War Birds*, and a fiction yarn, "Canada, Here We Come," in the April 8 number of *Argosy*. Collings, as you probably know, recently returned from a trip of adventure in twelve countries. Before that, he spent five months in Ethiopia as a Flying Correspondent for *Liberty*.

MAJOR FRED LORD writes of his recent experiences, "I Faced Death in Spanish Skies," in the June *Flying Aces*. DON KEYHOLE has "Dead Man's Drone" in the same issue.

LT. CHARLES CHAPEL turns out a pair of monthly features: "Guns and Gunners" in *Western Story Magazine* and "Practical Fingerprinting" in *Detective Fiction Weekly*.

GENERAL SMEDLEY D. BUTLER becomes reminiscent and relates "The Umbrella of Honor" in the *Blue Book* for June.

L. RON HUBBARD comes out in the June *War Birds* with "The Crate Killer," the yarn of a parachute jumper. Red shoves off for Hollywood this month to commence work on his forthcoming movie serial, "The Secret of Treasure Island," which will be published in *Argosy* at the time the picture is released.

ARTHUR J. BURKS has "Deep Soundings" in the May issue of *Detective Clues*. His schedule calls for two novels a year, in addition to countless short stories. The next novel is tentatively titled "Electra, Carry Me Home."

CAPTAIN JOHN CRAIGE, himself a writer of reputation, is the subject of Jack Kofed's blood-tingler, "Captain Craige of the Marines," in the June issue of *Thrilling Adventures*.

"The White Flower," the story of an ex-Marine who turned out to be knots in somebody's shoe-strings in China, by Sinclair Gluck, is ready for reading in the May 29 number of *Argosy*.

BARKER'S BARKINGS

By Bill Barker

This sort of thing has not been attempted by your writer since the old days (1929-32) when our District Recruiting Headquarters was located in Atlanta, Georgia. As many hundred of Marines are aware the Atlanta Station was discontinued on June 30, 1932, and was reopened as Headquarters, Recruiting District of Macon, Macon, Georgia, on 1 July, 1932.

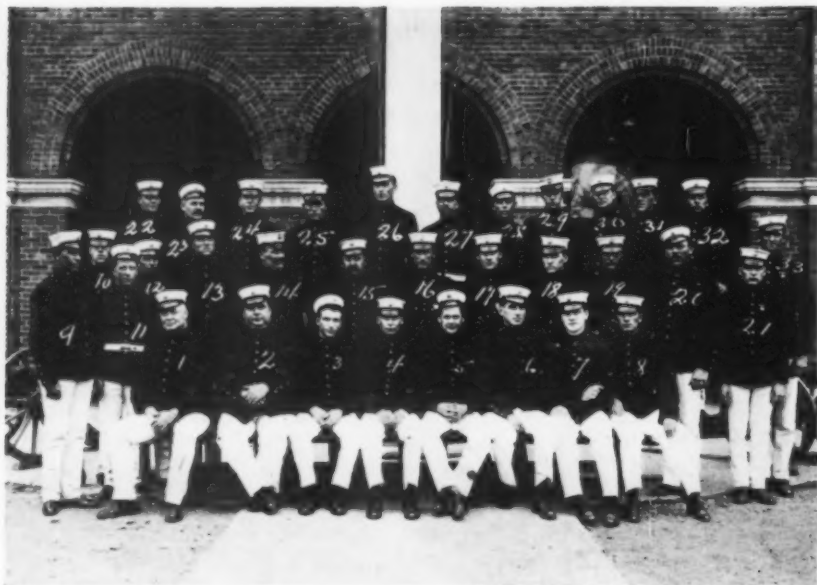


Photo courtesy of G. Occhionero, 1st Lt., USMC, Ret.

GROUP OF NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS STATIONED AT THE MARINE BARRACKS, WASHINGTON, D. C., 1909

Sitting from left to right: 1, Gunnery Sergeant Harmond W. Marston; 2, First Sergeant Harry J. Pardee; 3, Quartermaster Sergeant Cyprian P. Lancaster; 4, Sergeant Major John Quick; 5, Quartermaster Sergeant John F. Doyle; 6, Drum Major Reynold H. Notbohm; 7, Quartermaster Sergeant Claud L. Chesbro (pay department); 8, First Sergeant Charles J. Pennington (now 2nd Lieut. USMC ret.). Standing from left to right: 9, Sergeant Gilbert E. Frazier; 10, Corporal Raymond J. Nujent; 11, Corporal Joseph L. Hayes; 12, Corporal James A. Walne; 13, Corporal Roy C. Litz; 14, Sergeant Hall F. Howard (now 1st Lt. USMC ret.); 15, Sergeant Andrew Melott; 16, Sergeant John Kearns; 17, Sergeant Charles D. Baylis (now Capt. USMC ret.); 18, Sergeant ?? Stamm; 19, Corporal Edmond G. Rabeideau; 20, Sergeant Herman C. Winecke; 21, Corporal George Occhionero (now 1st Lt. USMC ret.). Second row, standing from left to right: 22, Corporal Oscar J. Johnson; 23, Sergeant Thomas Dorney; 24, Sergeant Dennis Griffin; 25, Corporal Henry C. Moran; 26, Sergeant John J. Browne; 27, Sergeant Michael J. Ryan; 28, Sergeant Isaac E. Browne; 29, Corporal Albert R. Sutherland (resigned Maj. USMC); 30, Corporal Edgar M. Ramsey; 31, Corporal Dennis F. Loughlin; 32, Corporal Robert W. Short; 33, Corporal Herman I. Hanson.

Many leathernecks now on their second cruise were originally accepted here in Macon and a great number of young men from this particular vicinity, "the heart of Georgia," have made good records in the Corps.

The last news concerning recruiting activities in this territory to be published in THE LEATHERNECK was the work of former First Sergeant C. R. Baumgras (Atlanta). He left the Corps about three years ago, transferring to the Reserve. He makes his home in Atlanta with the missus and "Little Jack." He has a thriving printing business, specializing on material for florists. Former recruiters in the Atlanta Office will recall that "Top" was somewhat of an advertising man. He was employed by the "57" people at one time.

I shall never forget that early morning hour in March, 1929, when I walked down the famous old Peachtree Street in search of the Recruiting Station. I recall that the first recruiter I met was that long robust hand grasping friendly fellow Sgt. Paul Glover. He was perched on the "old gun" on the corner at the old Post Office Building. After talking with him for several minutes he escorted me to the Recruiting Station. On the way down I finally managed to get the fingers on my right hand separated. I believe congratulations are in order (First Sergeant) Glover. All the old recruiters knew you had the stuff that it takes.

The old Atlanta force has finally dwindled down to yours truly. By the grace of

something or other I am still able to get the additional \$1.95 per diem and therefore provide for the missus and two future leathernecks, ages 1 and 7. Former officers in charge of the Atlanta and Macon Recruiting Districts, Capt. F. S. Kieren is now retired and living in Anchorage, Ky. Lt. Col. H. W. Stone, retired and now residing in Carmel, Calif.

Cpls. Moore and Stocks both are at Parris Island. Joseph B. Lewis, Sgt. USMC, lives on RFD No. 1, Jackson, Ga. Sgt. R. H. Stallworth is in a hospital in Colorado, and not doing so well. The singing sergeant, Anstey Cranston (retired Sgt. Maj.) finally got in the two years he needed to retire on way back yonder in '98. I understand he is up around Atlanta. He's not singing Roses of Picardy these days.

Till some future issue "tally-ho."

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YOUR ADDRESS**

If you are not getting your magazine regularly it may be because you failed to supply us with your new address.



An emergency force of Marines, sailors, soldiers, and coast guards were sent to Lakehurst immediately after the disaster of the *Hindenburg*. The Marines came from Cape May and Philadelphia and with the aid of the other service organizations did a splendid job under adverse conditions. All outfits have been relieved by a company of Marines from the FMF. These hundred men will complete a two-week tour of duty and then return to their station in Quantico.

W. S. (Woody) Van Dyke, movie director, passed a recent evening at a White House stag party. "Say," began President Roosevelt as they shook hands, "I was crazy about 'After the Thin Man.' Is it true you're going to do a Marine movie next?" "So now," remarks Van Dyke, "I guess I'll have to."—*Literary Digest*.

To Recover Fire Losses

Washington, D. C., April 16.—Naval enlisted men who suffered a loss in personal effects during the fire among the buildings of the navy yard here in July, 1935, will be reimbursed by the Government by provisions of an act of Congress signed yesterday by President Roosevelt.

The President also signed similar acts reimbursing certain civilians employed at the Naval Operating Base, Hampton Roads, Va., who lost tools in a fire at that base in May, 1930, and providing for the reimbursement of certain enlisted and former enlisted men of the Marine Corps for the value of personal effects lost by fire at the Marine Barracks, Quantico, Va., October 5, 1930.

Other bills signed by the President included an amendment to an act making appropriations for the naval service for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1910, so as to extend commissary privileges to widows of officers and enlisted men of the Navy, Marine Corps and Coast Guard and also to officers of the foreign service of the United States at foreign stations.

PRESS GLEANINGS

By Jack Fohner

Record, Philadelphia, April 1.—A saluting piece boomed out 13 times for Major General Thomas Holcomb, Commandant of the Marine Corps, who came here from Washington to attend the graduation exercises of the Basic School at the Navy Yard yesterday. General Holcomb tendered diplomas to 92 second lieutenants assembled here last July from 51 colleges and universities from all over the country. It was the "largest and best" class in the 10-year history of the school.

Times, Los Angeles, Calif., March 9.—A bill designed to increase the basic pay rate of enlisted men in the United States Navy, Marine Corps and Coast Guard, will be introduced to both houses of Congress in the near future, Congressman Byron N. Scott, of Long Beach, said. Senator David Walsh, of Massachusetts, will introduce the bill in the Senate. Proposed changes are: Chief petty officer,

(Continued on page 54)

SPORTS

SIXTH ANNUAL INTERNATIONAL GUARDS SMALL BORE RIFLE MATCH HELD IN PEIPING ON 11 AND 12 MARCH, 1937

On the eleventh and twelfth of March, 1937, the Sixth Annual International Small Bore Rifle Competition was held at Peiping, China, in the American Embassy Guard Small Bore Range. For the sixth consecutive time the American Marines were in custody of the trophy presented in 1932 by H. E. Nelson T. Johnson, American Ambassador to China.

1937 saw five guards participating in the competition: American, Italian, Japanese, British, and French, who placed in that order when the last shot was recorded. Heretofore the Japanese had not entered this match, but this, their first year, found them decisively defeating both the British and French teams, as the scores (shown elsewhere) indicate.

For two weeks prior to the match, the foreign guards practiced daily in the American Small Bore Range in order to become familiar with the conditions. At a general conference of the competitors it was decided to fire two ranges and positions: Sitting, at fifty feet, and Prone, at seventy-five feet. Owing to the fact that the American positions of kneeling and off-hand are not generally in use, this made

the match fairer for all teams. The fact that the Italian team, firing last, had a chance to win up to the last few shots, and the scant margin of victory gained by the Marines, seems to indicate that the competition is becoming keener, and the winners must look to their laurels in coming years.

Major D. G. Oglesby, USMC, acted as Executive Officer for the matches, and Captain K. H. Cornell, USMC, as Statistical Officer, assisted by an officer from each of the competing teams.

After the competitions were over, Colonel A. A. Vandegrift, USMC, presented the trophy to the winners, and made a short speech in which he congratulated all the competitors and expressed his gratification at the fine sense of sportsmanship displayed and the feeling of international good-will that made this annual meeting possible. Group photographs were made, and later presented to the various teams.

As a fitting finale, all competitors were invited to have dinner with the American Marines.

This small-borne competition has been more hotly contested each succeeding year

since its inception, and together with the annual international track meet has done a great deal toward the cementing of friendly relations between the foreign guards stationed in Peiping. The Marine team and the officers who aided in the practice and shooting of the match are to be congratulated upon their success in retaining the trophy for another year.

MARINES VICTORS OVER CAMP SQUAD

Technical Sergeant Carl Cagle and five other members of a pistol team selected from the Fifth Marines participating in the re-enactment of the Battle of the Crater scored a victory over the Federal Reformatory Camp team at the indoor range of the Petersburg Rifle Club.

Cagle was winner of the national individual and other historical matches a few years ago as a member of the Marine Corps team. The match here marked his first competition since his return from a tour of duty in the tropics.

Master Gunnery Sergeant John A. Gustafson was high scorer for the visitors. A return match between the two teams is being arranged for Quantico in the near future.

Both teams were handicapped as the Marines were shooting guns other than their own and the Camp Lee team was short the services of three of its best shots, King, Foss and Laursen.

RESULTS OF ANNUAL INTERNATIONAL SMALL BORE COMPETITION HELD AT AMERICAN EMBASSY GUARD ON 11 AND 12 MARCH, 1937

NAME	SITTING 50-feet	PRONE 75-feet	TOTAL	NAME	SITTING 50-feet	PRONE 75-feet	TOTAL
AMERICAN GUARD				BRITISH GUARD			
Crowe, H. P., Mar.Gun.	95	97	192	Deane, M., Major	89	95	184
Taylor, H. E., Pvt.	94	96	190	Jones, U., CSM	81	72	153
McNenny, W. J., 1st Lt.	97	98	195	Witt, H. RQMS	89	92	181
Milner, R. L., Pfc.	91	95	186	Bostock, B., S.Sgt.	71	93	164
Seider, G. O., 1st Dgt.	96	99	195	Warburton, K., Cpl.	85	87	172
Salkauskas, E. C., Cpl.	91	96	187	Watson, T., Fus.	90	85	175
Barton, W. G., Cpl.	94	98	192	Lea, T., Fus.	87	94	181
Mae, S., Pvt.	95	99	194	Healy, P., D/Sgt.	86	88	174
	753	778	1531		678	706	1384
ITALIAN GUARD				FRENCH GUARD			
Balleri, F., Sailor	93	93	186	Folliot, Lt.	70	82	152
Salsi, E., Sailor	86	91	177	Wuang, Sgt.	69	85	154
Ninchi, G., Sailor	88	96	184	Luong, Sgt.	94	81	175
Trevaini, M., P.O.	98	98	196	Maigrot, Cpl. Ch.	70	85	155
Sella, I., Cpl.	95	98	193	Guidicelli, Cpl.	88	97	185
Lettieri, G., Cpl.	90	95	185	Beveraggi, Cpl.	86	89	175
Cecchini, A., P.O.	95	97	192	Cuong, Sgt.	88	90	178
Canone, E., Sailor	94	97	191	Berton, Sgt.	86	86	172
	739	765	1504		651	695	1346
JAPANESE GUARD							
Ino, H., Pvt.	89	87	176				



PEIPING MARINES, WINNERS OF INTERNATIONAL RIFLE COMPETITION

Seated, left to right: Pfc. R. L. Milner, Pvt. S. Mae, Cpl. W. G. Barton, Pvt. H. E. Taylor. Standing, left to right: 1st Sgt. G. O. Seider, Cpl. E. C. Salkauskas, 1st Lt. W. J. McNenny, Mar. Gnr. H. P. Crowe, Sgt. W. K. Stainbrook (Alternate), Cpl. E. J. Suffern (Alternate).

Lt. E. F. Syms served as captain of the visiting team and A. B. Keen for the guards. The course of fire consisted of (1) 10 shots slow fire at 25 yards; (2) 5 timed fire at 25 yards and (3) 5 rapid fire at 15 yards.

MARINE CORPS

	1	2	3	Total
Master Gunnery Sgt.				
John A. Gustafson	87	45	50	182
Sgt. Fred L. Turner	90	46	45	181
Sgt. Sam G. Gilbert	86	46	37	179
Platoon Sgt. W. T. Zimmerman	93	44	39	176
Technical Sgt. Carl Caglo	87	28	47	162
Sgt. H. B. Cardin	78	35	37	150
Team aggregate				1030

FEDERAL REFORMATORY CAMP

H. Harris, Sr.	95	47	49	191
J. Dibling	98	38	42	178
A. B. Keen	95	35	48	178
T. L. Keltner	83	46	43	172
W. O. Unsworth	47	33	46	126
M. J. Kelley	67	17	26	110
				955

WESTERN DIVISION MATCHES

The Marine Corps Western Division Rifle and Pistol Matches were held at the Marine Corps Rifle Range, La Jolla, Calif., during the week of April 5th-10th, and participated in by teams representing the Fleet Marine Force, San Diego; Marine Corps Base, San Diego; Marine Barracks, Bremerton; Marine Detachments, U. S. Fleet; Marine Barracks, Mare Island; and the Marine Barracks, Pearl Harbor.

The individual rifle match was won by Captain Harry E. Leland of the San Diego Base with a score of 565 out of a possible 600. Private Thomas Skoedopole of the Fleet Marine Force placed second with a score of 560, and third place went to Drummer G. M. Yoder of the USS *Mississippi*. Private Skoedopole was awarded the Van Dyke Trophy for the highest score over the course of the contestants firing for the first time in a division match. The Brotzman Trophy was won by Second Lt.

James E. Frazer of the Fleet Marine Force for the highest score in any one day during the preliminary and division competitions.

Medal winners for the rifle match were as follows:

Gold: Capt. H. E. Leland (Marine Base San Diego), Private Thomas Skoedopole (Fleet Mar. Force, San Diego), Drummer G. M. Yoder (USS *Mississippi*).

Silver: Sgt. E. E. Moore (FMF, San Diego), Pvt. E. M. Powell (Mare Island), Sgt. J. R. McBee (Mare Island), Cpl. Harry Arnold (MCB, San Diego), Cpl. W. P. Manning (USS *Ranger*), Sgt. Walter Standish (FMF, San Diego).

Bronze: Sgt. C. B. Bailey (USS *Maryland*), Sgt. W. F. Morris (USS *New Mexico*), 1st-Lt. Richard Fagan (Mare Island), Gy-Sgt. L. V. Hensley (FMF, San Diego), Cpl. Victor Brown (MCB, San Diego), Cpl. Raymond Posey (FMF, San Diego), Pvt. H. T. Robinson (Bremerton), Pfc. E. C. Estes (Bremerton), Pvt. H. L. Thomson (MCB, San Diego), Cpl. F. C. Bottomer (MCB, San Diego), 1st-Sgt. H. T. Calvery (MCB, San Diego), Capt. O. H. Wheeler (USS *Saratoga*).

The individual pistol competition was taken by Corporal H. W. Reeves of the San Diego Base with a score of 551. First Lt. D. S. McDougal, Fleet Marine Force, placed second, and Gunnery Sergeant R. M. Fowl of the USS *Texas*, third.

Medal winners for the pistol competition were as follows:

Gold: Cpl. H. W. Reeves (MCB, San Diego).

Silver: Gy-Sgt. R. M. Fowl (USS *Texas*), Plat. Sgt. C. J. Anderson (Bremerton), Sgt. C. B. Bailey (USS *Maryland*).

Bronze: Cpl. M. G. Belovich (MCB, San Diego), Master Gy-Sgt. W. M. Pulver (FMF, San Diego), Cpl. Johnny Jennings (MCB, San Diego), Cpl. C. O. Foster (MCB, San Diego), Gy-Sgt. A. C. James (USS *Mississippi*).

The San Diego Bear Trophy Match was won by the team representing the Marine Corps Base, San Diego, composed of Captain H. E. Leland, Master Gunnery Sergeant T. J. Jones, and Corporals Harry Arnold, Victor Brown, Johnny Jennings,

and L. A. Oderman. The six participating teams finished in the following order:

Marine Corps Base, San Diego	1113
Fleet Marine Force, San Diego	1105
Marine Barracks, Mare Island	1090
Marine Barracks, Bremerton	1090
Marine Detachments, U. S. Fleet	1084
Marine Barracks, Pearl Harbor	1052

Brigadier General D. C. McDougal presented the trophies and medals to the winners of the matches at the Marine Corps Base on Friday afternoon, April 10th.

MARINES COP LEAGUE OPENER

The Marines took the first game of the City League at Charleston, paying off with a single tally in the tenth inning to scanty out a 3 to 2 victory over The College Shop Club.

The Leathernecks came out fighting, pushing across a pair of counters in the second round. Thereafter Mr. Buddy Smith stopped fooling and twirled effective ball, striking out an even dozen aspiring batsmen and walking but three. But in the fatal tenth the same Mr. Smith offered the Marines the winning run on a silver platter. Kissane banged a three-master to the outer garden. Clarke fled out, too short for Kissane to score. Whereat Adams crossed up the opposition by bunting, and the surprised Mr. Smith heaved wild and Kissane coasted home.

Porterfield hurled good ball for the Leathernecks. He whiffed eleven men and gave out no free tickets, holding the College Clubbers to eight hits, only two of which were for dividend bases.

Standing of the Teams

	W.	L.	Av.
Marines	1	0	1,000
Ft. Moultrie	1	0	1,000
Chicoas	1	0	1,000
Chicoras	0	0	.000
Garco	0	0	.000
College Shop	0	1	.000
Tru Blu	0	1	.000
Sokol	0	1	.000

HONOLULU SPORTS

By C. E. S.

The Marines are playing a number of practice games in preparation to the opening of the Sector-Navy baseball league. To date we have won 5 games and lost 3. Including shut outs over the University of Hawaii and the Third Engineers of Schofield. A close game was lost to the Submarine Base, all Hawaiian service champions, score 2 to 1. The Third Engineers retaliated with an 8 to 4 victory over us, in a ten (10) inning game on our own diamond. "Swede" Johnson, our Fire Chief, is leading the stickers with an average of 500%. Jorgensen is running him a close second.

"Fire-ball" Kimball is also doing pretty well by himself with the stick. He packs a shut-out under his belt besides driving in four runs in a 5 to 0 defeat he handed the soldiers. William Tolan recently joined the team and he's beginning to look like his former self when he played on the All Marine Team in 1930. Between Tolan and Jimmie Gabriel a really good Keystone combination is being developed. While we're on the subject of baseball it might be added that the Pearl Harbor Marines are going to have a score board second to none on the Island. Thanks to Pay Sgt. Hall, its designer, Cpl. Jester is the overseer of its construction and Pvt. Boess the painter.

It's getting to be quite an occasion to

THE LEATHERNECK

rush out on the parade ground about sun down when a sound comes from that direction like the putt-putt of a baby out board motor and see an aeroplane make a power dive at your head. Mess Cpl. Ilceki and his assistant Pvt. Nichols use that space for his five footer. It's some sport going out to these test flights. The last flight the betting odds being put out in the band were four to one, no take off. Fifty to one a crash. The last time it rose about seventy five feet and the tail came off. It's back in the repair shop now. Stick to it and we'll be sending mail back to the states yet and save two bits. I heard of a ship out here that didn't even get off the ground.

COMPANY D SPORTS

1st Bn., 6th Marines

By William J. Gunst

"Slug" Marvin, popular Marine Boxing coach and smoker fight promoter, has been paying quite a bit of attention to the athletic genius of D Company. Last year at the Rifle Range some of us lads had a little exhibition of what little Army Hansen can do with those fists of his and we tried to talk him into fighting Tony the Wop from Hdqs. (now discharged), but it was no dice. How Slug got him under his wing your correspondent has no idea but let me tell you that as small as Army is, he is one of the fastest and hardest hitting men for his size that yours truly has ever seen. We expect to see him take over the Smoker the last of this month and then maybe to bigger things.

We hear that Ford connected with B. Louis's eye with a wicked left, that caused the said Private no little discomfort. "Slug" Marvin is also rounding into shape M. Brahen, J. Roe, "Wappy" Wahrman, M. Yarosh, and C. Zeka. We expect to see a real display of talent around the end of the month.

D COMPANY BASKETBALL TEAM

"Bull" Trometter—Guard

"Sop" Drake—Forward

"Slug" Lawler—Center

Ceelski—Forward

Steele (better known as old folks)—Guard

"Kike" Allen (Pagoda Nose Junior)—all Positions

Kohanski (bench cheering section)—Forward

Crawford—Forward

Sealey—Guard

"Syd" Harrington was all around man for the team as he was coach, trainer, score keeper and alarm clock for the entire season. Captain Loomis, company commander for "D" company, proved to be quite a fan of these inter-company basketball games and attended each game. When the last game of the local season had been played, Captain Loomis threw a big dinner and beer party for the team members.

INDIAN HEAD OPENS SPORTS SEASON

By The Ghost Again

At five-thirty P. M. on the evening of Monday, May 3, Captain W. W. Wilson, Inspector of Ordnance in Charge of Naval Powder factory at Indian Head, Maryland, officially opened the baseball season of the Naval Powder Factory League by tossing out the first ball that was scrambled for and secured for the Marine team by Chief Cook Tarleton, last year's star batter and roving short stop.

The opposing team in this first soft-ball game was the team composed of men that

work in the powder factory. The Marines took the field first, and the first three men at bat knocked fly balls that were caught for the outs by catcher Holcroft, short-stop Tarleton, and center-fielder Somers.

In the course of the game, homeruns were knocked by Tarleton and short-short-stop Hilderbrand. Eight other runs were knocked out by the Marines to bring down a swamping score of 10 to 0. The opposition was noticeably lacking in practice and the repetition of such a score is hardly looked for.

Considering the fact that it was the first league game of any kind for several of our players, the men did very well and made no costly errors. The team shows promise of becoming a very efficient ball-playing organization, and is heartily encouraged and sponsored by our Commanding Officer, Major T. H. Cartwright.

The line-up for the first game is as follows:

Pitcher—Cpl. Ickes

Catcher—Holcroft

1st base—1st Sgt. Neider

2nd base—Haynes

Short S.S.—Hilderbrand

3rd base—Eldredge

Right-field—Greene

Center-field—Somers

Left-field—Gilbert

Roving S.S.—Tarleton

The second game of the season was on May fifth and the opposing team was composed of men from the machine-shop of the powder factory. This second was by far the better game as the opposition co-operated better and at one time led the Marines by one run but in the end went down to a 14 to 10 defeat.

The Marine's line-up was the same as in the first game except that 1st Sgt. Neider changed places with Cpl. Ickes to pitch a fairly good game, allowing only eleven hits.

Catcher Holcroft starred in the game by getting four hits out of four times at bat and one of them was the first homerun for the Marines. Somers also knocked out a homerun in the sixth inning, scoring

Tarleton, and Haynes following Somers repeated with a more lucky than husky sock.

As in the first game the cooperation was excellent and no errors were made that were costly. The boys are looking forward to keeping the cup that they won last year and here's hoping similar fortune befalls other Marine teams.

FOURTH MARINES' SPORTS LETTER

By W. F. Winger

The month of March marked a busy month on the sports calendar of the Fourth Marines. Basketball, Rugby, Bowling and volleyball took most of the spotlight. However, the lull between winter and spring sports was very interestingly connected by the staging of an inter-company and inter-battalion .22 caliber rifle competition which gave practically every member of the "Fighting Fourth's" athletically inclined troops a chance to prove his athletic ability in some branch of sport.

Baseball-minded athletes have been tossing the old horsehide around, coupled with peppery work with the legs and feet in preparation for the coming baseball season. Tennis racquets are being removed from storage and about fifty track and field aspirants eagerly await the initial call for practice which all indicates that the Fourth Marines various athletic teams are eager to go—to hand up more records this Spring and Summer than ever before.

Boxing and wrestling have been at a standstill for the last month. Jimmy "Battler" Brandt has a wealth of material in his boxing stable, and the fighters are eager to go at the sound of the gong. Among his present crop of simon-pure and pros, "Battler" has several newcomers that have looked impressive during recent workouts. Haines, a light-weight and Zarezechi, middle-weight, have impressed everyone who chanced to see them in workouts and both are expected to live up to their reputations as real mixers in the coming Marine smokers as well as fights with outside opponents.



PEARL HARBOR MARINE BASEBALL TEAM

Bottom row, from left to right: Lt. Col. R. W. Peard, E. C. Harden, R. J. Sadler, Perry Kimball, James Gabriel, C. E. Smith, Jr., L. A. West. Second row: W. J. Boess, Mac Cammon, H. B. Moore, W. J. Scales, W. Tolan, H. A. Bennett. Third row: L. D. Col-lard, H. Jorgensen, Swede Johnson, Don Donnelly, Swede Elvasted.



FOURTH MARINES 1937 TRACK TEAM

Front row, left to right: Boes, Wilson, Ferren, Kelly, Barsaloux, Renner, and Rook. Second row, left to right: Lt. Nickerson, Coles, Lt. Groves, Leemans, Webber, Davis, Riley, Krohn, Baker, Davis, Blackwell, and Hicks. Third row, left to right: Lt. Hemphill, Vozella, DeWitt, Carter, Grantham, Miller, Roy, Hegan, Diamond, Beck and Coach Laster. Chilean officers and cadets from the Chilean tanker *Maipo*, who witnessed the Friday afternoon parade at the Marine Corps Base, San Diego, 30 April, 1937. Standing, between the Commanding General, D. C. McDougal, and Colonel E. P. Moses, is Captain de Frigata Danilo Basse, commanding officer of the *Maipo*.

J. W. "Slugg" Jones and Lawrence "Jinx" Baker are a couple of real scrappers who have proved their worth on numerous occasions. Jones has lived up to his name—that of "Slugg"—in his last four fights Jones has put away his opponent for the count in less than three rounds of fighting, making him a dreaded light-weight to any one whom he faces. Baker, a middle-weight, has not been seen in action since his memorable last fight against "Young" Ale of this city. But he is expected to climb through the ropes in the near future to avenge the defeat suffered at the hands of the mauling Filipino.

The wrestlers, under the tutelage of Lieutenant Turnage, have not been seen in action since late last year but Coach Turnage has a ring full of newcomers and is expected to pull out a couple of prize performers of the grunt and groan game, when the time arrives for future encounters.

With the arrival of the Asiatic Fleet, due in this port in the near future, all indications point to one of those age-old feuds of a Marine against a sailor in a banner Navy-Marine smother.

During the regular basketball season the Marine Golds squad of basketters have beaten the Marine Scarlets eagles with comparative ease, that is in practice skirmishes. That being the case, naturally the Golds were somewhat cocky—and with the "B" Division championship of the Shanghai Open League tucked under their belts—made them still more cocky. After much dickering between the senior and junior squad coaches a series of three games were arranged.

In the first game the Scarlets, with the unstoppable Aubra Lock scoring 16 points, downed the less experienced Golds 44 to 26. However, the Scarlets were extended their limit for the first half, when they gained a slim two point lead to lead 16 to 14 at half time. But the second stanza saw the big guns of the Scarlets commence bombarding the net to pile up an enormous lead and win easily. Coach Cushman's Golds pulled one out of the trick bag and handed the Scarlets an unexpected defeat in the second game. Playing a fast and smooth game of basketball, the Golds barely nosed out the veteran Scar-

lets by one point. When the final whistle tooted the Golds were on the long end of a 38 to 37 count. The Golds got off to a flying start and gained a comfortable advantage to end the first half 24 to 12. Emmons, Campbell and Chambers were responsible for the huge lead gained by the Golds. In the second half the Scarlets began whittling the lead and outscored the Golds 14 to 14 but fell short by one point. Emmons, Campbell and Chambers were the high point getters for the victors.

A large crowd of enthusiastic Golds rooters turned out to see their team fall before the onslaught of the veteran Scarlets in the third and deciding game between the senior and junior Marine quintets. The Scarlets proceeded to soundly wallop the junior team to the tune of 50 to 29. Lock, once again proved the powerhouse in the Scarlets' offensive drive as he alone scored 27 points.

Interspersed with the basketball season, ten pin bowling came in for its share of spotlight on local newspaper headlines, as well as the regiment. Besides the regular "A" and "B" teams entered in the respective "A" and "B" divisions of the Shanghai Open Ten Pin Bowling League a series of men's doubles were played off. Twenty-five double teams were entered, both from the Fourth Marines and local civilian teams. The conclusion of the third round saw two Marine teams taking first and third places respectively. While a local team composed of Robinson and Hilden took second place honors.

Higginson and Ramsey were the pair of Fourthers who took first place honors. At the conclusion of the second round of play the versatile pair had a total pin fall of 2192. Culminating the third round of play they had piled up a handy lead to beat out their nearest rivals by 40 pins. Their final score for nine games was 3253. Cushman and Butler, the "A" team's third and fourth men, captured third place honors with a total pin fall of 3105.

Men who did not care to indulge in such strenuous sports such as basketball and rugby were afforded an opportunity to show their manly powers in the scientific game of volleyball. Ten company teams and two ships' teams composed an Invitation League sponsored by the Navy Y.M.C.A. The play was a round robin series

with three sets making a game. Six teams composed the "A" division and a like number composed the "B" division. After many thrilling and closely contested sets the Italian gunboat *R. N. Lepanto* won the "B" division and D Company captured the "A" division. In the final clash between the divisional winners the *R. N. Lepanto* beat D Company 3 out of 5 game to lay claim to the "Paul Brown" Trophy for this year's play.

At the conclusion of the regular basketball season players from the Fourth Marines and Reliance Motors were organized into a team, known as America, to compete in a three game series against the strongest opposition of Central China. Lieutenant Smoak, Regimental Coach, was named head coach and Lewis Carson, civilian player, was named as captain of the team. The players chosen to represent America were: Lock, Brenzeale, Kenton, Paulos, White and Apadoen of the Fourth Marines and Carson, Ryan, Lamken and Foster of the strong Reliance Motors quintet. America disposed of the clever Chinese eagles very handily in the first game. Winning by the comparatively large score of 44 to 34. Lock, Marine scoring ace, and floor captain Carson took high scoring honors with 14 and 16 points apiece.

However, the fast and accurate shooting China eagles evened up the series in the second game as they overwhelmed the American five 45 to 32. N. T. Wang, Chinese center, scored a grand total of 20 points to add greatly to the defeat of the American five. Lock and Ryan were high point men for the losers.

Witnessed by one of the largest and most enthusiastic crowds seen at a basketball game this season America turned on the steam to down China in the third and final game 36 to 33 after a thrilling five minute extra period. China holding on to a slim two point lead and with only two minutes left to play Aubra Lock, Marine ace, dropped in a blind one-handed shot to knot the count at 31 to 31 as the final whistle blew thus necessitating an extra five minute playoff. Lock again came to the front to score five points in the extra period as China could register only one field goal. Besides being the hero in the latter part of the game Lock accounted for 15 of America's total points. N. H. Feng, of Olympic fame, was high scorer for China, scoring a total of 10 points.

The Marine rugby team as of last year did not fare so well in the annual Spunt Cup race this year. Having tied the British Loyals Regiment fifteen 3 to 3 in their first game early in the season the Marine fifteen lost out in the return match by a large score thus eliminating them from the cup play. However, not to be outdone, the team under the leadership of "Red" Whatley got down to some real honest to goodness training and within three weeks after their defeat at the hands of the strong Loyals fifteen turned around and beat the strong Shanghai Rugby Union Football Club fifteen 20 to 0 in a non-title match. The remarkable improvement in teamwork and the fact that the Marines have always been strong in the defensive department, has established the team as one to be dreaded in Shanghai Rugby.

In the course of developing a winning combination "Red" Whatley was hounded by every difficulty with which a coach could be afflicted. Injuries robbed the squad of valuable players at most inopportune moments, and as for previous knowledge of the game, most of the players didn't know a foot-rush from a new ball.

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The MARINE CORPS RESERVE

COLONEL UPSHUR SEES GLENDALE COMPANY WIN TROPHY FOR THIRD CONSECUTIVE TIME IN 13th BN

By Capt. Owen E. Jensen, FMCR

BEFORE a crowd estimated at over one thousand visitors, C Company of the 13th Battalion won permanent possession of the Inspector-Instructors' Cup by winning the competitive drill for the third consecutive time.

Contrary to indications, the competition was close and the judges had a difficult time deciding the winner. The judges were Lt. Col. H. H. Uttley, USMC, Ret., Captain Charles D. Bayless, USMC, Ret., and Captain Atkinson, 185th Infantry, California National Guard at Pasadena.

Prior to the competition and presentation of the trophy, the battalion, under command of Major John J. Flynn, FMCR, were reviewed and inspected by Col. Wm. P. Upshur, USMC, newly designated Officer in Charge of Reserves as relief of Gen. Williams. Accompanying Col. Upshur in the inspecting party were Major Howard N. Stent, USMC, Inspector-Instructor and donor of the drill cup, Captain M. F. Schneider, Aide to the General Officer in Charge of Reserves. Other regular and retired officers present included Lt. Col. Tom E. Thrasher, USMC, OIC, Recruiting District of Los Angeles.

At the close of the inspection Col. Upshur delivered a talk in which he complimented the reserve battalion on its appearance and fine showing it made. Even though it was Sunday—and Mothers' Day too, the attendance of the enlisted personnel was about 70%. All battalion officers were present and included besides Major Flynn, Captain Horace W. Card, commanding D Company of Inglewood, Captain Owen E. Jensen, commanding B Company of Pasadena, Captain Alan T. Hunt, battalion adjutant, Captain Thomas H. Raymond, battalion quartermaster, 1st Lieutenants Franklyn Adreon, Jr., commanding A Company of Los Angeles, James F. Whitney, commanding C Company of Glendale, W. F. Whitaker, C. J. Salazar, 2nd Lieutenant Glenn D. Morgan and Lt. Glenn English, USNR(MC), battalion medical officer. Major Joseph P. Sproul, VMCR, formerly commanding A Company was present with Major Wm. M. McIlvain, former 13th Battalion commander.

In the competitive drill Glendale drew first position, leading off with a splendid exhibition of perfect timing in drill movements that was very impressive. A Company followed with their usual effectiveness and D Company displayed some new wrinkles in fancy drill, led off by Captain Card's rifle inspection that, at first looked as if Captain Card was going to carry the entire team. He maneuvered the rifle while inspecting it like a drum major twirls his baton. Good as the other companies were, Glendale's smart precision of

movement and fine appearance of the men were points the judges decided could not be overlooked.

The event was staged at Victor McLaglen Sports Stadium, a field ideally suited. The field was turned over to the battalion by Victor McLaglen at no cost to the battalion or to the government.

Pictures of the event, unfortunately, arrived at THE LEATHERNECK too late to be included in this issue.

Col. Upshur Honored at Party by Officers of 13th Battalion

In honor of Colonel Wm. P. Upshur, USMC, the officers of the 13th Battalion gave a cocktail party at the home of Lt. Glenn English, USNR(MC), which was attended by officers and their wives and a distinguished company of guests.

The Hon. Isador Dockweiler, Democratic National Committeeman of California for many years, greeted Colonel Upshur on

behalf of the State of California and City of Los Angeles.

Major Howard N. Stent, USMC, Bids Farewell to the 13th Battalion

In a few well chosen words, Major Howard N. Stent, USMC, bid farewell to officers and men of the 13th Battalion of Los Angeles, prior to his departure for China station where he will join the 4th Regiment, U. S. Marines.

Major Stent expressed his appreciation at the splendid cooperation he had received from all hands and his regret at leaving a tour of duty that had been one of the most pleasant he had ever had.

Major Flynn, battalion commander replied to Major Stent and expressed his thanks and appreciation for the fine assistance and service Major Stent rendered the battalion and at the conclusion all hands gave Major Stent a rousing applause.

"GOLDEN GATE CREAKINGS"

12th Battalion, FMCR
San Francisco, Calif.

By Irish

IN MEMORIAM

Pfe. Milton P. Schroeder of Company B, 12th Battalion, FMCR, a fine Marine and a fine man, met death in an automobile accident on 12 April, 1937. Pfe. Schroeder was driving with friends in Oakland, among them Robert Templeman, a former mem-



MARINE CORPS RESERVE OFFICER IS TECHNICAL ADVISER ON C.C.C. MOTION PICTURE "BLAZING BARRIERS"

Featuring Frank (Junior) Coghlan and Edward Arnold, Jr., son of the famous character actor, Monogram Productions, Inc., of Hollywood, recently completed "Blazing Barriers," a picture based on the Civilian Conservation Corps. Producer Ken Goldsmith selected Captain Owen E. Jensen, FMCR, who was on active duty with the C.C.C. for one year and commanded Co. 3803, Camp SP-51-T, to act as technical adviser. Capt. Jensen supervised the shooting of every scene in the picture from the C.C.C. angle. Captain Jensen at the present time commands B Company, 13th Battalion, FMCR, of Pasadena, Calif. Shown in the picture (foreground, left to right) are: Captain Jensen, Frank (Junior) Coghlan, Florine McKinney, ingenue lead, Aubrey Scotto, director, Edward Arnold, Jr., and Ken Goldsmith, producer. In the left background are seen Paul Ivano, cameraman, and his two assistants.



BATTALION RIFLE TEAM, 12TH BN., FMCR

Sitting, left to right: 1st Sgt. W. Craig, Cpl. G. F. Schuster, 1st Lt. M. W. Storm, Cpl. C. Petersen and Pvt. J. W. Stoner. Standing: Sgt. S. Silverman, Cpl. S. Lundy, Sgt. I. N. Kelly (USMC), Gy-Sgt. E. M. Krotky, Pfc. R. W. Randolph and Cpl. H. C. Blumenshine. Due to illness, 2nd Lt. P. G. Pacheco, who was also a member of the team, was not present for this picture.

ber of this Battalion, when the car in which he was riding collided with a street car. He died within a few hours. Pfc. Schroeder was universally liked and admired by all who knew him and his loss will be keenly felt. He was 23 years of age, and had already achieved outstanding success in business with brilliant prospects for the future. The entire personnel of the Twelfth Battalion, FMCR, both officers and men, extend their sincerest sympathy to the parents and relatives of Pfc. Milton P. Schroeder in their bereavement and all consider his death a personal loss. *Requiescat in Pace.*

As a lead-off this month, we wish to present, on behalf of the members of the Twelfth Battalion, our congratulations to First Lieutenant Martin W. Storm of Headquarters Company, who was promoted to that grade within the past month. 1st Lieut. Storm has served with this organization since its formation in 1931, when it was the Second Battalion, 25th Reserve Marines, enlisting as a private at that time. He has worked untiringly for the interests of the Battalion, and richly merits his promotion. The month of April was a busy one as far as promotions are concerned, and we list herewith the promotions occurring during that month in the enlisted grades. To Sergeant: Cpl. H. C. Blumenshine (D), Cpl. S. McC. Lundy (B), and Cpl. J. McAlester (B). To Corporal: Pfc. H. Prziborowski (C), Pfc. H. Balzarini (B), Pfc. M. Bottini (B), Pfc. A. W. Nagel (B), Pvt. D. M. Ogilvie (B), Pfc. L. Ponti (B). To Private First Class: Pvt. H. E. Brower (B), Pvt. J. H. Randall (C) and Pvt. E. Waspe (B).

During the month of April, also, we have had two men paid off and shipped over, namely Cpl. Mario Bottini (B) and Pfc. Robert W. Randolph (Hq. Co.). We understand that Pfc. Randolph has become so attached to the ancient coffee mill which he

lovingly calls a typewriter in the cause of the last few years, that he just couldn't bear the thought of leaving it to someone else who might not treat it right. Whatever his reason, and that of Cpl. Bottini, it is mighty encouraging to see practically all of the boys raising their right hands again at the end of their respective cruises. This seems to confirm the old saying "once a Marine, always a Marine."

The Battalion Band and one provisional company cooperated with the Parkside Post, American Legion, on 4 April in a parade and ceremonies marking jointly the twentieth anniversary of America's entry into the World War and the opening of the American Legion soft ball baseball league. The men participating received the commendation of those in charge of the affair for their smart appearance, as well as being the guests of the Legion at a beer and bean feed at the close of the ceremonies.

The only recent social event was the dinner and entertainment which was staged by Company A and Headquarters Company together for their members on the evening of 22 April. This affair, which was attended by over fifty men, was held at "El Jardin" in San Francisco and the seven-course steak dinner which was served was rivalled in excellence only by the entertainment offered. Both features of the evening were greatly enjoyed by all present. Guests of the evening were Major Robert C. Anthony USMC, Battalion Inspector-Instructor; Capt. Phillip H. Crimmins, Battalion Commander; 1st Lt. Martin W. Storm, CO of Headquarters Company; 2nd Lt. Edward F. Howatt, CO of A Company; 1st Sgt. Douglas Hamilton USMC and Sgt. Irving N. Kelly USMC, both of the latter attached to the Battalion as instructors. From the enthusiastic comments heard, which seemed to express the unani-

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THE BUCCANEERS Fifteenth Battalion, FMCR Galveston, Texas

Probably you are wondering about the moniker. Well, all the people in South Texas knows what it means. However, for the benefit of our brother battalions, will say it refers to the picturesque pirate who used to dominate the Gulf waters, and who I am sure you have all heard of—none other than Jean Lafitte. This gentleman-robber made Galveston Island his home for a number of years, that is, until he was asked to leave by Federal Gunboats.

Captain Max Clark, who accepted his Commission 26 April to rank from 7 April 1937, has been assigned to duty as Company Commander, Headquarters Company, and Battalion Adjutant. He has shown his mettle and has things humming, getting ready for camp. His Headquarters Company is clicking, and Sergeant-Major T. J. Riley has been of great help taking the burden of office detail work off of Capt. Clark's shoulders, thus leaving him free to devote all his time to the important task of getting the battalion ready for active duty.

New enlistments were: A Company—Privates Edward W. Davis, Owen J. Carroll, Jr., William Z. Weems, Howard D. Banister, and John D. Terrell. B Company—Privates Austin M. Gresham, Boyce Franklin, James G. Graves, Dale V. Starrett, Peter A. Johnson, John P. Murphy, Oscar E. Dixon and Jerry D. Sherrill.

Qualification for the battalion has been a little slow, but we show below names of the men who have qualified:

Co. Score

EXPERT RIFLEMAN

Sgt. Flood, George DeL., Jr.	A	332
Pvt. Gresham, Austin M.	B	332
Pvt. Horton, Harry W.	B	328
Sgt. Fagan, Kenneth J.	A	322
Cpl. Crane, Edgar J.	A	320
1st Sgt. Smith, Irving H.	A	320

SHARPSHOOTER

Pfc. Roach, Louis	A	315
Pfc. Gibbins, Dennis S.	B	312
Cpl. Evans, Holly H.	B	309
1st Lieut. Cain, Joseph T. (Company Commander)	B	306
Pvt. Franklin, Boyce	B	306
Pvt. Stepherson, Oran L.	B	305

MARKSMAN

Pvt. Deleery, Edward J.	A	296
Pvt. Erwin, Winston B.	A	296
Pvt. Zipprian, Henry A.	B	293
Pvt. Ginsburg, Hyman	A	291
Sgt. Williams, James W.	B	289
Pvt. Hopkins, Foy J.	B	288
Pvt. DeCoito, Joseph	A	287
Pvt. Schultz, Virgin D.	B	287
Pvt. Curry, Jesse T., Jr.	B	286
Pfc. Nichols, Henry W., Jr.	A	285
Pvt. Toups, Wilson L.	B	283
Pvt. Brownell, Renchford R.	A	282
1st Sgt. Fraser, Angus M.	B	282
Pvt. Johnson, Peter A.	B	281
Pvt. Mire, Walter J.	B	281
Pvt. Moran, John F.	A	281
Cpl. Braddy, Joe M.	B	280
Pvt. DeCoito, Thomas	A	280
Pvt. Phillips, Harold C.	B	280
Pvt. Goldberg, Joseph E.	B	279
Cpl. Goldberg, Percy	B	279
Pvt. Harrison, Robert F.	B	279
Pvt. O'Sullivan, William C.	B	279
Sgt. McCauley, Henry A.	B	278
Pvt. Ripley, Thomas L.	B	270
Pvt. Sherrill, William M.	B	270

It has been rumored around that Capt. Walter T. Short and his clerk, Sgt. Paul W. Fuhrhop, have married the Marine Corps. Every time you open the doors of the new armory, you will find at least one

THE LEATHERNECK

of them on hand, if not both. Their wives have threatened to move their beds to the armory, so they could spend the nights down there too. Possibly the reason these two ambitious men have been spending so much time away from their homes, is their new home is such an attraction, it is an inducement to do the extra work they have been doing. Reliable sources say Capt. Short and Sgt. Fuhrhop did not turn out the lights in the building one time before 22:30 the last two weeks in April. More power to them if they want to spend their spare time like that.

Promotions in A Company have been scarce lately, the Non-Commissioned ranks having been pretty well filled out. However, Plat. Sgt. Irving H. Smith was promoted to 1st Sergeant, and Corporals Paul W. Fuhrhop, Kenneth J. Fagan and George DeL. Flood, Jr., were each given a "three-striper's job," after having passed a stiff written examination. We understand some of the grades were pretty close, and those who failed to make the grade need not feel so bad about it as everyone handed in a good paper, however, the only trouble was — only three positions were open.

On a tour of inspection Col. W. P. Upshur and his aide Capt. M. F. Schneider arrived Treasure Island 9:00 AM Tuesday 4 May and were greeted by Lieut. Col. Clark W. Thompson, Major J. M. Pearce, and several other officers. The party then left to inspect B Company's quarters at Texas City, where they found everything shipshape.

The Colonel and his party then drove back to Galveston in time for the Kiwanis Club Luncheon at the Jean Lafitte Hotel. The prominent part that the Marine Corps, only branch of the service which is both military and naval, has played in American history was impressively recounted by Col. Upshur at this luncheon.

Col. Upshur shared honors with Col. Alan Kimberly, new commander of Fort Crockett and the 69th Coast Artillery Anti-Aircraft Regiment; Col. Richard Donovan, former commander of the post, who has been transferred to Fort Sam Houston, effective 31 May; Col. E. H. Marks, district army engineer, who has been transferred to Boston, and Lt. Com. George H. Bahn, commander of the USS *Schenck*, now in port during the visit of President Roosevelt in gulf waters.

Other regular and reserve officers present included Lt. Col. O. E. Halbert, Fort Crockett; Lt. Col. Clark W. Thompson, Capt. Max Clark, Lt. Robert Ward, Capt. John Clinton, Lt. Floyd Pinischil, Lt. Harry Stefani, Lt. de Haven and Capt. W. T. Short, Marine Corps Reserve.

Lt. Com. C. L. Walton of the United States hydrographic office who was transferred to Hawaii, presided as program chairman and introduced the speakers.

Col. Upshur was introduced by Col. Thompson, who told of his distinguished service in the Marine Corps and of his effective work in Washington as a member of the marine corps legislative committee.

Col. Upshur pointed out that the Marine Corps was the first regular organized unit in the federal defense system, being organized in 1775, and antedating any army or navy units. Since its organization, the Marine Corps has served in every emergency, Col. Upshur said. He told of the exploits of the Marine Corps in the Revolutionary War, on board the *Constitution*, in the War of 1812 in defense of the Capital at Washington, in the battles of the

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THIRD BATTALION READY FOR FIRST DUTY AT QUANTICO

On to Quantico!

This is the watchword of Brooklyn's Third Battalion, as they prepare for their first taste of active duty at a big Marine Corps base, June 20-July 4th. The realization of a five year ambition of Major B. S. Barron, commanding the Battalion, to lead his troops into the famous base will come when the troop train carrying the 1st, 3rd, 4th and 6th Reserve Battalions draws into the station from which so many Marines have departed for the four corners of the earth.

Most of the men have never been to Quantico, most of the officers know the Quantico of the old wooden shack barracks, of wartime hustle, and post-war quiet. Few if any have seen the new Quantico, and all are eager to do so. The added incentive of going to Quantico is believed will result in a high camp attendance for the Third Battalion, and a determination



Sgt-Major Tim Riley and Major Jacob M. Pearce talking over company matters. Both these men were members of the Eighth Regiment, Marines, stationed in Galveston during the World War. Major Pearce, USMC, is the Inspector-Instructor of the 15th Battalion, FMCR.

to shine in every department of soldiering under the eyes of the officers and men of the regular Corps. Never before have preparations been so painstaking, the polishing of gear so thorough, as these days preceding the departure for Quantico.

For several weeks the work of moving the various company units and their equipment into the new Reserve Building at the Brooklyn Navy Yard have occupied the time and attention of officers and men. This splendid new home, which is to be formally dedicated at a public function on Saturday night, June 12th, affords the Battalion with one of the finest individual homes of any Reserve unit in this part of the country. The drill deck, the rifle range, the offices and company rooms, and the modern equipment, make it an ideal setup for a Reserve organization.

The dance and other features of the June 12th dedication, will be marked by the presentation to the Battalion of a set of colors by Mr. S. Klein, prominent New York merchant, in memory of his mother, the late Mrs. Goldie Klein, of New York. Mr. Klein has long taken an active and philanthropic interest in all veteran or-

ganizations and local military units, including American Legion, Veterans of Foreign Wars, Jewish War Veterans, Catholic War Veterans and other similar organizations.

An interesting feature of the Third Battalion's tour at Quantico, will be the attendance there of the senior trumpeter of the organization, Cpl. Tpr. Julius C. Goldsmith, who, as a member of the regular Corps, blew the first calls at Quantico, on May 15, 1917, together with Tpr. Lee. They were members of the 9th Company, Artillery Battalion, which came from Annapolis, and they blew "Colors" on the pavilion on the banks of the Potomac, the first building in the Quantico post. Goldsmith has now twenty years regular and reserve service in the Corps.

Reports from the various units indicate that Company A, Capt. John J. Dolan commanding, is increasing its attendance records, and with Lt. Charbonier, the new second in command, is hard at work seeking to win its first trophies at the summer tour of duty.

Company B, 1st Lt. Fred Lindlaw commanding, is likewise working to retain its hold on the Col. Gerard M. Kincaide Trophy for camp efficiency, and to win back from D Company the Battalion Rifle Championship Trophy.

Company C, commanded by Capt. Howard W. Houck, is confident that its attendance lead in the Battalion will give it the Major Sydney D. Sugar Cup for drill attendance for the second time in succession. First Sergeant Dowling became the proud father of a girl—Mary Ann Dowling—on Easter Saturday, but a lad named Sampieri in this Company outdid the Dowling record by having his daughter, Patricia, born on—of all things—St. Patrick's Day. Captain Houck has been appointed as Officer in Charge of Battalion rifle and pistol teams on the Battalion Athletic Association Board of Control.

Company D, Capt. M. V. O'Connell commanding, is expecting the acquisition of a new second in command, having been without any second officer since last summer when 2nd Lt. A. J. Stone, Jr., was transferred to the inactive status due to business. High shot at Sea Girt last year, Pfc. Andrew Buttelman, hung up a score of 341 out of 350 in .22 cal. record firing, and the company is out to retain its possession of the Battalion rifle championship. Due to illness, First Sergeant Ken Everhart is absent for an extended sick leave, with Sergeant Edward G. Anderson, a veteran of the old 462nd Company, and the old 304th Company, as acting First Sergeant. Several promotions in the non-commissioned rank will be made prior to embarking for Quantico.

The baseball team of the Battalion, resplendent in its scarlet caps, scarlet and gold stockings, and smart grey and scarlet-trimmed uniforms, started auspiciously by defeating the Drysdale A. C. nine at the Navy Yard diamond by 14-7, after having taken most of the Yard teams from the ships into camp in a series of pre-season practice games. The team plans to play at Quantico, as does the Battalion basketball team which hung up a record of 21 wins out of 26 games played this year. Lt.

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14TH BATTALION, FMCR, SPOKANE, WASHINGTON

Left, First Sergeant Chaney shows Private Best the use of the Shaker aiming device. Right, five recently promoted men of Company A: Privates First Class Henry E. Hartley and Jack Gaffeney. Back row: Cpl. G. V. Sears, Sgt.-Major W. V. Sheldon, and Cpl. Martin K. Taitech.

SEVENTH BATTALION, FMCR (ARTILLERY) Philadelphia, Pa.

By William H. Tinney

The officers and men of the Seventh Battalion wish to extend their sincere sympathy to the immediate family and relatives of First Lieutenant Joseph A. Martin, FMCR, who died April 11, 1937. It is impossible to put our feelings into words, but we do say with respect to his association with this organization—"Well Done, Sir."

As usual, at this time of the year, drills have been changed to Saturday afternoons and our first Saturday drill was April 17th, at which time we were given our Annual Inspection. The Inspection Officers were Colonel William P. Upshur, USMC, and Captain M. F. Schneider, USMC.

It is very apparent that the men show more interest when they get out of the armory and get on the field. However, due to improved economic conditions, thus the fact that many of the men have recently acquired jobs which necessitate working on Saturdays, there is considerable discussion going on among the "brass-hats" relative to resuming drills on Tuesday evenings. We will be sorry to lose that afternoon in the field but we must keep the attendance up.

Headquarters Battery reports that the old EE4 telephones can still be balky at times—Pfe. "Jimmie" Ryan's brother has just taken the fatal step and apparently Jimmie went on the honeymoon with them as he hasn't been around for several weeks—Pfe. "Short Circuit" Oehler also has been among the missing—snap out of it, fellows, let us see a 100 per cent attendance next month. They also report that each battery now has an amateur photographer and that C Battery has a

cinematographer. Probably we will get some good camp pictures for THE LEATHERNECK—turn 'em in fellows, we need 'em.

Battery A and Battery B missed the edition this month—looks like their newly appointed LEATHERNECK correspondents "let me down." Let us hear what happens in your batteries next month—don't keep it a secret.

C Battery reports that they accepted an invitation from a New Jersey National Guard outfit to attend one of their weekly drills and that all the N.C.O.'s of C Battery accepted and they witnessed an excellent "howitzer workout."

THE ALL IMPORTANT NEWS HAS ARRIVED: The Seventh will spend its field training period at Fort Hoyle, Maryland, 27 June to 11 July, 1937; this adds another to the former camps of Stump Neck, Md., Ft. Mead, Md., Quantico, Va., and Ft. Bragg, N. C. It will be a welcome change from Quantico because I believe the boys were getting a trifle tired of the "Slop Chute." The old mimeograph machine is running overtime getting out training schedules, etc. We will be unable to give you any more pre-camp data at this time and the next write-up will be done while at camp, so you will get the news hot from the "bar."

There will still be time for one more formal turnout of this organization before camp, which will be our participation in the Constitution Day Parade, which is scheduled for May 29th. Here's hoping old man weather doesn't do what he did at our turnout for the Army Day Parade several weeks ago and snow—some of the fellows were eyeing the overcoats of the regulars enviously, but as no one hit sick-bay, I guess the artillery can take it.

Pvt. Robert D. Park, one of the newly enlisted men has been assigned to Hdq. Bty. Sgt. Hughes reenlisted and, of course, is still attached to Hdq. Bty—here's hoping your new hitch is also successful, Sergeant.

(Continued on page 56)

SIXTH BATTALION, FMCR Philadelphia, Pa.

By Wm. B. Crap

Now that the clouds of rumor have passed away, the sunshine of truth reveals the fact that June 20 has been set as the date for the invasion of the peaceful realm of Quantico by the Sixth Battalion. It looks as if the MGC felt the plank owners at the base might be a little rough on us and so the First, Third and Fourth Battalions are to assist us in making said invasion. Treat us nice, boys, so we can really mean it when we say "Come up and see us sometime."

By the time this article reaches the eyes of LEATHERNECK readers, the encampment will be entering the historical stage but right now your correspondent can write with accuracy about certain things that are sure to take place.

The same "gold-brickers" will be in evidence, the same "dog-robbers" will be on the job and the band will play the same old tunes they played last year—and the year before. The only difference is that the guys with the guns on their shoulders have learned to whistle the piccolo parts as they march along. This should be an innovation and I would not be surprised to see it incorporated in the MCM in the near future.

We were very happy to see the front page write-up we received in last month's LEATHERNECK. On May 25, the band will again play for the Marines' broadcast over station WHAT. In this program they will feature Haitian music which has been loaned to them by the Washington Marine Band. We are sorry we could not have informed you in time so that you could hear some old familiar tunes such as Zobine, Jelico, En Ce Temps-La and others.

Having received no assistance in the preparation of this month's article, it will be very short. The fellow who sets up the type will be thankful for this and as for you who will complain, all I will say is "Boost, don't knock." Das is allus!

14TH BATTALION, FMCR Spokane, Wash.

By L. M. Norris

By the time this article goes to press recruiting for the summer encampment at Bremerton in Rifle Company B will be at an end. April 30th has been set as the dead line. And at the rate that new recruits are being taken in it won't be long until this new company will be up to full strength and a waiting list formed.

Spokane interest in the Reserves has been mounting since our first public appearance last Armistice Day, at which time we marched in the parade and later acted as guards at the entrances to the football field during the big game of the day.

Since that time we have managed to get numerous pictures of the organization into the local evening paper, which has brought letters of inquiry from some points several hundred miles away.

And now the Battalion is broadcasting each Tuesday night at nine o'clock, Pacific Standard Time, over Spokane station KGA re-enacting famous scenes in Marine history. This broadcast is being well received and is bringing a lot of attention to the Reserve organization. Listen in some time, fellows.

There was a time this last winter when it seemed as if we were fostering a social order for bean feeds and such were in order following each drill for a while. When Captain Nickerson received his second bars there was great rejoicing with the Captain

footing the bills. Then First Lieutenant Ed Partridge had the color of his bars changed and again there was rejoicing. . . at the expense of the new First Lieutenant. Then in rapid succession followed another feed celebrating the silver bars of First Lieutenant Smith, and then Dr. Bernard Kahn treated when his commission was received. So when the time finally came when no other officer was promoted, we had to go home hungry after drill.

The saddest event of the winter was when Captain Nickerson left for Portland, Oregon. His private business called him to the city and we all surely hated to see him leave us. Nick is one good go-getter and he surely worked hard for the local unit and put it on its feet. Of course we all chipped in and gave him a farewell of one befitting his rank as an officer and as a man. First Lieutenant Ed Partridge assumed command of the battalion, awaiting official order.

April 10th was a red letter day in the lives of the members of the 14th Battalion for the first military dress dance of the year was held that evening. The men all turned out, many of them in their dress blues, and those who do not have them as yet with their greens all neatly pressed and their shoes shined like a glass mirror. The dance was a huge success and we hope it will be repeated some time soon.

Under the direction of Major Anderson, regular Marine Instructor, who is stationed here with us, the men are learning rifle work from the ground up. Triangulation classes have been held in the evenings teaching the boys how to sight.

We were all glad recently to see 1st Sgt. William V. Sheldon, of A Company, promoted to Sergeant Major of Headquarters Company. Sgt. Sheldon has been a real boost to the Battalion and worked overtime many long hours in its interest. We all know that he is the one man in the local unit for this job. Congratulations, Sergeant Major.

FIFTH BATTALION

Washington, D. C.

Fourteen enlisted members of the Fifth Battalion, all privates, have just completed the examination for entrance into the Naval Academy as midshipmen.

Last year the Fifth Battalion qualified eleven enlisted Marine Reservists for the Annapolis appointments and these eleven are now at Annapolis.

Since 1930 the Washington Battalion has been qualifying men for the Naval Academy appointments as well as several for the United States Coast Guard Academy at New London, Conn. For the past three years there have been, in each of the four classes at Annapolis, former enlisted men of the Fifth Battalion. So well-known has become the Washington Battalion's record in sending its enlisted men to the Naval Academy that young men have been coming from all parts of the United States to take up their residence in Washington for the purpose of joining the Fifth Battalion, and at the same time enrolling in the preparatory schools located in Washington and vicinity.

The fourteen privates trying for the Academy this year are:—Frank L. Espey, Lloyd M. Cheatham, Richard L. Schmidt, Robert C. Armstead, Lucius Beebe, Frank G. Edwards, Clifford L. Hahn, Kenneth A. Brighton, John A. Jacques, Josiah T. Henneberger, Frank B. Parr, Habersham Colquitt, Robert D. Johnson and Roland Rieve.

Of these men, Espey, Edwards, Colquitt

and Rieve are originally from Washington, D. C. Cheatham, Johnson and Parr are from Roanoke, Virginia. Schmidt is from Ballston, Virginia, Beebe from Wallingford, Pennsylvania, Hahn from Pittsburgh, Pa., Brighton from Petersburg, New Hampshire and Jacques from Cristobal, Canal Zone.

Armstead is from Medina, Washington, the son of an officer in the regular Marine Corps and Henneberger is from Fort Warren, Wyoming, the son of a regular United States Army officer.

Enlistments of applicants for the 1938 competitive examinations for Annapolis taking place one year hence must be consummated by June 30, 1937.

Naval Academy candidates in the Marine Corps Reserve must attend at least twenty-seven of the weekly drills between July 1 and mid-April of the following year. They must not be more than twenty years of age on the first day of April of the year in which they would be appointed, and parents' consent is necessary for their enlistment.

The Fifth Battalion will train this year at Quantico, Virginia, under canvas, for

BROADCAST FOR JULY MUST REACH EDITORS BEFORE JUNE 8

fifteen days beginning August 16. The training schedule will consist almost entirely of combat problems and landing force maneuvers, and the trip to Quantico and return will be made by water.

The deadline for enlistment in time to attend this year's field training period at Quantico is June 30th, after which date only men with previous military experience will be accepted. The age limits for enlistment are from 17 to 35. No previous experience is necessary.

There are a few vacancies in each one of the eight rifle companies and also, for musicians, in the Battalion Band. Several cooks are needed. There are also several vacancies for field trumpeters in Battalion Headquarters and in several of the line companies.

Applicants for enlistment should apply on any Tuesday or Wednesday evening at 458 Indiana Avenue, Washington, D. C. Those wishing to join the Battalion Band should apply on Sunday mornings at the same address. Recruits for Company E, basing at Alexandria, Virginia, should apply to First Lieutenant Martin D. Delaney, and those wishing to join Company F at Rockville, Maryland, should contact Captain Ralph M. King. Those wishing to join the platoon at Indian Head should contact Gunnery Sergeant William Eger at that address.

ELEVENTH BATTALION, FMCR

Seattle, Washington

Add to your list of biggest and best the landing force problem in which the 11th Battalion participated on 2 May at Fort Lewis.

It started later (2400) and ended earlier (0545) than any previous problem and was carried out on a larger scale than ever before.

The 11th Battalion became the 2nd Battalion, 1st Marines, 1st Provisional Marine Brigade. Regulars from MB, PSNY, and the battleships *Tennessee*, *Oklahoma* and *Arizona* comprised the 1st Battalion. The 3rd Battalion, 1st Marines; the 2nd Ma-

rines and the 11th Marines (Artillery) were constructive.

Opposing the Marines were units of the Army's famous Third (Rock of the Marne) Division—the 7th Infantry, one battalion of the 10th Field Artillery, a platoon of the 6th Engineers and a Chemical Warfare Service detachment. The problem was only one of many for the soldiers, the Third Division being concentrated at Fort Lewis for a month of maneuvers.

The "war" was staged on the Fort Lewis reservation shoreline on Puget Sound.

Seattle's reservists—Headquarters Company and Companies A and C—sailed aboard the coast guard cutter *Atlanta*. The Tacoma companies, D and E, were aboard the cutter *Redwing* and Company B from Aberdeen traveled via coast guard patrol boat. The Regulars were transported on two navy tugs.

The ships rendezvoused about 3,000 yards offshore at 0320 and the first wave of boats left the line of departure at 0500. Planes from V09-MR laid a smoke screen along the beach and the Marines were ashore before the Army knew what was happening.

You know how these maneuvers go—there's always a Lost Battalion or a lost company or something. We had our share of them, the difference being that the Lost Company lost itself so effectively that the Army had to drop back half a mile and prepare for a counter-attack.

The "war" was a huge success, in spite of the fact that the Army claimed victory.

Maj. C. H. Baldwin commanded the 2nd (11th) Battalion. Company commanders were Lieutenants Magnuson, Laue, Tisdale, Arnold, Pierce and Closser.

But no matter who won the battle, it was something new for the boots and even the old-timers learned a lot.

Odds and ends: One boot got himself lost and didn't show up until after all the ships had departed for home . . . but his ship put back for him . . . he still doesn't know what the war was all about . . . Sgt. Bob Waugh still thinks the best part of the maneuver was the way the troops went after a breakfast of bacon and eggs . . . Because a Navy ensign made a mistake in his calculations, and ran a motor launch smack into a rock bulkhead, the Seattle reservists went ashore without even getting their feet wet . . . which was more than could be said for the rest of the troops, who had to wade ashore!

By the time this is in print, the 11th Battalion will be getting ready for camp. We'll tell you all about that in the July LEATHERNECK.

NOTES FROM THE HUB

2nd Bn., FMCR, Navy Yard, Boston, Mass.
By R. L. N.

Activity is running high in the 2nd Battalion as these notes go to press. The dates for our annual field training having been announced as 13-27 June, and the location the Navy Yard, Portsmouth, N. H., everyone is on his toes, between firing for qualification on the small bore range, bringing in recruits and brushing up in general to bring the battalion to a high state of efficiency. The new small bore range having been completed at the Navy Yard, relays under the direction of Platoon Sgt. Davis are firing four nights a week in order that the battalion may be qualified prior to our departure for Portsmouth.

In order that readers of this column may know the battalion better, your correspondent believes that a resume of the organization of the outfit would be appropriate at this time, so here goes:

The 2nd Battalion is composed of the following companies: Headquarters, A, C, and D Companies being quartered at the U. S. Naval Reserve Armory, Bld. No. 5, NYd., Boston. B Company is at Portland, Maine, being quartered at the Old Post-office, now the U. S. Naval Reserve Armory in that city. The battalion as at present is an outgrowth of the old 301st Co., then A Co., becoming part of the 19th Regiment; B Co., at that time being known as D Co., also a part of the same regiment.

Our Inspector-Instructor at Boston is Lt. Col. Wm. M. Marshall, USMC, a veteran of long and varied service ashore and afloat. The Colonel came to us from Headquarters Marine Corps; his assignment prior to that being the 4th Marines, Shanghai. His efficient administrative and instructive methods will go far towards making this organization one of the best if not the "tops" in Marine Corps Reserve battalions. His assistants are 1st Sgt. Alfred Sylvester, USMC, and Platoon Sgt. Otis M. Davis, USMC. The Top is rapidly approaching the shady side of 30 years service in the Corps, and what he doesn't know about the workings of the outfit, we'll leave to our readers. The grapevine telegraph informs me that the Far East is beckoning to the Top and the latest dope is that he will be transferred some time after 1 July. After four years with us the boys are sure going to miss his well directed advice and friendly criticism which he has been ever ready to supply. The Top was recently awarded the Order of Merit by the Nicaraguan Government for his services in that troublesome country during the late rebellion there. Platoon Sgt. Davis's ever-ready smile and breezy manner have made him a popular late addition to our outfit. Sgt. Davis is a top notch ordnance man and drillmaster and he keeps things going on the double drill nights. As mentioned before, Sgt. Davis is directing the firing at the .22 cal. range with a high percentage of qualification.

Captain Robert V. Dallahan is battalion commander, having formally been associated with the 13th U. S. Infantry, and having an overseas record. 1st Lt. Kenneth L. Moses is Battalion Adjutant and Commanding Officer, Hdq. Co. The Lieutenant is a graduate of the U. S. Naval Academy and formerly with the regular Marine Corps. In the sergeant major's billet we have Sergeant John E. Tankums, formerly of the USS *Rochester* of "Banana Fleet" fame, assisted by Pfc. Leo F. Seeling as clerk. As these notes go to press we find 1st Lt. John F. Elder making ready to turn over the reins as Battalion Quartermaster to 2nd Lt. Sumner W. Meredith. Lt. Elder has been forced to leave us much against his will owing to a new position in the accounting game which will take him away from Boston more or less. To say that he will be missed by all hands is putting it lightly. A quartermaster is usually trained to say "No," but your scribe is of the opinion that the Lieutenant could say it and still make them think he said "Yes." Lieutenant Meredith has a long record of service with the outfit, having formerly been the battalion supply sergeant. Before taking over as quartermaster the Lieutenant spent a week on duty at Headquarters, Washington, in the Quartermaster Dept. Supply Sergeant Robert L. Norrish holds down that billet in the quartermaster section. (Ex Crabtown and 3rd Brigade Marines please note.) Sgt. P. F. B. (Pop) Fall is Battalion Armorer, assisted by Pfc. Broman.

We now come to A Company, officered by Captain Joseph T. Crowley and 1st Lieut. James J. Dugan. Captain Crowley came to us last year with a long and honorable record of service with the Massachusetts National Guard dating back to Mexican Border days in 1916. While with the Guard the Captain rose from the ranks to a first lieutenancy after the World War. As CO of the senior company the skipper bids fair to make A the premier company of the outfit. Lieutenant Dugan recently came to us from VMCR, and is doing a good job supervising and coaching the men in firing on the small bore range, also keeping an eye on the company drills and ceremonies. 1st Sgt. Denzel R. Wallace is top kick of the company with Pvt. McLucas holding down the company clerk's job. Wallace is an ex-regular, having served in Haiti with the old 1st Brigade. Platoon Sgt. Trahan is in charge of outside formations assisted by Sgts. Popowski and Metz, who in addition to these duties, is also company supply sergeant. Holding down the corporal's billets we find Lawrence J. Morris, Leary, "Pat" Murphy, and C. J. Murphy. By the way, A Company has four or five Murphys in the outfit. Also in a A Company we have the battalion "Beau Brummell," Cpl. "Benny" Benson. Yes, he's a blond.

We only see our outpost company once a year and that is at summer training, and from what we see of them they are a first-class outfit and it is too bad we don't get together more often. B Company having no officers at present, we find 1st Sgt. Franklin J. Weeman as NCO in charge. The Top has about 16 years service behind him both in the regular service and reserve, and under his able leadership B Company has made rapid strides. He is assisted by Gunnery Sergeant Greely (the only gunny in the Bn.) a member of the Portland Police Force and first class finger-print man, having recently completed a course of instruction with the FBI, Dept. of Justice, Washington. We have two Davis' holding down the sergeants' billets, Laurence E. Davis and Frederick Davis. Cpl. Stewart holds down the property sergeant's billet. Incidentally Pfc. Provost, of B Company, is one of the best, if not the best shot in the battalion, making the score of 339 at Wakefield last summer.

The Commanding Officer of C Company hardly needs an introduction to readers. He is 2nd Lt. Donald L. Dickson, crack artist who draws the covers, illustrated stories and sketches "Oddities" for THE LEATHERNECK. The Lieutenant has a long and successful record with the battalion, having risen from the ranks to an officer's ship. He is a popular CO with his command, always ready with a friendly word of advice or approval for his men. Lieutenant Dickson recently had a lengthy tour of duty with the Historical Section at Headquarters, Washington, compiling uniform data for the official Marine Corps History. Platoon Sgt. Chester "Chet" Goodwin holds down the top kick's billet with Cpl. "Jack" Doherty as his clerk. "Chet" has been with the outfit practically since it was organized and has seen it grow from one company to the status it is at present. Sgt. Bronis L. Kontrim is an old-timer with the outfit and has charge of outside formations, assisted by Sgt. Webber, who also functions as supply sergeant. Webber has been associated with the Mass. Guard prior to his reserve service. Among the other non-coms we find Cpl. J. F. Edwards, formerly of the regular service and a crack shot, holding

a gold distinguished marksman medal. Edwards represented the battalion on the Marine Corps Reserve Rifle Team, firing at Camp Perry, Ohio, last summer. Also Cpl. John A. Hassam, whose chief bid for fame is that he caught the most silver hake at field training last summer. How about that, John? Hassam has service in the tropics to his record, having served at Port-au-Prince and Cape Hatien. Cpl. Earl Drew, formerly of Squantum, handles one of the squads and says he is all through with aviation.

Last of the Boston companies is D Company, which although being the baby company in point of organization is nevertheless promising to give the other outfits some lively competition when 2nd Lt. Ira J. (Jake) Irwin has it fully organized. Lieutenant Irwin has a long record with the Boston outfit, he also having risen from the ranks to the command he now has. Lieutenant Irwin has as his acting first sergeant, Cpl. Herman D. Cohen, who was formerly with the Mass. NG. Platoon Sgt. McKenna is in charge of formations. Mac says his chief hobby when he was in the regulars was getting up at 3 a.m. to pull the *Los Angeles* out of the sky at Lakehurst. Also in D Company we find Sergeant Russell F. "Rusty" Innis, of Parris Island boot camp fame. Innis is a first class drillmaster and with that combination we venture to predict that D Company is going places.

Last but not least in our battalion organization is our Medical Officer, Lt. (jg.) Robert F. Carmody (MC) USNR. Lieutenant Carmody is a worthy successor to Lt. Robert V. Schultz, (MC) USN., who divorced us for aviation at Squantum last year. The doctor is taking only the best as recruits for the outfit and his standards of qualification are high. He is assisted by Cpl. Robert E. Flanagan, who takes care of the detailed paper work that goes with the job.

In our next month's writeup which will go forward on the eve of our departure for training, we will endeavor to give you an outline of our activities, foremost of which was the successful dance put on by the Leatherneck Associates, an A Company organization. The dance was held in the Armory, which was beautifully decorated with Navy signal pennants and flags of all nations. It is hoped by all that the battalion will put on more times of this nature to get the public acquainted with us.

COLONEL UPSHUR INSPECTS ARMORIES OF 13TH BN.

Arriving in Los Angeles at 7:30 A.M. Friday, May 7, 1937, accompanied by Capt. M. F. Schneider, USMC, Aide to the General Officer in Charge of Reserves, Col. Wm. P. Upshur, USMC, hardly had gotten his land legs in order when he began a tour of inspection of the armories of the companies of the 13th Battalion.

Col. Upshur, with Capt. Schneider and Major Howard N. Stent, USMC, Inspector-Instructor, drove to A Company's armory at 1965 S. Los Angeles St., thence to Inglewood to inspect D Company, from there to Glendale, Calif., to inspect that armory.

The last call was made at B Company and Battalion Headquarters Company in Pasadena, where the officers were met by Captain Owen E. Jensen, USMCR, commanding B Company, and a battery of press reporters and cameramen who kept firing questions at the colonel and "shot" him several times with their cameras while

(Continued on page 56)



NIAGARA FRONTIER DETACHMENT

ON Tuesday evening, April 6, a banquet was tendered to Kenneth Collings of New York City, National Vice Commandant of the U. S. Marine Corps League, at the Riviera Restaurant, Buffalo, by officers and members of the Niagara Frontier Detachment, with about one hundred in attendance.

Mr. Collings related his experiences during the World War with the aviation section of the Marine Corps, and also his Ethiopian experiences in that recent campaign, at which time he was war correspondent for *Liberty Magazine*. His talk was very interesting and worth while, everybody enjoyed listening to Comrade Collings.

Invited guests attending this Dinner were: William Muir, Acting County Commander of the American Legion; George Toomey, County Commander of the Veterans of Foreign Wars; Burr H. Starr, President of the Western New York Navy Association, and Frank C. Reitter, County Commander of the Disabled American Veterans.

The committee in charge of arrangements included past National Commandant Carlton A. Fisher, General Chairman, Edward J. Zenger, Vice-Chairman. Commandant Warren C. Riegle of the Niagara Frontier Detachment acted as Toastmaster. Other members of the committee were John Weber, George P. Robertson, Charles H. Brill, Charles Szen and George Keek.

Collings spoke at noon-time that same day before the Greater Buffalo Advertising Club. Several tables were taken at that time by members of the Niagara Frontier Detachment.

E. J. ZENGER,
Chief of Staff.

TROY DETACHMENT

ATTENTION:

THE NEW YORK STATE CONVENTION OF THE MARINE CORPS LEAGUE on May 1st, Troy Detachment mailed several posters advertising the convention to every Detachment Adjutant in New York State as well as to the Massachusetts and New Jersey Detachments. Those posters were sent out to give the members of the League a rough idea of the intended program of events. The Convention Headquarters will be located in the Hendrick-Hudson Hotel. The most modern hotel in the city (being built in 1930). The rates are as follows: \$3.00 Single, \$4.00 Double, Double with twin beds, \$4.50. All rooms with bath. The manager of this hotel which is located in the heart of the business district has promised the Housing Committee headed by Frank McLoughlin, Chairman with John D. (Jack) Haley as co-chairman that he and his staff will do their utmost to make your stay a pleasant one.

DETACHMENT MEMBERSHIP STANDINGS

The ten (10) leading Detachments in Membership as of 1 May, 1937, are as follows:

- 1 Akron
- 2 Niagara Frontier
- 3 Theodore Roosevelt
- 4 San Francisco
- 5 Oakland
- 6 Hudson-Mohawk
- 7 Troy
- 8 Homer A. Harkness
- 9 Capt. Burwell H. Clarke
- 10 San Jose

JOHN B. HINCKLEY, JR.
Nat. Adjutant & Paymaster.

The opening session is scheduled to get under way at 12 noon on Saturday, June 26. Hon. Chester J. Atkinson, Mayor of Troy and a veteran of the A. E. F. will welcome you to our midst. The opening session will be as brief as possible so you may visit the several points of interest in the city if you desire. Any of the members of Troy Detachment will be glad to show you around town. The second session will get under way about 6 P.M. There is a good chance of electing officers before concluding this session. Let us all "make it snappy" and get away from a Sunday A.M. assembly.

The Entertainment Committee with Dan E. Conway as chairman assisted by Henry Murray as co-chairman, Adam Schwarz, Frank Wood, Jack Cragan, Len Gardner, Tom Hoskings, Leon Laundry, Tom Killian, Joseph Murray, Syl McGarry, John McCallen, John Riley and Walt Wood is arranging a "gala party" consisting of Plenty of Eats (buffet style) oodles of refreshing drinks and a program of amateur entertainment augmented by one of the classiest floor shows in town. This party will be held either in the hotel or in the rooms of one of the local Legion-Posts which is just around the corner from the hotel. This committee reports that there will be eating and drinking as long as you can take it. However, they will ask for a relief at daybreak, so make them earn that relief.

The Reception Committee: Commandant Dr. Francis S. Schwarz as Chairman, with Vice Commandant Frank McGarry. This man assisted by Judge Advocate Stanley S. Conway, William Whelan, Warren F. Rourke, Frank Burleigh, James Boylan, Thomas Coffey, George Clow, Frank Finn, Frank Cramer, Peter F. Flanagan, Edward (Pop) Gordon, Henry Kane, Adam Kusupski, Peter Casey, and Frank Nuttall. This crowd with many others will be in the hotel lobby to greet you as you "pull in."

Your Registration will be handled by Det. Adj. Bill Dudgeon assisted by Junior

Vice Commandant Frank McGarry. This pair of tropical Marines will have a desk in the lobby and as you register don't forget to get a convention badge. This novelty will consist of a disc upon which will be stamped a facsimile of the Corps emblem and fastened to its under side will be a scarlet ribbon with an inscription in gold letters denoting the event, the time and the place. The registration fee is \$1.00 and entitles you to a convention badge and admission to the "gala party" on Saturday night.

Space does not permit us to give you any more details at this time. All we can say is "COME ON, MARINES," whether you be in New York, Massachusetts or New Jersey, let the Troy Detachment show you a real Trojan hospitality. Don't forget Saturday and Sunday, June 26-27.

A brief resume of what happened at our April meeting: Troy Detachment arranged through Judge Advocate Conway to file incorporation papers with the Secretary of State: Encouraging reports received from four Detachments signifying their intention of sending a set of delegates and a squad or two of Marines to be with us at convention time.

The good news that Chap. Tom Killian had returned from the hospital and feels O. K.: Past State Commandant Chris J. Cuning attended this meeting and was called upon several times on matters relating to the proposed convention. "Chris" as we know him has been associated with League Conventions both State and National for a decade or more and we know of no Marine in this area more qualified to advise us and that is the reason why our Nat. Aide-De-Camp was incessantly requested to arise and act as a pilot in steering us through our first attempt to navigate the narrows of a State Convention: The committee on the Supper Dance reported through its chairman Dan E. Conway that this event was a pronounced success, the net profits were far beyond our expectations, the attendance around the 140 mark and the sociability enjoyed was such that Nat. Commandant Maurice A. Ilch of Albany who attended with Hudson-Mohawk's Commandant Russ Cochran and their sweethearts could not refrain from admitting this party was the best he attended from a sociable standpoint in a long time:—All members of Troy Detachment were invited to attend the next meeting of Hudson-Mohawk Detachment to be held in the Albany Garage on Thursday, May 13, by Mr. Cunningham of Albany, N. Y.

A committee of 20 members picked at random to represent Troy Detachment, M.C.L., at the proposed meetings of the Joint Memorial Day Committee was forwarded to the Secretary of that committee. The committee appointed is virtually the same as last year except that the name of Joseph F. Harrington had to be omitted this year because Joe has left our midst. Joe always responded to the call of this committee but as most of you know he has responded to the call of the grim reaper.

Death has taken him from us but his memory will live as long as Troy Detachment is in existence because after all is not Joe the first real and true member of Troy Detachment to answer "Taps." Why shouldn't we cherish the memory of a Marine who would have been most instrumental in putting this convention over had he lived?

JOSEPH A. ROURKE,
Chief-of-Staff.

SAN FRANCISCO DETACHMENT

The Detachment by the Golden Gate sends its best regards to all Detachments and all Marine and All Veteran organizations. We met on the 5th of April at a business meeting where considerable business was attended to. The Committee for the State Convention reported a show to be given as a benefit for the State fund to be used for the State Convention which will be held in San Francisco on July 17 and 18, 1937. They are going to put on a show that has cost \$2.50 a seat in other cities in which it has played, but here it will be presented for only \$1.00 a seat. The boys are selling tickets fast and we look forward to a large attendance. A motion was made and passed, at this meeting, to hold a dance in Honor of the 12th Battalion, Marine Corps Reserve, and to send the boys off in good spirits before they go the Camp, which will take place at the Veterans Building in San Francisco, May 15, 1937. It was also decided to sponsor the band of the 12th Battalion, so that they can have warm quarters and all the facilities that a band should have and the Battalion as a whole. The appropriation from the War Department is not enough to include the Marine Corps Reserve. The Naval Reserve have their allowance for quarters and maintenance, but not the Marine Corps Reserve. We hope that the Marine Corps Reserve will some time in the near future be given an allowance for their quarters and be on the same plain as the Naval Reserve.

The Detachment voted at the meeting of April 19 to present Major General James C. Breckinridge with a LIFE MEMBERSHIP in this Detachment. We believe that he is the only General in the Marine Corps that is an active Member in the League, and are sorry to see him leave the Shores of the Golden Gate, as he is transferred to some other post in the last of May. We all hope that he has a VERY happy and successful trip and that he and his family continue in the best of health and happiness.

The San Francisco Detachment is look-

ing forward to a very successful State Convention, and hope that the League in the other States have the same.

ROY S. TAYLOR,
Chief-of-Staff.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT DETACHMENT

THEODORE ROOSEVELT DETACHMENT, Marine Corps League of Boston, Mass., has had a varied and very busy Spring program. With the advent of our celebrated weather of this section this detachment has been making several appearances at numerous events that have brought the highest terms of praise for the participants, and awakened many to the fact that THE MARINES can always be depended upon to "carry on." March 17, besides being the patron day for the Sons of Ireland is also celebrated in the HUB city as an anniversary of the evacuation of the British troops from Dorchester Heights, and a monster parade in South Boston, Mass., combining the celebrants of both events saw a delegation of this Detachment carrying their colors. April 19, known as Lexington-Concord Day for the famous ride of Paul Revere and William Dawes from two separate parts of Boston to warn all the "Minute-men" that the British were enroute there to seize their stores of ammunition, was celebrated with much enthusiasm. In the morning hours this detachment furnished a detail of uniformed members as a Guard for the Honorable Mayor of Boston through the city. At noon, this same detail assembled at LEXINGTON and CONCORD to greet the two gentlemen, impersonating Revere and Dawes of Revolutionary fame, and then participated there in the local parade. In the evening, all participants were guests at a Military Ball, given by each community.

Jerome B. Cohen, Judge-Advocate of the Theodore Roosevelt Detachment, sailed on April 1, as a member of 1100 Americans making a pilgrimage to the battle-fields of France. Comrade Cohen was authorized by this Detachment to arrange, while in Paris, for the placing of a wreath on the grave of the UNKNOWN SOLDIER.

The State Convention, Department of Massachusetts, Marine Corps League, has been awarded to Boston, Massachusetts, and Theodore Roosevelt Detachment becomes the host of the many who will visit the Hub for the assembly to be held here on Saturday and Sunday, June 5 and 6, 1937. This Detachment deeply appreciates the honor of having two conventions in four years, and will do all in its power to justify the choice, and provide a most en-

joyable visit to the delegates and their friends and families.

FLAG DAY, June 14, will be an opportunity the local Detachment will not fail to appreciate, for through its 1936 Commandant, Charles W. Creaser, it has been requested to assume the responsibility of taking charge of the program, and carry it on as has been done before. Comrade Creaser has been chosen as Parade Marshal and he realizes that no better staff of aides could be selected than from the ranks of the boys that helped him hold a very successful National Convention here in August of 1936.

For the approaching National Convention to be held at Akron, Ohio, in September, 1937, Vice-Commander Ira S. Wade of the local detachment, and National Assistant C.O.S., is Chairman of a Committee that is holding a Penny Sale from which receipts will accrue a sum of money that will be sufficient to send several pilgrims to the thriving city in Ohio. Tickets are now in circulation in a large number, and it is expected that the attractiveness of the arrangement will soon spread to other detachments.

Commandant Roy S. Keene is creating an enviable record for outside detachments for use for a pattern in the business-like despatch which all the details of the organization are being handled during the year 1937, in fact other detachments are sending representatives to observe the program. Comrade Bailey from Leominster, Massachusetts, where a detachment is now in process of formation, recently spent an evening with Theodore Roosevelt Detachment, and ere he left for home, he invited the local detachment to "take over" all the details pertaining to the installation of Officers for the newly created branch when it is ready to function some time in June, 1937. Comrade Bailey also included the members of the Ladies Auxiliary to join in the trip to Leominster, for he was quite impressed with the entertainment, as furnished by the local ladies.

POPP PHELAN.

BRIEFING THE NEWS

(Continued from page 42)

from \$126 to \$150 monthly; petty officer, first class, from \$84 to \$126; petty officer, second class, from \$72 to \$105; petty officer, third class, from \$60 to \$84; non-rating, first class, from \$54 to \$63; second class, from \$36 to \$42; no change in the probationary rates of third-class enlisted men are scheduled. Their scale at present is \$21 monthly.

Herald, Washington, D. C., Feb. 21.—Brigadier General and Mrs. David Porter and their most charming debutante daughter, Carlisle, have deserted Washington for Philadelphia, where they have taken a house for an indefinite stay. This news isn't as thoroughly depressing as it might seem, because the Porters have so many relatives and friends in the Capital that they are sure to be back often, by popular demand!

Georgian, Atlanta, Ga., Feb. 24.—The tragedy aboard the USS Wyoming in which the premature explosion of a shell killed six Marines outright and wounded eleven more—one fatally—reminds the American people that even in peace time their defenders are constantly exposed to danger and death. The sympathy of all Americans goes out to the families of the Wyoming victims, the admiration of all to the coolness with which the ship's company

Mr. John B. Hineckley, Jr.,
National Adjutant and Paymaster,
Marine Corps League,
41 Charles Street,
Dorchester, Mass.

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acted. The more need, therefore, that the people should make adequate return by a program of COMPLETE PREPAREDNESS.

Times, Seattle, Wash., March 5.—The House defeated today an amendment to the \$526,000,000 naval appropriation bill which would have restricted fleet maneuvers to waters within 300 miles of the continental United States. They also knocked down an amendment by Representative Dirksen, Republican, Illinois, intended to take all United States Marines out of China by January 1.

News-Telegram, Portland, Ore., March 17.—Chances that Portland will hear the famous Marine Band during the coming Rose Festival were slim. Captain James B. Hardie, recruiting officer in charge of the Portland District, announced this after receiving a telegram from Marine Corps Headquarters in Washington. Senator Charles L. McNary has a bill before the Senate calling for an appropriation of \$3,500 to send the band to Portland.

Daily News, Los Angeles, Calif., March 17.—Washington Merry-Go-Round. One of the speakers at the Carabao dinner, annual reunion of veterans of the Philippine wars, was George Moses, ex-Senator from New Hampshire. "I see," said Moses, in rising to speak, "that we have the 'Field Marshal' with us. Which reminds me of a captain in the Marines who went down to help train the Guatemalan Army. Down there he became a brigadier-general in the Guatemalan army and was very proud of his uniform. One day, while visiting us here, he was invited out to dinner with various Army and Navy officers. He consulted with a colonel of the Marines as to whether he should come in his uniform as a brigadier-general or as captain of Marines." The colonel replied to him, "Up here, a brigadier-general of the Guatemalan army eats in the kitchen." The Carabao dinner is one of the most important military functions of the Washington social season.

Journal, Portland, Ore., Feb. 26.—Klamath Falls—John Grizzle's appendix operation, performed by a bullet, proved fatal Tuesday night, when the 18-year-old Marine died at the San Diego Marine Hospital. Grizzle's appendix was clipped off a month ago by a bullet fired by a robber he apprehended attempting to enter the government arsenal at San Diego. He shot and killed his assailant. Surgeons found the shot had missed the intestine but cut off the Marine's appendix.

Inquirer, Philadelphia, March 25.—With skill made possible by thousands of hours in the air, Capt. P. O. Parmelee, U. S. Marine Corps, cheated death of the lives of himself and his two mechanics when the landing gear of his big amphibian Navy plane became crippled in taking off on a test flight over the Navy Yard. The fluid solution of the hydraulic pressure-buffer was leaking badly; there would be no force to hold him up and the chances were the ship would crash as it hit the ground. The daring pilot brought his plane in on a long slide through the mud on one wheel. It was a cool, calculating and daring piece of work. The ambulance crews and fire-fighting apparatus, which had been notified by a written note dropped from the plane, were not needed.

Chicago, Ill., April 17.—The Rev. Harris A. Darche, chaplain and World War hero with the Sixth Marines, died at the age of

49 at his home in Bradley, Ill., April 16. He was cited five times for bravery, receiving the Croix de Guerre with palms, made a member of the Legion of Honor and awarded the Distinguished Service Cross of the navy. Father Darche saw service in the Troyon sector, in Belleau Wood and at Soissons, where he was gassed on July 19, 1918.

Norfolk, Va., April 9.—Captain Louis Cukela, U.S.M.C., was awarded the Order of the Crown of Yugoslavia at the Naval Base in Norfolk amid a dress parade and appropriate ceremony. Captain Cukela is one of the most decorated men in the Corps and was twice awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor for bravery during the World War. He holds awards from four countries: the United States, France, Italy and Yugoslavia.

New York, N. Y., April 28.—"Fightingest Man" the Marines ever knew died rich only in medals, on April 28, at his home in Glendale, Queens, N. Y. He was Sergeant-Major "Fighting" Dan Daly, who during his career with the Leathernecks won eleven decorations; receiving the Congressional Medal of Honor on two occasions. Major-General Smedley Butler once said of Daly: "he is the fightingest man I ever knew."

Hollywood, Cal., April 15.—The Leathernecks have landed again among the blonde and flaxen-haired queens of movieland. Marine Corps life and background seems to hold inexhaustible plots and stories for Hollywood producers. For the first time since they launched their respective careers, Robert Taylor, Spencer Tracy and the glamorous Jean Harlow will act together in a picture called "U. S. Smith." Tracy will be the hard-bitten sergeant and Taylor the "rookie" Marine. Jean will furnish the seductive and heart-throb interest. Dick Powell is now showing in the "Singing Marine," and Reginald Denny is playing "Join the Marines."

Derna, Cyrenaica (Italian Libya), March 13.—In this little palm-shaded village, where United States Marines landed over 133 years ago to defeat the Tripolitan pirates and prove the sincerity of a single phrase, Italy today laid down an equally bold and daring challenge to the world. They will not forego their pretensions to a place among the major powers.

The Marines who later were to know the halls of Montezuma, built their first tradition on these shores of Tripoli with O'Bannon and Eaton when, unlike the rich powers of Europe of that time which paid tribute to the pirates to avoid seizure of their ships, Americans answered: "Millions for defense but not one cent for tribute." History is replete with the names of such men as Preble, Decatur, Bainbridge, Porter, and others who fed "tribute" to the pirates at the "mouths of naval cannon."

San Francisco, Calif., April 4.—Marine Corps headquarters, Department of the Pacific, welcomes its new chief of staff, Lieutenant-Colonel Matthew H. Kingman. Colonel Kingman arrived at Corps Headquarters about April 1, and this is the first time he has ever been in San Francisco. Says that he likes the city and is

happy to be there. Colonel Kingman's service with the Corps has led him most everywhere except Frisco. This government and the governments of foreign nations have paid splendid tribute to the service record of Colonel Kingman. He has the Silver Star Medal, with one oak leaf cluster; the Order of the Purple Heart, the Croix de Guerre with gilt star, the Fourragere, the Victory Medal with Aisne, Aisne-Marine, St. Mihiel, Meuse-Argonne and Defensive Sector Clasps, the Nicaraguan Medal of Merit, and the Second Nicaraguan Campaign Medal, and the Expeditionary Medal. He was wounded on June 6, 1918, by a German machine-gun bullet.

Peiping, China (Special)—How often have the Marines at the American Legation Guard walked their posts and reminisced of the hell that poured back and forth along the gray "Tartar Wall" during the Boxer Rebellion of 1900? Turning left, as one enters the streets of the legation quarter, through a gate in a section of the old gray wall, where the marks of Boxer bullets remain, their significance is emphasized by a sign in English, understandably resented by many present-day Chinese: "Lest We Forget!" Men who do duty in Peiping should read the history of the defense of those legations by a handful of Marines under the command of the then Captain John Myers, who later became a Major-General.

RESERVE NEWS 12th Battalion, FMCR (Continued from page 48)

mous opinion, the affair was a huge success and the companies plan similar parties for the future.

The Battalion has gained two additional officers during the month of April. They are Second Lieutenants Herbert A. Vernet, Jr. and Elmer C. Rowley. 2nd Lt. Vernet resigned a commission in the U. S. Army Reserve to become a Marine and was commissioned as of 17 April, 1937. He was assigned upon arrival to Company C and is now functioning with that unit. He has made many friends throughout the Battalion already and we welcome him into the ranks of the Marine Corps Reserve. 2nd Lt. Rowley is a graduate of the University of California (June, 1935) and of the Basic School, Philadelphia. He was commissioned a Second Lieutenant in the Regular Marine Corps and ordered from the Basic School to duty at Marine Barracks, Navy Yard, Mare Island. He served at Mare Island, where he came into contact with this Battalion during its tour of training duty at that station, until the end of the year 1936. At that time, he resigned his commission to accept a position with the State Government. He was commissioned Second Lieutenant in the Fleet Marine Corps Reserve in April of this year, and ordered to duty with this organization. He has been assigned to Company A, and is expected to report for duty very shortly.

We have an item here, regarding two members of the Battalion, about whose classification we are very much in doubt. That the two men involved have undergone a change of status, we are certain. However, whether to list this change under the heading of "Promotions," "Reductions," "Lost in Action" or "Confined to Quarters" we don't know. At any rate, to play safe we have decided not to place it under any heading, but simply to state that both 1st Sgt. James T. Reilly and Sgt. John J. Griffin have taken their matri-

A YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION
TO THE LEATHERNECK
FOR FATHER ON
FATHER'S DAY, JUNE 20

monial vows within this month of April, 1937. Both men are members of A Company and have been observed in frequent conferences in the Company office of that outfit. The Intelligence Section has been unable to report on the subject of said conferences as yet, but is working on the matter night and day.

The Battalion Rifle Team once again unlimbered and went into action on 9 April, this time to participate in the postal small-bore rifle match being held under the auspices of the Fifth Battalion, FMCR. The shooters, listed in the order in which they finished, were: 2nd Lt. P. G. Pacheco, Pvt. John W. Stoner, Cpl. Clifford Petersen, Cpl. G. F. Schuster, Sgt. H. C. Blumenshine, Pfc. Robert W. Randolph, 1st Lt. M. W. Storm, Gy-Sgt. E. M. Krotky, 1st Sgt. W. Craig and Cpl. S. McC. Lundy. The team total (high five) was 1333. We know that the other Battalions will turn in some mighty fine scores, but we are hoping that our boys will finish in the money.

To date, all Company teams but that of B Company have fired for the Major Anthony Inter-Company Trophy, and we will be able to publish the name of the winning Company in the next issue of THE LEATHERNECK.

On Monday evening, 26 April, the Battalion Band was featured on a program given by the *San Francisco Examiner* for its newsboys. Their program was received with hearty applause, and they, in turn, greatly enjoyed the evening which was composed of wrestling and boxing bouts and a number of vaudeville numbers.

Intensive preparations for our annual tour of training duty at Marine Barracks, Navy Yard, Mare Island, Calif., have been under way for some time and the near approach of the departure date finds the Battalion ready and rarin' to go. Before this time rolls round, however, we will stand the inspection of the OIC of Reserve Activities. This inspection is slated for 12 May and all preparations have been made for it, also.

At last, our delvings have brought us to the bottom of the mail bag for this time, so we'll secure, saying "*hasta la vista*."

15TH BATTALION, FMCR

(Continued from page 49)

Mexican wars, in the Spanish-American War, and in the World War, when it was assigned to the Second Division in France.

After the Kiwanis luncheon the Colonel and his party inspected A and Headquarters Company's armory, and from 2:30 to 4:00 PM he received and paid official visits.

Major Jacob M. Pearce, U.S.M.C., Instructor-Inspector of the Fifteenth Battalion, then held open house in honor of Col. Upshur's visit. He had many pleasant chats with old and new friends during the short time of an hour and a half at the Major's home.

Lieut. Colonel Clark W. Thompson then entertained our honored guest with a dinner at his home, after which a pleasant forty-five minutes were spent at the Hollywood Dinner Club.

At 7:30 PM B Company rolled in from Texas City and after a few minutes of putting on the "last minute touches" we were ready for our much heralded and anxiously awaited inspection. Of course this is the first time our battalion had an inspection from Washington, and you may be sure most of us were a bit shaky, not knowing what to expect.

However, after the music had sounded, we lost all of our tenseness and stood the test as old Marines would have done. After watching him inspect Headquarters Company, and seeing how pleasant Col. Upshur was (not biting our heads off) we passed with high honors. After having gone over A and B Companies, he ordered on the top deck, where he gave us a word or two of encouragement. We felt highly complimented when he said we were one of the best battalions he has inspected so far.

After Col. Upshur left, the men in both rifle companies were on Inspector-Instructor Pearce's neck, wanting to know which company made the best showing, and Major Pearce had promised the best company a keg of beer. However, we couldn't get

anything out of him, but to tell you the truth, it looks like he might have to buy two kegs of beer before it's all over. It was a mighty close race, and instead of getting off light, it sure appears as if the Major is the heavy loser.

I might say here, we owe a lot of thanks to First Sergeant H. P. Cronch, U.S.M.C., who taught us quite a few little "tricks" before inspection, that helped us make as good a showing as we did, and I for one, vote he is invited to our party, when Major Pearce is ready to give it.

7TH BATTALION, FMCR

(Continued from page 50)

Battery A welcomes the following recruits: Pvts. Nicholas F. Peciccone, Percy Ash, Jr., and James Butler. Pvt. Nicholas J. Fittipaldi has joined from the Eastern Reserve Area.

B Battery has been assigned the following "boots": Pvts. George V. McKeone, Robert E. Sebold, Jose Lopez, Irwin Friedman and Fred Hudson—Cpl. Saunders has reenlisted—congratulations, Corpy.

C Battery has added to their roster by getting Pvt. Harry E. Good from the Eastern Reserve Area and Pvt. William T. Atkinson from A Battery.

The Battery Clerks have just received the sad news that they will have to write two Camp Pay Rolls; one for the first 11 days in July and the other for the last 4 days in June—in addition they will have the quarterly pay roll and muster roll to prepare—don't get discouraged fellows, look at all the money you are making. If the average is less than two mistakes per battery, the drinks are on 1st Sgt. Lucke and the writer—some gamblers, eh what!

Buenas Noches, Hasta la manana, Adios or so long 'till Camp.

(Editor's Note: Sorry about those pictures, Brother Tinney, but they arrived too late to be included in this issue.)

3RD BATTALION, FMCR

(Continued from page 49)

Lindlaw is Baseball Officer and Capt. O'Connell is in charge of basketball. Lt. Alfred Stewart of the Battalion staff is the newly appointed track and field officer on the Athletic Association Board of Control.

Headquarters Company has been active in its members participation in athletics, with Fred Testagrossa emulating Babe Ruth on the diamond, and a star of the basketball squad. The Alonge family (there are four brothers in various units of the Battalion!) have contributed three members to the basketball and baseball teams.

By the time this will see print, the Battalion will have "strutted its stuff" in the annual Memorial Day Parade in Brooklyn, where the annual appearance of the outfit gathers in loud applause. Shortly after this is published, the train with the troops aboard will be headed southward and the actuality of duty at Quantico will be at hand.

The motto of the Third is "On to Quantico—the Third shall be First!"

COL. UPSHUR INSPECTS

(Continued from page 52)

the colonel was making his inspection. Colonel Upshur remarked that the greatest need for the 13th Battalion as he saw



"To take your chance in the thick of a rush, with firing all about, is nothin' so bad when you've cover to 'and an' leave an' likin' to shout."—Kipling. A Reservist demonstrates the proper employment of cover.

it was for a centrally located armory where the entire battalion could function, instead of as at present, with each company widely separated, making administration and training more difficult.

Colonel Upshur expressed his satisfaction with facilities provided by city authorities in Inglewood and in Pasadena.

Sidelights from Los Angeles 13th Bn. By Stanley E. Blakely

Captain Thomas F. Raymond was recently promoted to that grade and has been transferred from D Company to battalion headquarters, taking over the Quartermaster billet from Captain Owen E. Jensen, who is assigned as company commander of B Company. Captain Jensen was with B Company as company officer and as commanding officer from 1931 to 1935, when he was assigned to duty with the Civilian Conservation Corps. B Company wishes Captain Jensen a long and successful cruise.

Captain Alan T. Hunt, FMCR, battalion adjutant, leaves for New York City with his family, having been called away by business affairs. Captain Hunt leaves the outfit with regret, which is mutually felt by every officer and man in the battalion. His fine record of service, his efficiency and his loyalty have been a source of satisfaction to all. Captain Hunt will leave on May 15 and his post will probably be taken over by 1st Lt. W. F. Whitaker, now company officer with A Company.

The following promotions and joinings are reported: Pvt. Victor Felber to Pfc., Pvs. Frank H. Greedy, Claude B. Moss, Harold W. Gorman, and Paul R. Downs, and Theodore Summers enlisted in B Company. Pvs. Robert G. Walsh, Harvey E. Humble and Fred S. Nintz enlisted in A Company. Pvs. Duane V. Anderson and LeRoy Walker enlisted in D Company.

SEA-GOING LOG USS Indianapolis

(Continued from page 32)

While in Hampton Roads, Platoon Sergeant Neville, deciding to become a civilian, went out on sixteen and was relieved by Platoon Sergeant Harmon L. Knight.

Following several weeks of gunnery drills, the ship returned to New York where preparations were made for a long cruise. The ship had been selected to take the President of the United States to the Pan-American Peace Conference at Buenos Aires, South America. Leaving New York again, we proceeded to Charleston, South Carolina. Here, the President, with his Aides, and his son James Roosevelt, Lieutenant Colonel, VMCR, came aboard the ship to begin the 6,400 mile journey to Buenos Aires to attend the opening of the Peace Conference.

Captain Blanchard being selected as Aide to the President, Lieutenant Ivey took command of the detachment.

The first stop on this trip was Port of Spain, Trinidad, an island of English possession off the north coast of South America. Port of Spain was similar to other cities we had visited in the tropics and as usual we returned to the ship laden with souvenirs and tropical beer. Leaving Port of Spain, the ship continued its journey south.

On the twenty-fourth of November, 1936, the ship again crossed the Equator, with Royal Shellbacks aboard properly taking care of all Pollywogs. At this time the ship and crew had the distinction and honor of initiating President Roosevelt, the first President of the United States to



THE ADVANCE THROUGH THE WOODS
Reserve Marines simulating Belleau Woods action of nineteen years ago this month.

Photo by Tager

cross the equator, into the Royal Order of the Deep.

On the 27th of November the ship arrived at Rio de Janeiro, Brazil. Entering the most beautiful harbor in the world, the men-of-war exchanged salutes honoring President Roosevelt and President Vargas of Brazil. Upon docking, 3,000 school children sang the "Star Spangled Banner" which they had memorized in English; hundreds of Brazilian soldiers presented arms to our President; and hundreds of voices were ardently ringing with cheers as President Roosevelt left the ship to visit the Brazilian city.

Visiting the beautiful city of Rio was a treat which will long be remembered. The resorts, beaches, and even the streets and sidewalks in mosaic design proved of beauty and interest.

After a short stay in Rio with everyone wishing we could stay for a longer time, we left for Buenos Aires.

While in Rio de Janeiro, Platoon Sergeant Knight was promoted to First Sergeant and his chevrons received the proper "wetting down."

The greeting received at Buenos Aires excelled even that we had received in Rio. As we entered the harbor, hundreds of boats, bedecked with flags and pennants, darted about as thousands of cheering people lined the docks.

Escorted by the ever hospitable Argentine people, we were taken on several sight-seeing tours of the "City of a Thousand Parks;" entertained at barbecues prepared in true Argentine style; and offered numerous means of enjoyment.

After presiding at the opening of the Pan American Peace Conference, President Roosevelt boarded the ship to return to the United States.

It was with great regret that we left this beautiful and hospitable city as we started the long journey homeward.

Stopping at Montevideo, Uruguay, for a few hours we had opportunity to visit another Latin American city.

After leaving Montevideo, the only stops other than Port of Spain, Trinidad for refueling were at Cape de Frio, Brazil, and the Avis Islands, where President Roosevelt and his party showed their ability as fishermen by bringing in large catches both times they went out.

December 15th we arrived at Charleston, S. C., where the President and his party disembarked to return to Washington.

First Sergeant Knight was transferred to Parris Island and Platoon Sergeant Joseph L. Bonville joined the ship.

Leaving Charleston the same morning, the ship headed for the west coast and "home" to many of us.

After transiting the Panama Canal and stopping during the day at Balboa, the ship headed north for Long Beach, California, arriving the day before Christmas.

Basing at Long Beach and San Clement, various gunnery drills were held during January and February of 1937.

It was at this time that the Marine whale boat crew claimed the honor of being the best in the Scouting Force by nosing out the speedy San Francisco crew and the excellent but overconfident Salt Lake City crew.

Leaving Long Beach, the ship next journeyed to San Francisco, where the detachment participated in the huge Washington's Day Parade.

Again returning to Long Beach for continued gunnery drills and firings, the ship was found to have a loose plate which resulted in a leak.

Leaving the fleet again, the ship went to the Puget Sound Navy Yard, Bremerton, Washington, where repairs were made.

Staying at Bremerton only a few days, the ship again returned to Long Beach where after eleven months, Commander Scouting Force again made the Indianapolis his Flagship.

In June, Lieutenant Ivey is going to Quantico for duty with the FMF, and Captain Blanchard is to be detached.

Speaking for the entire detachment, it is with regret that we see these officers leave, and each and every one of us wish them success at their new stations and duties.

USS WYOMING

(Continued from page 34)

the dust refiltered into the eyes and ears and mouths of those same All Hands as the sides were prepared for the annual coats of paint. After that the chipping hammers took up their pleasant rattle in every part of the ship, and yard work-

men asked directions to places never heard of before, four weeks of it.

You should have seen the dog and the cat that posted themselves one on each side of the gangway. The cat was once—I really believe—a symphony in black and white, but somewhere along the way it had become just a dirty cat. The dog completely ignored the cat. Something else had him down, he was always scratching himself somewhere or other, and he always looked tired. The short legs bowed out, parenthesis, the head and tail looked like a Beagle lived in the neighborhood, the long, low body put him in the Dachshund class, but the color spoiled it all, he was splotted with tan, brown, black, white, and mixtures of the various paints they use in a navy yard. And he was very appreciative. I rubbed the back of his ear one day, after that he wagged his tail for me every time we met.

On 30 April the full guard rendered honors at the visit to the *Wyoming*, and to the Yard, of the Assistant Secretary of Navy Thomas A. Edison, Jr.

Recently, as Sunday dinner guests, we had two very fair young ladies. One of them came all the way from Illinois to see her dear and likeable brother, Pfc. Kenneth J. Holmberg. From the delightful comments and the enthusiastic questions I am convinced that we Marines are really envied, and that we don't half appreciate the experiences and the advantages that are ours. I hope their visit was as pleasant to them as to us.

It is rumored that a certain set of charming twin sisters are receiving a good bit of attention from one of our boys.

Our company clerk, Corporal Harold P. Kincaid, has orders reading to the effect that in the first part of June he is to report for duty, after a thirty-day furlough transfer, to the Marine Barracks, Washington, D. C. We will all miss the pleasantries of our Blue Ridge Jawa Boy. Good luck, Kincaid, and expect callers whenever we get near Washington.

Sergeant Thomas B. Riddick goes to the Marine Barracks, Norfolk Navy Yard, to complete his enlistment. The great outside calls and Thomas lends an attentive ear. Good luck, Tommy.

Sgt. Monlezun, Cpl. Dodson, and myself have been scheduled for two months to go "next week" to the hospital to have some tonsils taken from us. Next week came and we go tomorrow.

The summer midshipmen's cruise promises to be another interesting and memorable trip. We leave Annapolis 4 June to go to Kiel, Germany. Our next contribution will tell you how or why the German brewmasters have become famous. From Germany to Athens, Greece, where we will have two days to review our ancient history. The third port on the schedule is Livorno, Italy. Along with an opportunity to delve into the glories of the ancient empires, we will perhaps have occasion to taste of the fruits of the vineyards that have flourished down through the ages.

USS CHARLESTON

(Continued from page 32)

interesting places in the city. As usual, the men were interested in purchasing something to take back to the states. The natives certainly did everything in their power to soak the men. Prices rose by the mere presence of a man in the uniform of the U. S.

Gloves, cameos, sea shells adapted for use as lamps, and pieces of lava from the

Mount. Corporal Morris, our sea-sick NCO, bought himself a pair of riding boots. Where is the horse, Morris? Perhaps he thinks that he might be able to get his sealegs in the boots.

It was noticed by the writer that a number of the men bought perfumes from the representative that came aboard ship. It is understandable when married men such as Corporal Hamilton, "The Mad Corporal;" Pvt. Cope, our newlywed communication orderly, buy the stuff, but what would the single men be doing with the stuff? The writer is not speaking to Pfc. Lester, Lester refused flatly to introduce the young school girl he was seen with. Its come to a pretty pass when bald-headed men keep company with school girls.

Naples was even more military than Trieste. It was honor guards for this admiral or that general every time you turned around. The men complained of having to salute so much that they could not bend their elbows at the bars. It was not without a feeling of relief that we left Naples and steamed west for San Juan, Porto Rico.

San Juan was a hit with the men. Rum-cokes were very inexpensive and easy to take. The officials of the city were very kind and sponsored sightseeing trips for the men. The trip included a free cocktail at the famous Don Q distillery and free beer at another place. There were two trips and some 120 men took advantage of it each time. The men had swimming parties and a softball game with the Coast Guard. Sergeant Rogers pitched for the ship's team. We won the game. Softball was not all that our worthy sergeant pitched. He was caught by the writer pitching cool rum-cokes down the hatch.

Guantanamo Bay gave the members of the detachment opportunity to renew old acquaintances and indulge in a few bottles of beer at the beer garden. However, no one seemed too disappointed to leave for Charleston.

At last the radio towers of the Charleston Navy Yard were sighted. The dock was crowded with wives, sweethearts and friends. It certainly felt good to return to the good old "Estados Unidos." Pvt. Cope lost no time in making the dock to greet the Mrs. Love must be grand!!! Corporal Hamilton was seen dashing about the ship with a request slip for a standby over the forty-eight. These married men are a problem.

It is with regret that we announce the detachment of 2nd Lt. John W. Stage and Acting First Sergeant Milton B. Rogers. 2nd Lt. Stage was transferred to temporary duty at the Marine Barracks, Charleston. He is to be further transferred to Pensacola, Fla., where he will begin a one-year course in flying. Rogers was transferred to Quantico, Va. Both 2nd Lt. Stage and Sergeant Rogers were instrumental in making the duties of the men in the detachment as light and pleasant as possible. The entire command wishes them best of luck and happy landings.

2nd Lt. Charles F. Duchain came to us from the Marine Barracks, Navy Yard, Charleston. We sincerely hope that he

will enjoy his duty as detachment commander. No relief for Sergeant Rogers has been assigned as yet.

Pvt. Daigle is doing a splendid job as mess cook. Pvt. Dupree is out of the laundry and back to straight line duty. Pfc. Lester is the company clown. How's about a little special liberty Les???? Dopson, the ship's barber, is open for business now that the ship is in port. Dopson does not trust himself with the clippers when the ship is pitching and rolling about. Assistant Cook Guedon has the galley well in hand. Stick with it Guedon.

Drydock and general overhauling is in order. It is rumored about the ship that we will be here till September.

Hoping that this article has not bored you too much, we close until next month. Happy Landings.

DETACHMENTS Jamok Pot, Charleston (Continued from page 20)

deep center field and was squeezed home a few minutes later. The game was a pitchers' duel all the way through and could have been won by either team with hits bunched at the proper time.

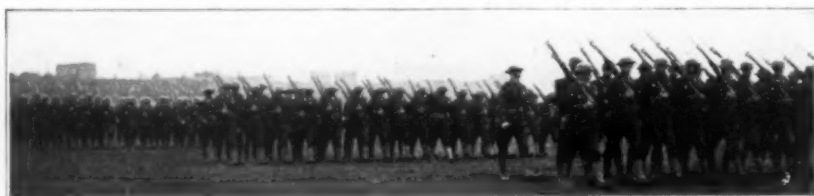
We are still holding our semi-monthly Enlisted Men's Dances and everyone has a good time, including many civilians from Charleston and Navy Yard workmen, who have been attending our dances for a number of years.

On the 5th May we transferred Sergeant J. J. Locke to the Marine Barracks, New York, N. Y., Sergeant Milton B. Rogers, of the USS *Charleston*, to the Marine Barracks, Quantico, Va., where he will try his luck at the Eastern Division Matches; Corporal G. F. Frazier to the Marine Barracks, Quantico, Va., for duty, and Private Joseph P. Davis to the Marine Barracks, Naval Mine Dept, Yorktown, Va., for duty.

Chief Marine Gunner John F. Evans was also detached on 1 May to the Marine Barracks, Naval Mine Depot, Yorktown, Va., for duty.

Now that summer is just around the corner I expect that we will soon have many fishing parties going out from the barracks trying to catch the finny denizens of the deep. At least I hope we can catch some. I have been trying the fishing around here for one and one-half years and so far my luck has been none too good.

It is gratifying to see *THE LEATHERNECK* enlarging to the proportions to which it has. This writer can remember when it was a young struggling magazine of a few pages and through the efforts of the staff of *THE LEATHERNECK* it has come to be a widely known publication. Many of the Marines even subscribe for copies to send to their families. Through the pages of *THE LEATHERNECK* we are able to keep track of old buddies and friends whom we have not seen for years. In every issue there is some story dealing with life of the Marines and there are many interesting items from the Post and Stations that give every man a close



THE LEATHERNECK

touch with the rest of the Corps (The Editor says "Thanks").

Now that I have gathered this little bit of information together I will go back to work on the old daily grind. Best of luck to the rest of the Corps and wish you could be in this post with us.

PHILADELPHIA RECEIVING STATION

(Continued from page 21)

been religiously snapping in on the parade ground and in the .22 caliber range for the past two weeks, under the instruction of our Sergeant James E. Farrell. They report to the Rifle Range, at Cape May, on May 1st and the whole detail swears that they'll be back May 15th, with every man "in the money." Good luck to you all! We are relying upon you to set a high standard for the outfit at Cape May.

Our Captain Muri Corbett, U. S. Marine Corps, was admitted to the Naval Hospital here on May 3rd, for treatment for neuritis and the after effects of a war-time wound in his right hip. We hope the local medics will soon be able to give our Skipper the relief he needs and return him to duty with the outfit. Meantime Platoon-Sergeant Edward George, our acting 1st Sergeant, is now carrying on as N.C.O., in charge of the Detachment during Captain Corbett's absence.

Our well meaning company clerk, Private First Class Harry M. Wheeler, took ten days' leave last month in Washington and succumbed to the lure of the Japanese Cherry Blossoms to the extent of getting married while on leave. Congratulations are in order of course, though we are afraid this means the Good Ship U.S.S. Outside for Wheeler next cruise. However, good luck, Wheeler, and may all your troubles be little ones.

And now for those breezy notes from our Fire Department Detail which are submitted monthly by Private Harry W. Roller.

According to Roller, the Fire Department welcomes daylight saving time, and spring in all its glory, but is wondering what precautions will be taken to close the immigration laws on those hungry Jersey mosquitoes who invade this area with the coming of spring.

"Smart Money" Baer, "Hot Tip" Klam and "Rambling-Gambling" Burleson can always be spotted in a huddle these days figuring out what might have been "had I played my hunch."

Our "Gigolo" Del Prato spends his time between liberties in the horizontal position, while "Chesty" West is continuously checking off the day until July 20th, 1937, when he will be out looking for a job. We'd like to bet that "Chesty" will be starting to check off his 1,460 days of the next cruise before the summer is out. It is a cold world outside, "Chesty," in spite of the New Deal.

Rumors persist about the Fire Department that a couple of our fire-fighters are contemplating following in our company clerk's footsteps upon the matrimonial stage in the near future. Better postpone it fellers until the end of your cruise in this outfit. It takes a mighty clever little lady to make twenty-one (21) bucks support two people for a month. And you better not let the Skipper hear about your plans or you will be in for a good bawling out.

Our new mascot, a short haired, white

HEAD MEN & INDIAN HEAD

Roscoe Swinson
Mess Sergeant

MENU 1

FRESH MILK & COFFEE
FRESH FRUIT
FRESH EGGS, ANY STYLE
HAM & BACON
GRAPE NUTS
HOT BISQUITS
COWS BUTTER
BEANS, BAKED

SWEET POTATOS
JACK-ON
STRING BEANS
CREAMED PEAS
SPINACH, WITHOUT SAMP
SIRLOIN STEAK WITH
DRESSING
BUTTER
CELERY HEARTS
FRUIT SALAD
MINCE PIE ALANYDE

MASHED POTATOS
LIMA BEANS
CORN ON COB
BILED CABBAGE
PORK CHOPS
CORN DRESSING STICKS
BUTTER
JAM
DRESSING
TEAR COFFEE
CUSTARD FODDING
CAKE

NIGHT NATIONS
HAM SANDWICHES
COFFEE OR TEA
DOUGHNUTS & CAKE

FRIDAYS
BR.—FRIED KIPPERS
DIN.—CATFISH
SU.—SARDINES

†—AS WE WOULD HAVE IT

I WISH I COULD GET
AWAY WITH WHAT
THEY THINK I
DO



WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
WHO'S AFRAID OF THE
BAD BOB SPAY?
WE ALL HAVE A FEW NAKES
COCK ROACH
CHICKS



MAYBE HE'LL EASE
UP AFTER "A" AND "I"
MESS COOKS
HUSTONS
ROANES

HUMMMMM, 20 CHICKENS
MINUS 8 LEAVES 12.
I GUESS WE'LL HAVE
CHICKEN A LA KING
INSTEAD OF FRIED.



ANY GROWLS ABOUT THE
CHOW WE'RE PUTTIN'
OUT?



dog named Lady has won her way into the hearts of all our fire-eaters. She religiously inspects each man as he returns from "shore side" and if you don't belong at the fire house, she soon tells you about it. She is a real fire fighter and has no use for a rifle whatever. In fact, we have to lock her up to keep her from protesting when the Skipper inspects our outfit at troop.

Those Gyrenes at the Barracks here in the Yard have put on some good dances during the winter at Building 29 and the last one was held April 23, 1937. All hands enjoyed them a lot even our Chevrolet fire engine crew which stood the fire watches on the Building during the dances.

Our Fire Chief "Jake" Weiss is now strutting his stuff in a new "37" Dodge and Private Rice is still talking about his Ford, which as yet has not put in an appearance.

Our N.C.O. in Charge, Corporal John P. Eckert, has been in the Naval Hospital for the past ten days suffering from boils, but hopes to rejoin us early in May. Meantime Corporal Milton L. Burleson has been effectively in charge and fought all the fires there was to fight.

All hands welcome Privates Edward

Karas, Elbert R. West, Robert E. Sturm and James W. Proctor, who have joined our detail since our last report. Proctor is an old timer here, and our Fire Chief Mr. J. J. Weiss promises to make efficient fire fighters of the other three in short order. That's all for this time. We'll be seeing you next month if the Jersey mosquitoes don't get us!

INDIAN HEAD

(Continued from page 21)

for the matches. Good luck, fellows.

Last month good luck was wished to Haynes and Hueston for the endurance of their car but it is doubted that anyone saw a printed copy of last month's LEATHERNECK before the hack was wrecked. That isn't meant to cast a wet blanket on the hopes of the men we so want to score well.

Fowler seems to be hitting it off rather well with a certain blonde that heretofore hasn't been so friendly with Marines.

Pvt. Stoker cornered his girl-friend at the last Marine dance where she very earnestly said, "You're not so hot, big-boy, but you'll do."

Mess Sgt. Swinson was in Washington the whole time of the A.I. inspection, the lucky dog.

By-the-way, we have with us a little mascot of suspicious Collie lineage that is a never-ending source of fun and an occasional source of worry. It is about two months old, likes chewing ears, hands, paper or what-have you. It is khaki brown and white in color and as yet hasn't been definitely named.

As a parting word: Don't forget to look for the Indian Head Sports news.

HINGHAM SALVOS

(Continued from page 29)

most "dippy" sons of old Erin?

If Whaley is a solicitor of fine perfumes? Phew!

If Gerrior will ever retain those lily white hands after his sojourn in the galley.

Why every one is so contented and happy?

Why Holt stays in every night?

Guess that this commentator has about said his say for the good old cause of Hingham. I must retain some thoughts or incidents for a future column, lest there be none due to the lack of material. Therefore, we make a motion to adjourn until next time when we hope to be able to present a bigger and better column of events which should be of interest to all Hinghamers or otherwise, alike. Yours for a happy landing and a rekindled memory of dear old Hingham.

PARRIS ISLAND

(Continued from page 30)

for the satisfaction derived from doing a job well. We hope that we serve with some or all of them again, and if we do, we hope they will be wearing more stripes.

CONGRATULATIONS

The following named men were accepted for enlistment in the U. S. Marine Corps during the month of April, 1937, and assigned to Recruit Depot at Parris Island for training:

ASBURY, Kenneth B.
BAILEY, Thomas W.
BALTIER, Richard R.
BUCK, Bennie J.
BUSH, "A" "C"
CATE, Millard N.
DOMBROWSKI, Thaddeus L.
ECHOLS, George B., Jr.
FREDERICO, Louis R.
GREENLAW, George A.
HESS, Troy L.
HUTCHINSON, Willard P.
JOHNSON, Harold J.
KALBRON, John
McCARTHY, Timothy J.
McQUAIG, John A.
NELSON, Wade L.
PETTY, Monroe E.
ROSS, Frank P., Jr.
SAVAGE, Otis
TEMMELE, Alfred F.
WHITE, Francis J.
ATKINS, Clyde S.
BALLOU, Carlos
BLEVINS, Robert
BURNETTE, Willie N.
BUTLER, Francis J.
DILLOW, Clifford K.
DRADY, David L.
FRIEDING, John W.
FREITAG, George R.
GUILANO, Giuseppe, Jr.
HOFFMAN, John C.
JASONIS, Joseph J.
JONES, Carl W.
KARRICK, James G.
McLAUGHLIN, John J.
MEAGAN, John J., Jr.
RAGAN, Glenn E.
RAMOS, Laverne P.
ROY, Merle F.
SCHNAITMAN, Christian O.
WESTBROOK, Charles E.
AUGUSTYN, Anthony A.
BAGDANOVICZ, Victor S.
BENJAMIN, Albert P.
BUONOPANE, Nicholas
CORSO, Frank
CRUZ, John A.
DALLAIRE, Reginald A.
DOAN, Harold A.
GOLDSTEIN, Irving J.
GREENE, Stanton W.

HORNE, Harold A.
JONES, Percy F.
JONES, Russell F.
KILBURN, Earl E.
LOTZ, William W.
MAGUIRE, Joseph T.
MANGIACAPRA, Edward
McBEE, Duard
McDOWELL, Samuel J., Jr.
MOLINARI, Louis J.
MONAHAN, John J.
PAYNE, James W.
PFEIFFER, Charles F.
PONGONIS, Anthony
ROBINSON, Cyrus T.
ROSE, James S.
SCHWEERS, Edwin
BALL, George J.
BUCKINS, Willard "H".
BUSH, Thayer L.
CRAVE, Peter H.
DA BOLT, Norman W.
FLECK, Edgar S.
DYE, Harold L.
GRAHAM, James J., Jr.
HARPER, Esmond E.
HUPPERT, Henry C.
JONES, Richard D.
KENNEDY, Oliver S.
LIVINGSTON, Julius B.
MacDONALD, Wilbur L.
MAITLAND, Russell W.
MARTIN, James F., Jr.
McCARTHY, Thomas V., Jr.
MICELI, Frank
MONACO, Joseph O.
OLIVITZ, Victor J.
PELLETIER, George J.
PONGONIS, Albert
ROBERTS, Hinton G.
RODNEY, James E.
SERRA, Miguel
SMITH, Clyde D.
SOPRENUK, Theodore
THAMES, Henry W.
WRIGLEY, Thomas F.
STRICKLAND, Guss P.
TRUAX, James W.
YOUNG, Herbert E.
BROWN, Frederic B. Q.

QUANTICO NEWS Company D

(Continued from page 27)

coming maneuvers, Lieutenant Larson is preparing for his examination for promotion which will take place in a few days, and is also taking charge of the First Marine Brigade competitors for the rifle matches which will start on May 10th; Lieutenant Dickey is also studying for his promotion examination, after which he hopes for a few weeks' leave and his orders to the Army Signal School. The majority of the enlisted personnel of the company are on the rifle range hoping to ring up even better scores than they did last year.

Some of our younger men, who joined the company last year, now believe that Marine Recruiters are truthful after all when they say JOIN THE MARINE CORPS AND SEE THE WORLD for, men of our company have, during the past few months visited and served on the East Coast, West Coast, Haiti, Panama and Mexico. Others have availed themselves of the opportunity to transfer to China and other posts on the Asiatic Station and thereby see places and people that the majority of those in civil life will never have the opportunity nor the wherewithal to visit.

BATTERY A

(Continued from page 28)

wave after wave of the Union Forces, which he ordered to charge up the hill, through the Crater, and on to Petersburg. The Yanks got as far as the Crater which was left by the explosion; and here they were halted, and later routed, by the "Rebels" under General Mohone. This was the last major victory of the South during the war.

Again, as at Manassas, the Marines took the part of the North, and the cadets of

the V. M. I.—together with the Virginia National Guard—took the part of the South. The first wave to charge up the hill was the 48th Pennsylvanians, which was represented by the artillery. After completing this charge we went around and came up again as Ferrero's Negro Division. The crowd of fifty thousand spectators inspired an A-1 performance from each Marine. The shooting, shouting, fighting and dying was done in an artistic manner, giving the onlookers the thrill they were hoping to receive, while watching the re-enactment.

The signs "Marines and Cadets Ride with Me" sported by many automobiles, and the welcome extended by the citizens proved that the famous southern hospitality is still a part of the State of Virginia. Two dances were held in the City of Petersburg for the Marines, and were well attended. The free showers and swimming pool of the YMCA were taken advantage of by many of the Gyrenes.

That which was most appreciated by most of the Marines was the easy friendliness of the gorgeous creatures that compose the fairer sex in the City of Petersburg. Many romances are reported to have budded, and no doubt Petersburg will become a well known "Liberty" in the future.

The "Battle of the Crater" took the Marines away from Quantico for five days. "Fate," "Lady Luck," or what have you, decided that these days be devoted to the rain which fell all most constantly. Running water was in every tent, and in some, a sizable bathing pool was provided. The remaining days of the month have been spent in Quantico, where the warm spring sunshine has brought forth the tennis and hand ball enthusiasts in large numbers. Tennis is the thing in A Battery these days. All the rackets of the Battalion Recreation Department have been checked out by members of this organization, and the sport is now running a close second to Sgt. O'Connors' "Police Call" in popularity judged by the number of participants.

Upon our return from Warm Springs, Georgia, we found that the "Short Timer," Cpl. M. I. McBride, had shipped over despite the fact that up to the last minute he vowed that this would not happen. Good luck and the best of everything to you on your second cruise, "Bloodhound!" This brings the odds to about three to one that Cpl. J. E. Britton will do the same when those "Seventeen more linen changes" have dwindled to about one or two.

Yes, it happened! Battery A got some promotions allotted to them! Cpls. Smith and Monteith are no more. Congratulations, Sergeants! Also to the new Pfc's Gents and Bell we say "Nice work," gents, and may you wear them well, Yow Sah!

Well, Deah Pippie, I can no longer stand seeing my equipment in the deplorable condition it is in, so will cease this prattle and turn to. So, from the Cannoneers of Battery A, until next month rolls around, we bid you "Hand Out."

BROWN FIELD BULLETINS

(Continued from page 29)

life, and will reside at 1647 Orchard St., Chicago, Ill.

When selecting men for specific duties, sometimes it is well to pick out men for the job, rather than the job for the men. The reason for this is that often by checking over the accomplishments of the men, there is always a certain one outstanding

that is admirably suited for the particular duty to be performed.

Who would be the best selection to represent Aircraft One's Chemical Warfare detail and given the title of Gas NCO? Perhaps, the thought would come to mind that the best qualified men are those in the Ordnance Section. "Louie" Bourne? Well, poor "Louie" was passed up even though his gaasing ability ranks rather high. Believe it or not, the title of Gas NCO was awarded to none other than Staff Sergeant "Herbie" Cooper, the highly gifted and the best known gas man on the East Coast. We omitted to mention the West Coast, because it was rumored that "Herbie," while on Maneuvers, not only met his equal there but as a matter of fact his superior.

Master Technical Sergeant John C. Turner and his road builders did a great job of widening the concrete road so that trucks might be able to pass each other. Two feet doesn't look like much extra width but it helps. The whole construction gang worked overtime to have the work finished ahead of schedule.

On April ninth, twenty promotions were authorized by the Major General Commandant. Corporals Elbert H. Arndt, Jesse F. Cox, Andrew L. Heaton, Charles W. Hewitt, Alvin H. Kettlebar, were promoted to the rank of sergeant. Maybe the stiff neck obtained by Sergeant Cox from reading would help us all. Privates First Class Sidney G. Coats, Joseph W. Holup, Carl E. Owensby, Harley C. Powell, Wade H. Roach and William K. Vance were promoted to corporals. Privates promoted to the rank of Privates First Class were: Paul E. Anderson, Frank C. Buchner, Jr., Jerry J. Chudej, Leander E. Dorey, Lewis R. Dominici, Oscar E. Hurst, Edward H. Johnson, Fred Minden, and David L. Warady.

First Lieutenant Martin A. Severson, USMCR, who joined us recently, was detached on the 10th of April to VO-9M, FMF, Charlotte Amalie, St. Thomas, V. I.

Private James P. Martin, of the radio section, was paid off on the 10th of April and will make his future home at Yellow-pine, Texas.

Private Robert B. Dowdy, who recently completed the parachute course at Lakehurst, N. J., joined us on the 14th of April and was assigned to the parachute department. Dowdy states that one jump at that time was sufficient for him. Anyway he brought back the rip cord.

After spending a year and a half in the tropical sun Corporal Donald E. Martin joined the radio section from VO-9M, FMF, Charlotte Amalie, St. Thomas, V. I.

First Sergeant Frank Martz left for St. Thomas on the 20th of April to relieve First Sergeant Garrie as the acting Sergeant Major of VO Squadron 9M.

First Sergeant Garrie joined us on the 21st of April, a bit ahead of time, and was assigned to relieve First Sergeant Hartkopf, who was transferred to his old Headquarters outfit.

On the 26th of April Quartermaster Sergeant James W. Tenny was transferred to VO-9M, FMF, Charlotte Amalie, St. Thomas, V. I., for relief of QM-Sgt. Hale, who is retiring after completing twenty years of service in the Marine Corps.

Corporal Clyde J. Rush, Privates First Class Virgil B. Martin, Fred Minden and Roy H. Bley were transferred on the 26th of April to the Marine Barracks, Naval Air Station, Pensacola, Fla., to attend this year's flight class. We all wish the boys good luck.

The Aviation Baseball team opened their season with a bang against the Quantic



SO MUCH MORE FLAVOR WHEN YOU SAY—PABST

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Indians who, after a hard fought, scalp-curling battle, went down in defeat to the score of 8 to 5. Corporal Rhea pitched a fine game and the whole team showed such good form that it is expected to surpass the results attained last year.

Corporal Henry C. Keiser was paid off on the 20th of April and will make his future home in Lykens, Pa.

On the first of May Private First Class Pope S. Barton and Private Teddy C. Neach were discharged after completing a four year cruise in the Corps. Barton's future home will be at Westminster, N. C. Neach will reside at 2814 13th St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

Private First Class Buchner is still haunting the sick quarters despite his valiant efforts to return to duty. The fact that we could employ his services most

readily at this time prompts us to wish him a speedy return to duty.

Corporals Cleo S. Bower and Louis S. Juillerat joined us by Staff Returns on the 3rd of May. Both have just completed the flight training course at the Naval Air Station, Pensacola, Fla., and have been added to the list of Naval Aviation Pilots. The boys are now enjoying a thirty day furlough after their intensive training.

Staff Sergeant George T. Perschau returned from the Ordnance School at Rantoul, Illinois, on the 19th of April. He led the class during the entire course and upon graduation was number one in a class which included the best that the Army and National Guard selected for the Armorer's course. George stated that to be number one, he had to study very hard and if his thinness means anything, we can well believe his story. He can be complimented on the fact that George maintained the Marine Corps spirit alive while there, for all Marines in recent years who were selected to take this course have stood number one in their classes.

BUY ADVERTISED PRODUCTS AT YOUR POST EXCHANGE

VB Squadron 6M left for Parris Island on the 1st of May for gunnery practice. VF Squadron 9M returned from Parris Island on the 4th of May after a month of intensive gunnery. All of the men enjoyed the trip to the island and from the conversation one might think they would like to remain there. But the sand fleas are just organizing and by the time the men of VB Squadron 6M have returned the conversation will probably be reversed.

Norman J. Anderson, Harry F. Baker, Fred R. Emerson, and James L. Mueller, all Aviation Cadets, joined us on the 4th of May from the Naval Air Station, Pensacola, Fla., where they have just completed the flight training course.

Private First Class Dow has experienced some difficulty in the pursuance of his duties. It seems the handling of money orders and the large sums of money relative to that work had him so flustered he short changed himself to the extent of fifteen dollars. The matter has adjusted itself by now but I fear we are going to need more than verbal persuasion to restore him to his former confidence.

Private Anthony M. Marinelli, from Washington, D. C., was transferred to the Quartermaster School, Navy Yard, Philadelphia, Pa., on the 24th of April.

With boating season well under way, several of our boys have become ki-yak minded. We have yet to decide whether or not the safety aspects of this sport permit its indulgence. Having survived the model airplane craze and found it interesting, we venture to say the ki-yaking may prove likewise.

The replacements for personnel at St. Thomas were transferred on the 5th of May to New York, where they will go aboard the SS. *Coamo*, sailing from New York on the 6th, for St. Thomas. Twenty-seven men comprised the detail and among those leaving for this tropical duty were: Technical Sergeants George H. Smith, Eugene J. Fitzsimmons, Donald R. Campbell; Staff Sergeant Arthur H. Bourne and Sergeants Z. J. Brown, and H. R. "Bean" Arner. Most of the men selected for this foreign duty were glad to do a bit of travelling. Some of the old timers prefer the sunny climate of the lazy tropics and were quite happy in being selected. We wish all the boys a pleasant voyage.

WEST COAST NEWS Co. D., 1st Bn., 6th Marines

(Continued from page 37)

wheres within twenty miles of the Butts. Not being used to the thousand yard range he did not shoot in the Western Division Matches this year, but next year we expect big things of this Private.

D Company supplied a detail to pull targets for the Western Division Matches and from the reports, Private "Peach-allee" Vallee saw to it there was never a dull moment. Private Jago did his part, too, with that Scotch brogue of his. Sgt. "Duke" Duveen, king of the champeens' only alibi this year, was "Too Much Ocean Beach," but of course, that is enough.

Captain Francis Loomis, commander of this company, recently accepted his permanent commission as captain.

D Company rang the bell this month with new additions until the ringer was just about worn out. The following good men tried and true are the newly joined. Pfc. Elmer Smith off the USS *Ranger*, John Roe from the Base Casual Company, Pfc. Floyd Woodard off the USS *Houston*, Pfc. Arnold Marquardt off the USS *Portland*, Pvt. Alvan John from the USS *Tus-*

caloosa, Pvt. Walter Steele off the USS *Arizona*, Pvt. John Koller off the USS *Maryland*, Edward Martin off the same ship. The rest of the men are the following from Base Hdqs. Company: Howard Davis, John Hass, and Jabe A. Hill.

That takes in about all the news for the month. In closing let me repeat a conversation overheard in a street car. One fellow was telling the motorman that he never was drunk very much, because the only time he ever imbibed was when he was by himself or when he was with somebody, reminds me of a couple of Marines I know. Well, well and well, a little last minute dope has found its way onto the page, Charlie Brough is reported happily married. Kiss the bride for me, Charlie.

Cpl. Bill (G-Man) Bates will be taking a transfer to Recruit Depot in the capacity of a Drill Instructor. Take care of yourself, Willie!

BASE SERVICE BN.

(Continued from page 33)

as having approved of him. Bonus spends much of his spare time drinking coffee.

Major John A. Gray, our Executive Officer, and Officer in Charge of Motion Pictures, is now on leave, awaiting orders for retirement. I feel sure that every member of the Battalion wishes the Major a pleasant time while on leave, and a long life of happiness after his retirement.

Major E. O. Ames is now Base Adjutant. Lieutenant Colonel John L. Doxey has resumed his former duties as commanding officer of this battalion.

Captain George D. Hamilton has relieved Captain Augustus T. Lewis as Post Exchange Officer.

It is noted with satisfaction that several of our bandsmen have received recognition. Technical Sergeants Olaguez, Isaacson and Giffin have been promoted to the rank of Master Technical Sergeant, and several of the hard-working under-dogs have been placed on the list for Technical Sergeant.

It all goes to prove that if a bandsman blows long enough, hard enough, and well enough on the right instrument he will eventually climb the ladder of success.

Lawrence S. Anderson, star com clerk at Base Headquarters, has recently been promoted to the rank of Corporal.

Berry Perry, another of the drudges at Base Headquarters, received his sergeant's warrant recently. Both of these men are highly deserving, and we are glad to see them promoted.

Corporal John R. (Windy) Wilkinson, despatcher in the Base Garage, has about six more months to serve on a one-year extension of enlistment. It has been rumored that Wilkinson is contemplating another extension of two years because he is afraid to receive his discharge—he doesn't want to take a chance on something happening to him between the time he is discharged and the next day when he ships over. Wilkinson, however, vehemently denies all these rumors. Private opinion is that Wilkinson will be present at the mess table on May Day next year.

BATTERY D

(Continued from page 39)

have Pvt. Moore—his dad owns a sheep ranch in Montana and can he shoot—ask him.

No hard feelings, men, the scribe is only trying to do his best, as you all enjoy reading *THE LEATHERNECK*.

Sgt. Tennant, our ex-police Sergeant, has held up his right hand again for four

more years. We like to have you with us Irish and may this cruise be a happy one.

Who is the Sergeant that bought the electric cuckoo clock thinking it would get cold enough in the land of liquid sunshine and orange blossoms for that particular bird to disembark from that haven of refuge and head south to old Romantic Mexico? Keep it chained, Sgt. Frost, it is better safe than sorry.

Who is the Sergeant that old man winter had isolated to the barracks and at the first sign of spring with its budding of cactus and sea weeds, grease wood, eucalyptus and broom sage, and the howling of coyotes and singing birds, donned his bathing suit that had been stowed away in crystallized and camphored moth balls and was seen in the company of several of the fair sex at the beach resorts on several occasions (We wonder)?

Why the supply of motor oil, Cpl. Pearson? Being that we have reached the danger zone and ammunition exhausted, the command is, "Cease firing, end of problem."

GRIST FROM THE 2D BN.

(Continued from page 37)

We know that all his friends throughout the Corps will join with the Sixth Marines in saying, "Nice going, Earl."

Athletics broke into headlines in the battalion as basketball championships, smokers, and baseball occupied the limelight. Company G kept its record untarnished to win the play-offs of the inter-company casaba league. They clearly demonstrated their superiority over every team in the Base to win with a fine record. Ward, Stevens, Burkhalter, Sapp, O'Connell, Tobey, and Maniatis deserve a big hand for their sportsmanship and ability in securing this trophy. Also a big orchid is due 1st Sgt. Smith for his handling and coaching, which played no small part in the triumph.

Although this battalion was soundly trounced by the First Battalion in the first smoker of the season, the fighters displayed a lot of that thing called intestinal fortitude and were beaten only by experience. Johnny Hill is doing good work in training the men in the Queenberry art and they will improve as the series of smokers progresses.

Battalion baseball is just around the corner, but things are too unsettled at present to give any dope on the team. Try-outs are still taking place and we are waiting for a coach to iron out the rough spots. And so, until this time next month, adios.

NOTES FROM 84

(Continued from page 41)

Pfc. "Pop" Byxhe was transferred to Sea School, San Diego. Corporal Max M. Stamps held up his hand for four more years and was transferred to St. Juliens Creek, Portsmouth, Va. Pfc. Almay and Privates Warren, Van Hoose, and Townsend are now on the cold, cruel outside. Pfc. Manzerol and Muesing returned to the island after participating in the Western Division Rifle and Pistol Competitions at San Diego. Their alibis as to why and how they never got one of those medals are very interesting.

"Rider-of-money" W. W. Walker is looking much better since he quit going on liberty. Pvt. Isadore Isaac Wolberg is still holding down his job on the trash truck. I never saw "Izzy" look

mad until last night when his girl friend walked into the theatre with a sailor.
Adios, amigos.

CHINA STATION

(Continued from page 25)

until his money was gone except for one lonely dollar. She asked him for one drink and so he ordered it. When the boy brought it and Moore handed him the dollar, the sweet thing said, "Boy, keep the change; this Marine can walk home." And Moore walked home.

The prize boner of all time was pulled recently. Our chief mechanic, Pfc. "Bat" Peeples, ably assisted by Sgt. Louis Mazzei and Pfc. Irving Pauly, who have since gone home, assembled a Model "A" Ford differential, and put it in the stock room for emergency. After Mazzei and Pauly had left these fair shores, the emergency happened. Peeples needed that differential, and upon installation, he decided he would give it a test run himself. But he found that he had three speeds reverse and one speed forward. Was his face red? If Mazzei and Pauly see this, imagine poor Bat's consternation when he found that he was left alone with his shame. It seemed to be one of those vehicles where you can take your time going but be sure and hurry back.

FOURTH MARINES' MORALE AND RECREATIONAL ACTIVITIES

Fourth Marines' Church

The Fourth Marines' Church continues to draw capacity congregations every Sunday morning. A serious setback came when the Grand Theatre began showing Sunday morning movies, but the Cathay Theatre was secured, and is now crowded for every service. Under the direction of Bandmaster Leon Freda, the band has been moulded into a first class musical organization, difficult operas being played by them in the weekly concerts "With the Greatest of Ease." Every nationality in Shanghai is represented at the services and concerts, recent concert guests representing the following nationalities: British, French, Russian, Japanese, Chinese, Polish, Filipino, Czech-Slovakian, Italian, and American. The church now occupies a foremost place in the city's religious and cultural life.

The Regimental Forum

The Forum continues to furnish the regiment's personnel with outstanding speakers on various phases of China life. Recent speakers have included Dr. C. Y. Wu, of the National Quarantine Service; Mrs. Anne K. Sun, Professor at Great China University; Dr. Y. Y. Tsu, Professor of Sociology at St. John's University, and Professor Victor Hanson, of the University of Shanghai.

Recreational Activities

With the coming of spring, sightseeing has been the order of the day, with many trips being taken in and about Shanghai. Visits have been made to the native Chinese city, out to Lungwha Pagoda, Kaiting, and all-day trips on several occasions to Soochow and Hangchow.

Trips are now being planned for the summer season, by train to Peiping and (an innovation) bus trips to Hangchow, Soochow, Mokanshan and Lake Wusih.

Two regimental dances have been held in the past six months at the famous old Astor House Hotel. With excellent floor shows, a good orchestra, and plenty of refreshments, both solid and liquid, all hands have enjoyed a good time.

June, 1937

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"YES, SIR, I've been before the mast more years (and more times) than I can remember—so I can tell you a thing or three about Old Golds.

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"But that is only part of the story. Old Gold's prize crop tobaccos are

what make 'em two-blocks with me. Why I've served on some ships where O. Gs rated so high the O. D. would give 'em eight side-boys every time a crate came aboard . . . And that reminds me of the Admiral from Albuquerque who liked their aroma so much he had the whole fleet use 'em for making smoke screens!

"I could tell you a lot more—but just smoke a couple of packs yourself and you'll see why Old Gold is the Navy Cigarette!"



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The Navy "Y" has been the center of many activities. Nearly every night in the week several service men gather there, on Sunday evening for Suki-yaki and religious service, on Monday for contract bridge; Wednesday is the series of talks on China. For basketball and volley ball, the Gym has been occupied nearly every night. In all of the Chaplain's activities, the "Y" has furnished excellent co-operation.

FOURTH MARINE SPORTS

(Continued from page 46)

room dance step. But "Red" has finally put a fifteen together that will continue to be a source of worry for any fifteen that the Marines may encounter.

Track in the regiment has been at a low ebb during the last two years. The material during these years have been decidedly mediocre, and interest in the sport has been lacking. But this year the regiment has fielded a team of approximately fifty candidates for the various track and field events. Lieutenant C. A. Laster, a member of the Naval Academy track team, has been named head coach and great things are expected of him and the track team.

THE EVER-CHANGING AMERICAN FLAG

(Continued from page 3)

England broke the flag again appeared in a changed style. This time it contained fifteen stars and stripes, the additional two symbolizing the entrance of Vermont and Kentucky into the Union. It was this flag that Lieutenant O'Bannon of the Marines planted atop the old citadel at Derne, Tripoli, the first time the stars and stripes floated above an old world fortress. It was also this flag that flew over the ramparts at Fort McHenry during the British bombardment and which inspired the immortal Francis Scott Key to pen the words to our national anthem on the night of September 14, 1814.

War with Mexico in 1846 brought forth another changed emblem. During the intervening years of war with England and that with our southern neighbors there were 29 states in the Union. Adding a new star and stripe for each new state brought forth to Congress the fact that the national emblem would soon become too cumbersome and ever-changing. Congress passed another resolution in 1818, restoring the original thirteen stripes and placing a white star in the field of blue for each state in the Union. The flag during the war with Mexico had thirteen stripes of red and white and 29 stars, the stars set in a parallel line as they appear today.

During the Civil War the flag retained its thirteen stripes but the stars had increased to thirty-four. During hostilities the flag for the second time during hostilities changed its make-up; two more stars were added for West Virginia and Nevada who were admitted to the Union.

The sinking of the battleship Maine and the consequent war with Spain in 1898 found us fighting under a flag of 45 stars and in the World War, Europe gazed upon a flag with 48 stars.

J. U. FOHNER.

GOOD OF THE SERVICE

(Continued from page 7)

had both landed jobs with a rival concern—Whitney's Flying Service.

"Jitney's Flying Service," grunted McKenzie. "Fanny they'd hire men who've just been fired without calling me up. Not that they love me, but you'd think they'd want to know about their men, for their own sake. It's none of my business. Unless Farrell crashes one of their boats."

It was more of his business than he fancied.

The Vickers was ready at last and their trip set for the next day. It should all be covered in five or six hours but there was no certainty. The Province of Quebec, great as it was, had its disadvantages in a freakish climate. It was apt to rain at short notice and even gray skies were not over good for camera work. Wells speculated about the weather, concentrated on his work. He was a good deal like every other camera man Dick had known, when it came down to it, Watson thought, whether they made movies or stills. All they thought about was their shots, no matter what else happened. That was a mighty good trait of character for anyone.

Weather conditions and possible delays piled up the costs. The P. A. S. had to take these jobs by the contract instead of by the hour. Watson knew that, with

he told his companions and came over to Watson's table. Dick sat there his eyes on Farrell. A flier who couldn't keep sober ought to lose his license out of hand, he was thinking.

Every crash meant heavy money loss and it endangered the life not only of the soused flier but his passengers. Every smash-up hurt the game that was beginning to come into its own. Watson was paying four hundred bucks a year, or trying to, for a ten thousand dollar insurance policy, with his girl as beneficiary. If he had been an ordinary individual it would have cost him a hundred and fifty. It was chaps like Farrell who kept the rate up.

His eyes held something of his contempt and added fuel to Farrell's drunken and resentful mood.

"Got my job an' my ship, did you, you sneak?" he said. "Tellin' McKenzie I was stewed."

"I didn't say anything to him about it," said Watson evenly. "I don't get my jobs that way."

"You're a lousy liar!" Farrell cried and swung at Watson who ducked, still seated. He wanted to avoid a fight if he could. That, too, was not for the good of the service. The flying game depended largely upon the personnel of its pilots. A man who lost his temper might lose his nerve.

But Farrell was not to be denied. He was primed with whiskey, he fancied himself in a scrap and he weighed twenty pounds more than Watson, forty more than Wells who tried to catch his arm to give Watson a chance to get up.

Farrell yanked Wells away from the table sent him whirling. Bailey and the other man had not mixed in. Bailey was pretty well sunk in alcohol, the third man was the soberest of the trio and seemed a decent sort.

WO or three people hastily paid their checks and went out. The girl cashier was frightened and shrank back behind her register. The waiters in the place hovered about, anxious but inefficient while Farrell rushed Watson and forced him from defense to the offensive, slugging among the tables and chairs, handicapped by them, Watson sore that he had been dragged into it. Farrell with glittering eyes, flushed face and back drawn lips, cursing at Watson with every blow.

Dick saw he was in for it, tried to finish it. They might call the police in, would, if there was going to be any damage. Wells had gone to the proprietor and was talking to him. One table had been upset, two or three chairs.

Farrell sent a lashing blow in that Watson dodged, bringing up his right to the other's cheek, following it with two smashes to the body. He knew Farrell must be out of condition and he was hard as nails. As long as he had to fight he was going to make it snappy.

Farrell did not seem to notice the punches. His string of oaths continued to pour out of his mouth in a filthy torrent. He was not normal, not far from crazed with hate and liquor. He rocked under Dick's driving fury but he did not go down, striking back, getting home now and then with his longer reach.

Watson tripped over a fallen chair, went down on one knee. Farrell snatched up the chair and whirled it over his head. Dick dived for his knees, brought him down with a crash, hard.

Then the waiters interfered. The girl had gone to the telephone.

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a ship like the Vickers, the depreciation cost alone was about five cents a mile, five dollars an hour of flying time. He couldn't help the weather. Wells was in actual control. He was the conductor and Watson was the engineer. But he wanted to see the concern he was working for get a good break.

There was a lot of luck in the air game yet. Pilots among themselves generally agreed that ninety-five per cent of ship loss was the fault of the pilots, but that didn't help profits. If the human element was weaker than the mechanical, it had to be more carefully chosen.

Wells and he discussed these things, taking supper in a restaurant well patronized by the aviation crowd. They sat late, after most of the other customers had paid their checks and started off for the evening's entertainment. Wells was explaining the trouble he had had at first practising with a camera held at a special device. Suddenly he raised his eyebrows and Watson, half turning, saw three men coming out of the booths towards the back of the place.

Farrell, Bailey and another man Watson did not know. They had evidently had all the liquor they wanted. The place had only a wine and beer license but it was plain that their indulgence had been with stronger stuff than that. Farrell lurched against a table on his way to the cashier's desk.

Then he caught sight of Watson and Wells in a mirror.

"I got somethin' to say to that bird."

"We've got to get out of here," said Wells. "We'll get pinched."

Watson arranged his clothing. Farrell had reached him more than once. He saw the wisdom of retreat. Arrest meant bail, publicity, if he lacked a black eye himself, the P. A. S. would get one in the papers. And he might lose the job. McKenzie was just but not easy going.

Bailey and the third man had got Farrell up, half stunned. There was a side door to the place and they hustled him out of it to the alley.

Wells threw down a bill that more than covered their checks.

"I'm sorry," said Watson to the girl. "I didn't start it."

They got out and hopped a passing street car to avoid complications. They saw no sign of the police. The call had probably been a bluff to get them out.

"That chap Farrell would have killed you if he could," said Wells. "He'd have come close to it if you hadn't brought him down." Quick work, Watson. Booze is getting to his brain. Got it in for you. As if he could fool McKenzie. The whole 'drome knows he packed a bottle all the time. Kept one in the hangar. Bailey's almost as bad but he's not so vicious.

"It's over now," said Watson. "And we're well out of it."

"I'll bet he's been drinking steadily ever since the Old Man canned him. He must have a drag with the Whitney crowd to hold his job there. If he still has it."

"Let's forget about it," said Dick. "We'll ride to the end of the line and go back. We're starting early."

Wells changed the subject. He had been about to mention that he saw a gun in Farrell's back pocket, but he was not certain. Why should he pack a weapon? Wells had a poor opinion of a private citizen who toted a gun in town. He decided to say no more about it. His mind centered about the work tomorrow, hoping for good visibility, sharp shadows, blue sky. If Watson was air minded, Wells thought only in terms of cameras.

IT WAS a good ship. Watson had never had a better one under him. They had rolled the Vickers to the water, set her into it, locked her wheel landing gear. It could be released from the plane but there would be no place in the forest where they could use it, only small clearings that were impractical and dangerous. No place to come down save on the water.

That failed to worry Watson as he took off. He started to get used to the feel of the ship. It balanced well. All his controls worked as he tested them, tried out the flippers. The horizontal stabilizer had a slight range of movement. With it he could climb or dive at will with the help of the flippers, achieving the same results as with his control stick.

A sweet ship. He watched the altimeter needle creep up to six thousand feet, then leveled out, gunning his motor, revving up to limit. The air was smooth. There was no head wind, none behind them. One blowing from the east that made for leeway. They were making a hundred and twenty-nine miles per hour, fast reaching their destination.

Wells was busy with his precious camera. Watson had his bearings, a notch in a mountain range beyond the forest that he must keep open. Soon he would

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pick up Wolf River and the lakes McKenzie had shown him on the map. He had a map with him now. Four of the lakes in a radiating group, two, larger, farther apart.

It was great to be in the air again. He never lost the thrill of it. The vibrating, rhythmic throb of the motor was music he loved. Above there was limitless sky. From their height not a living thing to be seen. They were over the forest now. Nothing but a sea of green below them, green that waved slightly, rippled in a wind that was below them. Here and there a patch of brown where there had been a fire.

Not a nice place to have to make a landing, on which to crash. Not a chance in a thousand to get down alive—except for the lakes. He picked them up, conscious of a slight feeling of relief. He had full confidence in his boat, in himself, but flying over these bristling myriads of trees was a fresh experience. They were like mighty lances, pennoned in green.

Wells touched him on the shoulder, pointed down, held up four fingers. He had decided on four thousand feet for his shooting. Sometimes, on survey work, the photographed long range from fifteen, even sixteen thousand feet. Tree cruising was different.

Watson put her into a glide, straightened out, keeping level. Wells had set his camera, adjusted so that the air slip would not affect him. They were to keep west of the Wolf River, to range in stretches between where it swung in a sharp curve and rapids whitened the water for a short distance, up to the group of lakes, shuttling back and forth.

Perfect weather. Dick could have locked his controls. The Vickers was flying herself, but he wanted to be sure of holding Wells' focus. They were not just flying. Doing useful work every moment. After them the timber cruisers would check up. The sawyers would go in. Logs would go down the Wolf, spruce for masts, for lumber, housing men. This was the first step. This survey from the sky.

With a glance now and then at his altimeter Dick had leisure to look about him. Suddenly he saw they were not alone in the air. A yellow seaplane was overhauling them as they flew, a little under the hundred miles per hour mark now. It came up fast, a swift boat, highly powered.

Wells was busy. Watson thought little of the plane. It might be bound on survey, or carrying passengers to a new gold rush. It flew higher than they did, passed them.

Then it returned, coming back towards

them, gliding to their level. He thought they might have some message. It was going to pass them close, on the opposite side from the camera. Close enough to hold up a printed card for them to read, if that was what they were after.

Wells was absorbed. Watson knew they were over clumps of spruce, whose tips showed up plainly among the darker foliage. There was no sense in disturbing him.

It was a Viking boat seaplane. It had a Rolls-Royce engine, and Eagle 9 with almost four hundred horse power. There was at least one other passenger aboard. It could carry three, would have sand ballast for balance if there were no more. He glimpsed the man, crouching. It flashed across him that they were also doing camera work, on the same territory. He did not grasp the significance of that. Wells could have told him.

It was not a P. A. S. boat. Hardly likely to signal them then but ranging mighty close. A good pilot, but Watson kept his feet on the rudder bar. He always looked out for the other fellow.

The meaning of the lettering on its side came swiftly—W. F. S. Whitney's Flying Service. "Jitney's" McKenzie had called it in a rival's slang, but this boat was no jitney.

The window of the fore cockpit had been slid back in its frame. The face of the pilot looked out, a snarling face, framed in its close fitting helmet.

It was Farrell and his features were distorted with malice. The fool could not mean to hit them. He was not crazy enough for that. It meant his own risk as great as theirs, a crash and a whirling spin down to the trees.

Like Wells, Farrell's passenger—Bailey. It would be—was lost in his work. The two planes were not twenty feet apart, coming like the wind. Watson flipped, waggled his stabilizer, leaving his rudder alone.

He heard nothing but he glimpsed a pale spurt of flame, he saw the gun in Farrell's hand. Glass crashed back of him. A miss, but the splinters flew and roused Wells who looked up, startled.

The ships were apart now but the Viking was banking, coming back.

Watson zoomed. Farrell was climbing after them. He had a little the best of it in speed, he was overhauling them though Dick gunned the motor to the limit.

The Viking drew level. Farrell fired again and again. Wells crouched and Watson ducked involuntarily. There was a torn hole in the ship just in front of his knee. His own window smashed. A bullet passed so close it made him blink as he put the Vickers into a side slip.

It was only a pistol, but it might do for them. Farrell was mad. He had seen Bailey remonstrating with him, Farrell yelling at him. If they went down, crashing in the timber, death was certain. Fire almost equally sure. The cause of their death might never be known with their bodies burned to a crisp.

THEY were pursued by a madman whose ship had the speed of them. To try straight flight would only give him another chance to come up alongside.

He came out of the spin and looked for the Viking. Farrell was sending her up, spiraling for quick altitude. Watson could not figure out the maneuver but he banked and headed south. He had no relish for a dog-fight with the arms only on one side. Stunts he could pull, he could dodge but, sooner or later, their gas would get low and they would have to use it in straight flight.

Wells was pale but cool. Suddenly he pointed. There was no need for it. The madman was coming down, making for them in a power dive. He could not intend a crash, but he might be mad enough for that.

The Viking came down like a javelin. Watson waited, ready to sideslip again, to roll, even to nose dive. Farrell meant to destroy them. He was probably drunk, but in such a condition that the liquor only inflamed him.

"My God!" Watson's exclamation was matched by that of Wells, both heard above the sound of the engine.

One of the wings of the Viking was crumpling, waving in the air. The other was askew.

Watson knew what had happened. Farrell had been up to his old trick of tightening turnbuckles. The power dive and the excess tension had done the work. They were gone.

The machine began to spin, whirling, hurtling down. Horrified, they watched it, swinging in a slow circle themselves. It neared the trees with horrible speed. They did not hear the crash. They simply saw the tops bend a little, saw the broken shape cling, disappear, miniature to their height. It hardly seemed like tragedy, unreal, but they knew.

They looked for flames but none broke out. The trees had swung back. It was as if a sea had engulfed them.

Watson drove full speed for the lakes, swung, chose his water, banked, got into the wind and came down in a long glide. He had no thought but to get to them. He believed them dead, one had tried deliberately to murder him, both of them, destroy the P. A. S. ship, but rescue, if there could be any, was automatic.

He made an even alightment, taxied towards shore, reached it. He had noted the direction of the fallen plane. It was perhaps two miles away, or three.

Wells was silent but ready as Watson was. They plunged into the undergrowth, lunging through muskeg, knee deep, struggling to the thicker growth of trees. It was not going to be an easy task to find that plane but they ran hard between the boles over the needles, panting.

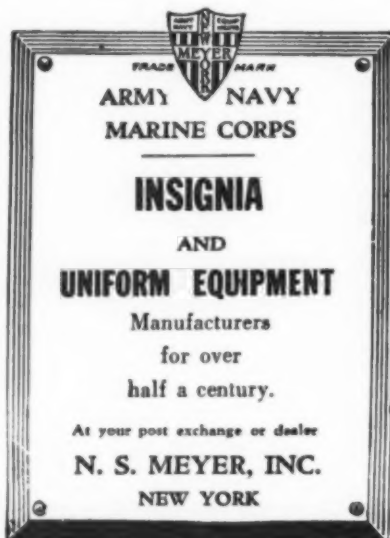
Watson did not worry any more about the gun. They might be alive, but barely so. It seemed as if they had gone four miles, lost their way, when they came to a little clearing. Across it, fringed by swamp that seemed to run back into the timber on the far side, they glimpsed the remnants of the plane, hung up in the

trees. Some of it seemed to have reached the ground.

They had to wade through the swamp finally. Watson saw why there had been no fire. The engine had torn loose, fallen into the swamp, buried itself. The fuselage was split, torn in half. The broken wings were rent, hung up in the branches. Spilled gasoline tainted the air.

A man lay on the edge of the morass, face up, one leg twisted, an arm tucked under him. It was Bailey—and he was alive. Then they saw Farrell. He was caught in a fork, hanging limp. Blood dripped from him. His body, as well as his limbs, was broken. He had flown his last plane, taken his last drink. It was a nerve-racking sight and Watson turned sick.

They lifted Bailey, who groaned as they set him down, but he seemed mercifully unconscious. A leg and an arm



were smashed, he might have internal injuries. It might be fatal to try and carry him to the plane, carry him unattended.

"Where's the nearest doctor?" Watson asked Wells.

"There's a lumber camp about twenty miles west. There'll be a doctor there. It's a big outfit."

"I'll bring him back," said Watson. "You stay here with Bailey."

Wells glanced up at the grim figure hanging in the tree.

"I don't like my company," he said, "but, if you can handle the boat, there's something I want to find. You can't miss the camp. Slashings and cut timber all about it. There's a lake."

Watson glanced back as he started off. He saw Wells fishing in the swamp with a forked stick. There was nothing they could do for Bailey, but he wondered what could make Wells act like that. He was not heartless. Farrell had paid.

It was not easy, shoving off the Vickers, swinging her round, but he managed it, taxied down the lake and turned her lifted and swung west. As Wells had said, it was easy to find the camp, easy enough to get down into the lake and glide to a raft. Men looked up, come running as he shouted. Five minutes later the doctor was aboard, questioning him. They had brought a litter along.

"He'll live, I think," said the medico. "Can't tell yet. A bad crash. How did it happen? That poor devil has gone. We'll have to get him down."

"Their wings crumpled," said Watson. He was not going to tell, for the good of the service. Wells would not. He had found what he was after—Bailey's camera.

Wells and Watson carried the litter. Bailey was to be taken to the camp. Watson would bring two lumberjacks back to get what was left of Farrell. Wells once more remained behind. It was a ghastly business.

IT WAS late when it was finished. Farrell's body was left covered with a blanket, the camp solemn because of the tragedy. They started back for the P. A. S. airdrome. There they would report to McKenzie, telephone the Whitney Flying Service.

Wells agreed there was no use in going into details.

"Farrell's dead," he said. "What's the use? Only a bad name for the game. We can explain the glass and perhaps those bullet holes. Ran into snags, maybe, making a landing on that lake. Anyway, I got what I wanted."

"What was that?"

"The film in their camera. Don't you see what they were up to, outside of Farrell's little play? They sold the tip on the spruce to the Whitney outfit. Traded it for jobs. Whitney got in touch with one of the other lumber companies. Good spruce is welcome."

"I see," said Watson, not quite sure. Wells went on.

"Usually, when a company puts in a bid no one goes against them. It is supposed to be their discovery. But when two are after one piece, the bids go up. Might mean a good many thousand dollars more overhead. But not now. I exposed the film. Let's go. We'll have to come back tomorrow and finish the job."

They got into the plane once more, headed for home. The sky had clouded over. They had to get back with the news. It was paramount. But Wells was making a few shots.

"Once a cameraman, always a cameraman," Watson thought as he held her steady at four thousand feet.

DEVIL DOG DAN DALY

(Continued from page 5)

and they died for their apostasy. Roman Catholic villages at Paoingfu were attacked and 61 native Christians were slaughtered. The London Missionary Society, only two-score miles from Peking, was destroyed and the native pastor murdered.

Thus far only apostates had been put to death; but the frightened foreigners knew not how soon a general massacre would be provoked. On May 27 the ministers of France and Russia telegraphed for Marines. Two days later the American and British did likewise. But American Marines were already on the way. They had left Nagasaki the day before, when the guard of the U. S. S. *Oregon* had been hurriedly transferred to augment those of the U. S. S. *Newark*, and that ship buried her nose in the foam and raced through the Yellow Sea for Taku Bay. Among the Marines was Dan Daly, hardly beyond his recruit training.

The *Newark* was brought to anchor on the afternoon of May 27, and before

dawn of the 29th the Marines were transported across the bar, past the five frowning mud-forts, and landed in the village of Taku. Reinforced here by bluejackets, they endeavored to get transportation to Tientsin. But Chinese authorities refused permission for armed troops to travel by rail. So all hands were placed in lighters and towed up the river to the city. In the meantime the plundering and violence of the Boxers had increased. It was imperative that Peking be reached as soon as possible, if a massacre were to be averted.

After considerable bickering, a special train was made up for the International Guard, and troops of all nations climbed aboard. It got underway on the afternoon of May 31. Captain John T. Myers (retired brigadier general) commanded the American Marines.

Late that evening the train arrived about four miles from Peking. The troops detrained, and with American Marines in the lead, marched through the gate into the city. There was no demonstration from the Chinese lining the roads. They were silent and sullen, passively hostile. Dan Daly looked at their imperturbable faces and was rather sorry that he wasn't in the Philippines where the fighting was.

The situation grew more desperate as the days passed. In the British Legation, where the Marines were quartered, they learned of the massacre of some Belgian engineers, and the defeat of a detachment of Russian Cossacks near Tientsin. The rails about Peking were ripped up and bridges destroyed. Only a single telegraph line linked the besieged city with the outer world. Soon that would be destroyed. On June 9 the race track was burned by howling Boxers.

At Tientsin, Admiral Seymour's relief expedition marched out and found itself trapped by overwhelming numbers. They took refuge in an arsenal.

In Peking the siege tightened. Mr. Sugiyama, Japanese secretary had been murdered; the Austrian Legation had beaten off an attack, and there had been casualties. The Chinese government gave all foreigners twenty-four hours to vacate the city, promising protection as far as Tientsin. Only one diplomat believed in their good faith. Baron von Ketteler, the German Ambassador, left the legations to confer with Chinese authorities. He was slain and his aide severely wounded. The German guards smashed their way out to recover the body and were beaten back.

South of the American Legation, across a narrow street, towered the Tartar Wall, fifty feet wide at the base, and forty-five at the top. On the wall, facing toward the legations, was a low parapet. The south edge, toward the Chinese City, was bastioned at 100-yard intervals. To the westward, along the wall, was Ch'ien Men Gate; to the eastward was Hata men. Parallel to the Tartar Wall, and about one-third of the way to the Forbidden City, ran Legation Street. This was the battle station of American Marines and Germans.

Imperial troops had joined the Boxers. They attacked the Germans and were repulsed. Again they surged forward, partly screened by smoke from burning buildings. The Americans raced up the ramp to aid their Teutonic colleagues. A swarm of bullets buzzed along the wall. Private King was instantly killed. The intense fire drove the Marines from their position.

The days passed in a cycle of horror.

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"CELLOPHANE" WRAPPED

GOOD ALL THE WAY DOWN TO THE HEEL

More Marines died, and Dan Daly discovered that he had underestimated his foe. At last the Marines secured a foothold on top of the wall, and piece by piece they fashioned a barricade across it. The Chinese built a counter barricade, so Captain Myers, with his handful of Marines, 5 Russians and a score of British, swept out in a gallant sortie and bayoneted the Chinese out of their position. Two Marines died, and the captain was wounded by a spear thrust.

The battle for the possession of the wall continued. On the evening of July 15, Captain Hall, who had relieved the wounded Myers, took Dan Daly and went along the wall for about a hundred yards. They reached a bastion that appeared like a suitable defense. Bullets cracked about like angry bees, and just beyond was the black shadowy mass of hostile Chinese. The captain returned to bring up reinforcements and friendly coolies with sand bags. Dan mounted the bastion, bayoneted rifle in hand. Chinese snipers fired at him. They stormed his position, but he fought them off. Alone, single handed, he defended the bastion until reinforcements arrived. The Congressional Medal of Honor was the reward for such gallantry.

Fighting on the wall endured for nearly three weeks longer. Then the Allied relief columns from Tientsin burst in, the Indian Sikhs went under the wall through the water gate and entered the legation area. The siege was over.

Dan Daly's subsequent duties carried him to San Juan, Porto Rico; aboard ships, and the more peaceful routine service at shore stations. On March 14, 1911, Daly was serving aboard the U. S. S. *Springfield*. Gasoline caught fire and menaced the powder magazines. With utter disregard for his own life, Daly beat at the rivers of flame and extinguished them before the general alarm had been sounded. For this he was commended by the secretary of the navy and the Major General Commandant of the Marine Corps.

The next four years were active ones for Daly. He served in Cuba, and was with the Marines who swarmed ashore against Mexican rifles at Vera Cruz on that April morning of 1914. The following year the Haitians revolted against their president and dragged him screaming from the false sanctuary of the French Legation to tear him to pieces in the street. Threats of intervention by other powers sent American Marines into the Black Republic.

Dan Daly was a gunnery sergeant by now, acting as first sergeant. He saw plenty of fighting in those hills of Haiti. Marine patrols threaded out and established outposts. It was the deadliest warfare the leathernecks had ever encountered: ambushes and treachery; and unspeakable mutilation was the fate of any Marine captured by hostile natives.

On October 22, a mounted patrol of 35 men cleared Fort Liberte on a six-day reconnaissance. All the next day they moved warily, confined by the pack animals to the larger and more obvious trails. On the night of the 24th they entered a deep ravine where a rail-swollen river churned past. The detachment began crossing. Suddenly a blast of fire ripped into them. Marines and horses were caught in that tornado of lead. None of the leathernecks was hit, but twelve of the mounts were killed. The men fought their way to the opposite bank and clambered up. In desperation they flung themselves against the outlaws and drove them off. It was esti-

mated that 400 Cacos had lain in ambush only to be routed by 35 Marines.

After a short pursuit the leathernecks halted, for the enemy was reorganizing and firing again. "Better set up the machine gun, Daly," advised the patrol commander.

Daly knew where the machine gun was. It was strapped to the back of one of the dozen dead horses in the river. So off he went through the black jungles. The chances were a thousand to one against him; and he wasn't the kind to order another man to do something he wouldn't undertake himself. He retraced the trail over which the Marines had fought their way. The Cacos could hear him and they shot. Daly kept on until he reached the surging torrent. With bullets fountaining the water beside him, he plunged in. His exploring hands found one animal after another, until he finally located the one with the machine gun. Calmly he severed the bindings and dragged the weapon up the bank. For nearly a mile

In Lucy-leBoeage (Lucy Birdceage, to the A.E.F.) had been established an ammunition dump and a field dressing station. The Germans shelled the place, and presently the ammunition was ignited, with the smaller calibers popping like insane fire crackers. Daly knew what would happen once the heat detonated the others, so he went in and extinguished the fire.

The next day a handful of mad, impudent Marines flung themselves against twenty times their own strength in the town of Bouresches. Man by man they were chipped away until only twenty remained when they reached the edge of the village. Smashing against the barricades, they bombed and bayoneted their way in and threw the Boche out. A score of savages put 400 Germans to rout.

The Yanks had a foothold now, and when the enemy assaulted in a counter attack, the American rifles shredded the gray-green ranks. Dan Daly's machine gun company did yeoman service in the days that followed. And Dan Daly himself, on the morning of June 10, ferreted out a hostile machine gun nest. The fact that he was all alone meant nothing to him. With a few hand grenades and an automatic pistol, he launched his one-man assault. The Germans tried desperately to bring him down, but he swept in like a juggernaut and literally blasted the hostile pit to pieces. Later, the Navy Cross, the Distinguished Service Cross, the French Medaille Militaire, and other decorations were pinned on him for those deeds.

Dan was wounded a day or two later. Despite his protests they carted him off to the hospital. But the moment he was able to travel, he took to the road and rejoined his outfit. On October 8, a few days afterward, he was wounded again. This one finished his military career, for before he recovered, the armistice had been signed.

He was returned to the United States and placed on an inactive status. On February 6, 1929, Sergeant Major Dan Daly, conceded by many to be the greatest Marine of all time, watched a battalion of youngsters march past him in honor of his retirement.

Dan Daly has left the Corps, but his name will always stand as an inspiration; and in years to come some headless youth will begin a story with: "Once there was a Marine named Dan Daly. . . ."

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he crawled through the undergrowth with that machine gun on his back. For that, and his gallantry in the subsequent battles, Dan Daly was presented with another Congressional Medal of Honor—which put him one up on any other enlisted Marine. Rumor has it otherwise, but records prove that Dan Daly, the enlisted man, and General Smedley Butler, the officer, are the only Marines ever to be twice decorated with the Navy Congressional Medal of Honor. For the sake of clarity, the five other Marines who were awarded two medals of Honor, received one from the Army and one from the Navy on the same citation.

The fighting was still going on in Haiti, subsidized some say by gold from the Central Powers, when America entered the World War. Dan Daly was forty-four years old; but his days of usefulness were far from over. He was destined to win still more honors and two wounds before he was through.

The Marines were fighting tooth and nail in Belleau Wood. They had been flung into the line on June 2, when the German Strum Truppen shattered the French defenses. For three days the Marines had been subjected to killing fire. By all precepts of warfare they were beaten, hammered to pieces—but the Marines didn't know the rules. They grew weary of being the goat, so up they rose and charged into the Boche machine gun emplacements.

AN EYE WITNESS STORY OF THE HINDENBURG DISASTER

(Continued from page 15)

work to be done. Sailors of the ground crew, and Marines, as well as civilian members of the ground force, were trying to lead those who emerged from the flames, to the screaming ambulances which had rushed across the field. It was an unforgettable sight of horrors—a nightmare almost unbelievable in its stark tragedy.

Just about thirty feet from the blazing debris, I ran into two young Americans, Clifford Osburn of Chicago and Phillip Mangone of New York, both passengers from the ship, yet unharmed except for a slight hand burn and a slightly cut mouth on Osburn. Miraculously they had been tossed by the force of the first explosion, through the wide windows of the observation platform at the main dining salon. They had been watching

the ground crew in their mooring preparations. The next thing they knew—to quote Osburn's remark to me—they were on the ground, and clear of the flaming wreck. How far they sailed through the air is not known, but their clothing was unsoiled, and themselves only slightly hurt.

However, lest they have internal injuries, and having just witnessed the racing departure of the first Navy ambulance to reach the scene, I flagged an American Airlines passenger bus which was racing down from the hangar, its driver bent on rescue work. Into this big bus, with its twenty seats, I tossed the two passenger-victims, and, knowing the location of the Naval Hospital, ordered the driver to make all speed there-to. He did. And clinging to the outside of his bus in order to wave aside anyone attempting to stop our improvised ambulance, I gave my driver his directions. He did the rest, over the rough field, and rain-wet pavements of the Station, at 65 miles an hour.

The hospital reached and our cargo delivered to the waiting Navy doctors and corpsmen, we headed back for other victims. However, my duty was to handle the news situation, with telegraphers, radio men, news photographers and others screaming for information to flash to their papers and radio news services. From eight o'clock Thursday evening, until the Navy plane from Lakehurst flew me into Floyd Bennett Field on Friday night, there was no sleep, no food and no surcease for this participation in the greatest of all air disasters. Living on nerve and excitement, a job to do every minute, I was unable even to think of the horrible sights of the human beings—or what was left of them—that were being wrapped quickly in tarpaulin sheets and numbered in the hastily arranged morgue in the big hangar.

The work completed—at least the worst part of it—one of my associates came from New York on Friday to relieve me to go to the regular drill period of my company at the Brooklyn Navy Yard (D Co. 3rd Battalion FMCR) that night. Through the courtesy of Commander Charles E. Rosendahl, USN, commanding the air station, and Commander Kenworthy, his executive officer, I was able to fly up from the scene of horror to Bennett in a good Navy plane. I had had a front seat at the greatest disaster of its kind in the history of the world. It still has me somewhat "jittery" as I write this eye-witness account for THE LEATHERNECK. It will be days before normalcy will return. One doesn't forget such sights, such sounds, such smells—quickly.

But above and through it all, the work of Col. Galliford's Marines is one of the great highlight, and this story is written as it is, solely that the men of the Corps around the world may be proud of their comrades down at Lakehurst. It was a tough job, magnificently done. Also, I am glad that the Reserve had an "unofficial observer" in myself at the whole tragic affair. But, like Commander Rosendahl and every other person who strongly believes in the future of lighter-than-air transport service, I am still convinced that this is a great thing—and we of my firm are going ahead right now, preparing for the next great dirigible which will head across the Atlantic, we believe, sometime this Fall.



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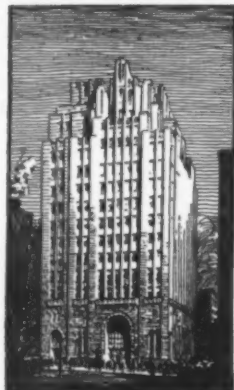
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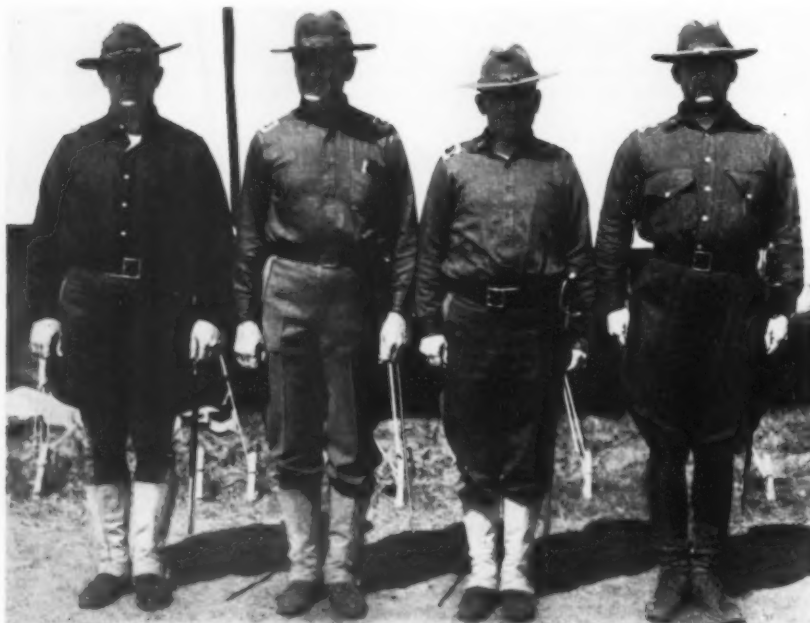


Photo by Dalton

"YANKEE" OFFICERS AT THE BATTLE OF THE CRATER

Lt. Col. G. D. Jackson, Jr., Col. C. J. Miller, Maj. D. Curtis, and Maj. R. L. Montague.

BATTLE OF THE CRATER

(Continued from page 9)

mixed with men of the Second Brigade. Colonel Marshal rallied his men of the Second, they move forward, sliding and jumping into the hole. The Second Pennsylvania advance beyond the new formed Federal line and is cut off. Men are shot down by fire from all angles, and the few able men are forced back into the crater. Counter attacks followed all along the entire length of the lines until the First Brigade of the Fourth Division charged straight through the crater, formed at the crest and charged Cemetery Hill. The action soon developed into fierce hand to hand fighting for a distance of some hundred yards in front of the Confederate trenches, resulting in the Federal troops being slowly diverted to the right until the movement is practically parallel to the Confederate trench. Slowly the fighting turns in the favor of the Southern forces and the Union troops are driven back, soon to become disorganized. An attempt to reorganize fails and the men rush back to the trenches held by the First Division under the impact of Weisiger's charge. The Confederate men following the advantage given them by the retreating Northern forces drive through the woods and regain their first line trenches to the east of the crater. This last movement ended the morning phase of the battle and unlike other Federal troops of a bygone day, the Marines had nought to worry about save where the "chow" line was to form.

To the spectator, the afternoon's second phase was perhaps of more interest but in reality did not have nearly as much a part to play in the Battle of the Crater as did that of the morning. The battle, this time witnessed from the rear of the Confederate lines gave the public a never to be forgotten impression of what took place on that memorable day when the men in grey drove back an overwhelming number of "damnyankees."

The men of the North were being forced back into the woods in the neighborhood of the crater by Wright's Georgians who had executed a passage of lines with Mahone's men, charging directly on the crater. The Crater by this time was an inferno, filled with dead and living, all under a heavy cross fire. Federal fire caused the Georgians to drop back momentarily but joining Weisinger's troops, they advanced steadily. Orders to retire were received by the Federal troops in the Crater, but most of the men preferred to remain where they were rather than chance the withering fire which swept the lines. Flanked by the Alabamans, faced by the Georgians, the Federals were forced back to their original lines, the men in the Crater being surrounded. Shells dropping from short range into the Crater soon silenced what few men were left and the final charge by Saunders' men captured the survivors.

Thrill upon thrill was given the spectator during this second phase when grey clad troops, represented by the V.M.I., charged again and again, the hills echoing to the wild Rebel yells. Three times the descendants of the men in grey saw the Confederate forces silently advance into position, receive their orders and madly rush to do battle with an outnumbering foe, driving him backwards until victory, even though a temporary one, was given the South.

THE LEATHERNECK

THE GAZETTE

Total Strength Marine Corps on March 31	17,885
COMMISSIONED AND WARRANT —March 31	1,301
Separations during April	4
Appointments during April	1,297
Total Strength on April 30	17,885
ENLISTED —Total Strength on March 31	16,584
Separations during April	398
Joinings during April	16,186
Total Strength on April 30	16,586
Total Strength Marine Corps on April 30	17,855



THE U. S. MARINE CORPS COMMISSIONED

Maj. Gen. Thomas Holcomb, The Major General Commandant.
Brig. Gen. Clayton B. Vogel, The Adjutant and Inspector.
Brig. Gen. Hugh Matthews, The Quartermaster.
Brig. Gen. Harold C. Reisinger, The Paymaster.

Officers last commissioned in the grades indicated:

Maj. Gen. L. McCarty Little.
Brig. Gen. James J. Meade.
Col. Joseph A. Russell.
Lt. Col. William B. Croka.
Maj. John Kaluf.
Capt. Raymond F. Crist, Jr.
1st Lt. William M. Hudson.

Officers last to make numbers in grades indicated:

Maj. Gen. L. McCarty Little.
Brig. Gen. James J. Meade.
Col. Joseph A. Russell.
Lt. Col. William B. Croka.
Maj. Arthur D. Challacomb.
Capt. William A. Willis.
1st Lt. Reynolds H. Hayden.

MARINE CORPS CHANGES

APRIL 12, 1937.

Col. Holland M. Smith, detail as Assistant Adjutant and Inspector revoked.

Lt. Col. Harold S. Fassett, when directed Comdt. MCS, MB, Quantico, Va., detached MCS to NP, NYd, Mare Island, Cal. Authorized delay to 30 June, 1937.

Maj. Harold D. Shannon, when directed Comdt. MCS, MB, Quantico, Va., about 1 June, 1937, detached MCS to MB, Puget Sound NYd, Bremerton, Wash., with delay to 30 June, 1937.

Maj. William A. Worton, when directed Comdt. MCS, MB, Quantico, Va., about 1 June, 1937, detached MCS to Staff of Comdr., Div. 3, Battleships, Battle Force, USS "Idaho," Ships, Authorized delay to 30 June, 1937.

Maj. Clifford O. Henry, when directed Comdt. MCS, MB, Quantico, Va., about 1 June, 1937, detached MCS to FMF, MCB, San Diego, Calif. Authorized delay to 30 June, 1937.

Maj. Louis G. DeHaven, when directed Comdt. MCS, MB, Quantico, Va., about 1 June, 1937, detached the MCS to MD AE Feiping, China, via commercial steamer from Seattle, 19 June, 1937. Authorized delay enroute to Seattle to 18 June, 1937.

Maj. George T. Hall, when directed Comdt. MCS, MB, Quantico, Va., about 1 June, 1937, detached MCS to FMF, MCB, San Diego, Calif. Authorized delay to 30 June, 1937.

Maj. John Groff, when directed Comdt. MCS, MB, Quantico, Va., about 1 June, 1937, detached MCS to FMF, MCB, San Diego, Calif. Authorized delay to 30 June, 1937.

Maj. Merritt A. Edson, when directed Comdt. MCS, MB, Quantico, Va., about 1 June, 1937, detached MCS to 4th Marines, Shanghai, China via commercial steamer sailing from Seattle 19 June 1937. Auth. delay enroute to Seattle to 18 June, 1937.

Maj. Edwin J. Mund, AQM., detailed an AQM., effective 1 May, 1937.

Maj. Lester N. Medaris, about 7 June, 1937, detached VO Sq. 9-M, FMF, Charlotte Amalie, St. Thomas, V. I., to ACI, 1st Mar. Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va. Authorized delay to 15 July, 1937.

Maj. Frank B. Goettge, about 1 July, (Continued on page 72)

THE U. S. MARINE CORPS ENLISTED

APRIL 1, 1937.

Sgt. Donald L. Truesdale—SRD to ERD.
MTS. Ralph C. Elmblade—Aviation, San Diego to Aviation, Quantico.

Sgt. John F. Boshman—Quantico to Asiatic.
Cpl. Carl A. Few—Quantico to MB, Washington.

APRIL 2, 1937.

Mess Sgt. Simon Becker—Pensacola to FMF, Quantico.
Sgt. Kenneth L. Thomson—New York to FMF, Quantico.

Sgt. Frank C. Cadenhead, Jr.—FMF, Quantico, to MB, Quantico.
Sgt. Albert R. Coffey—FMF, Quantico, to Philadelphia.

APRIL 3, 1937.

Cpl. William J. Scales—WC to Philadelphia.

APRIL 5, 1937.

Sgt. Norman Frecka—Aviation, San Diego, to Aviation, Quantico.
Sgt. Oliver P. Hagerty—CRD to FMF, Quantico.

Cpl. Owen M. Dillard—Yorktown to Philadelphia, QMS.
Cpl. Russell Piel—NOB, Norfolk, to Philadelphia, QMS.

APRIL 6, 1937.

Cpl. Roy Simpson—First Brigade to MB, Washington, D. C.

APRIL 7, 1937.

Tech-Sgt. Lewis E. Giffin—San Diego to PI.
Gv-Sgt. Audley R. Hickey—WC to New York.

APRIL 8, 1937.

Stf-Sgt. Wm. L. Thomsen—Quantico to FMF, Quantico.
Tech-Sgt. John D. Mooney—FMF, Quantico, to FMF, San Diego.

Gv-Sgt. Sidney C. Patterson—WC to Norfolk.
Gy-Sgt. Charles Martinez—WC to Norfolk.

Gy-Sgt. Rufus M. McWinley—WC to Norfolk.
Sgt. Edward B. Donahoe—Aviation, Quantico to St. Thomas.

Sgt. Ernest R. Goodsen—USS "Taylor" to East Coast.
Sgt. John F. Ricard—WC to Aviation, Quantico.

Gy-Sgt. Charles E. James—Yorktown to Quantico.

APRIL 9, 1937.

Stf-Sgt. Bert A. Green—Aviation, San Diego to FMF, San Diego.

APRIL 12, 1937.

Sgt. Albert N. Bailey—MB, Washington to Hdqtrs.
Cpl. Max M. Stamps—WC to St. Juliens Creek.

Cpl. Anthony J. Grate—MB, Quantico to FMF, Quantico.
Cpl. Paul Adams—MB, Washington to FMF, San Diego.

Cpl. Wm. H. Cramer—Quantico to Reserve, Chicago.
Sgt. Roy L. Green—Reserve, Chicago to Quantico.

1st-Sgt. Frank Martz—Quantico to St. Thomas.

APRIL 13, 1937.

Gy-Sgt. John A. Carleton—USS "New York" to Quantico.
Gy-Sgt. Walter F. Kromp—Quantico to "New York."

(Continued on page 74)

RECENT REENLISTMENTS

HENDRICK, William H., 4-7-37, MB, Quantico for FMF, Quantico.

HORNBOOK, James F., 4-8-37, Philadelphia for Dofs, Philadelphia.

BALABAN, Thomas, 3-29-37, San Diego for MCB, San Diego.

BROOKS, Alfred J., 4-8-37, MB, Quantico for PSBn, Quantico.

GROBER, Joseph A., 4-8-37, Philadelphia for MB, Philadelphia.

MANOR, Stevenson M., 4-8-37, MB, Quantico for PSBn, Quantico.

PALMER, Thomas C., Jr., 3-30-37, Bremerton for PSNYd, Bremerton.

POWELL, William G., 3-29-37, San Diego for MCB, San Diego.

SWEARINGEN, Joseph N., 4-7-37, Parris Island for MB, Parris Island.

DEWEES, Charles J., 4-7-37, Parris Island for MB, Parris Island.

FRAZER, Earl P., 4-3-37, San Diego for NAS, San Diego.

SLAVEOFF, Steve, 4-5-37, Mare Island for MB, Mare Island.

LANE, Earle E., 4-6-37, San Francisco for MCB, San Diego.

HEYDON, William F., 4-5-37, San Diego for MB, OB, San Diego.

SCHWAB, John C., 4-6-37, NAS, San Diego for FMF, NAS, San Diego.

WEBER, Henry, 4-12-37, MB, Washington, D. C. for Marine Band, Washington, D. C.

YOUNG, Daniel J., 4-11-37, Washington, D. C. for Hqrs. MC, Washington, D. C.

SNYDER, Glenn A., 4-7-37, San Francisco for MB, Mare Island.

GRIFFIN, Beauford, 4-9-37, Guantanamo Bay for MB, Guantanamo Bay.

JAGIELLO, Anthony, 4-11-37, MB, Quantico for PSBn, Quantico.

EGGLESTON, Thomas H., 4-13-37, Philadelphia for MB, NYd, Philadelphia.

JOHNSTONE, Samuel A., 4-7-37, San Diego for MCB, San Diego.

RYAN, Charles J., 4-14-37, New York for MB, NYd, New York.

SCHERR, Samuel A., 4-14-37, New York for MB, Quantico.

PRATT, Alfred S., 4-13-37, New Orleans for Parris Island.

ACKER, George K., 4-11-37, Bremerton for MD, USS "Oklahoma."

GOODSPEED, Samuel S., 4-16-37, Washington, D. C., for MCI, Washington, D. C.

HALES, Joseph P., 4-16-37, Baltimore for NAD, Iona Island, N. Y.

BROWN, Clifford P., 4-9-37, San Francisco for MB, Mare Island.

WAGNER, Charles, 4-16-37, MB, New York, for MB, Pearl Harbor, T. H.

WATKINS, John W., 5-12-37, Mare Island for MB, Mare Island.

GLEICHAUF, William A., 4-12-37, Los Angeles for MCB, San Diego.

AHERN, John J., 4-17-37, Washington, D. C. for MCI, Washington, D. C.

HUDSON, Burleigh E., 4-17-37, Iona Island for NAD, Iona Island, N. Y.

TRAVIS, John F., 4-11-37, San Diego for MCB, San Diego.

WILLIAMSON, Owen, 4-13-37, San Diego for NAS, San Diego.

LARCHER, Arthur A., 4-14-37, Portland, Oregon for PSNY, Bremerton.

BRANARD, John T., 3-20-37, Shanghai for Shanghai, China.

(Continued on page 75)

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Virginia

U. S. MARINE CORPS CHANGES

(Continued from page 71)

1937, detached MD, USS "Reina Mercedes," N. A., Annapolis, Md., to MB, Quantico, Va. Authorized delay to 10 August, 1937.

Maj. Shaler Ladd, about 1 July, 1937, detached NP, NYd, Mare Island, Calif., to MB, Quantico, Va. Authorized delay one month in reporting.

Maj. Robert C. Kilmartin, about 1 July, 1937, detached MB, Puget Sound NYd, Bremerton, Wash., to MB, Quantico, Va. Authorized delay one month in reporting.

Maj. Prentice S. Geer, about 1 July, 1937, detached MB, Norfolk NYd, Portsmouth, Va., to MB, NTS, Great Lakes, Ill. Authorized delay to 20 July, 1937.

Maj. Francis E. Pierce, orders dated 2 April, 1937, modified; about 14 June, 1937, detached Staff of Comdr., Div. 3, Battleships, Battle Force, USS "Idaho," to MCB, San Diego, Calif. Authorized delay to 30 June, 1937.

Maj. Lester A. Dessez, on completion of course at Ecole d'Armes, Paris, France, about 1 July, 1937, detached that school to duty on Staff, MCS, MB, Quantico, Va. Capt. Manly L. Curry, on completion of course at Ecole d'Application d'Artilerie, Fontainebleau, France, about 1 June, 1937, detached that school to duty on Staff, MCS, MB, Quantico, Va.

Capt. Frederick M. Howard, when directed by CO, Nav. Hosp., Mare Island, Calif., ordered to Nav. Hosp., Washington, D. C. for treatment. Detached MCB, NYd, San Diego, Calif., and assigned to MB, Washington, D. C. for duty.

Capt. John H. Coffman, when directed by Comdt., NYd., Pearl Harbor, T. H., detached MB, NYd., Pearl Harbor to MB, Quantico, Va. Authorized delay to 30 June, 1937.

Capt. Walker A. Reaves, when directed by Comdt., NYd., Pearl Harbor, T. H., detached MB, NYd., Pearl Harbor to MB, Quantico, Va. Authorized delay to 30 June, 1937.

Capt. Robert L. Griffin, Jr., when directed by Comdt., NYd., Pearl Harbor, T. H., detached MB, NYd., Pearl Harbor to MB, Quantico, Va. Authorized delay to 30 June, 1937.

Capt. William S. Fellers, when directed CG, MB, Quantico, Va., detached MB, Quantico, Va., to Hdqrs. Dept. of the Pacific, San Francisco, Calif. Authorized delay to 30 June, 1937.

Capt. William I. Phipps, when directed Comdt. MCS, MB, Quantico, Va., about 1 June, 1937, detached MCS to MB, NYd., Washington, D. C. Authorized delay to 30 June, 1937.

Capt. Homer C. Murray, when directed Comdt. MCS, MB, Quantico, Va., about 1 June, 1937, detached MCS to MD USS "Reina Mercedes," N. A., Annapolis, Md. Authorized delay to 10 June, 1937.

Capt. Robert O. Bare, when directed Comdt. MCS, MB, Quantico, Va., about 1 June, 1937, detached MCS to MD USS "Reina Mercedes," N. A., Annapolis, Md. Authorized delay to 30 June, 1937.

Capt. William M. Mitchell, when directed Comdt. MCS, MB, Quantico, Va., about 1 June, 1937, detached MCS to MB, Norfolk NYd, Portsmouth, Va.

Capt. Randolph McC. Pate, about 1 June, 1937, detached MCS, MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, NYd., Pearl Harbor, T. H., via commercial steamer from San Francisco, Calif., on 25 June, 1937. Authorized delay enroute to San Francisco to 24 June.

Capt. William F. Brown, when directed Comdt. MCS, MB, Quantico, Va., about 1 June, 1937, detached MCS to FMF, MCB, San Diego. Authorized delay to 30 June, 1937.

Capt. Robert E. Hogaboom, when directed Comdt. MCS, MB, Quantico, Va., about 1 June, 1937, detached MCS to MD, AE, Peiping, China, via commercial steamer from Seattle, Wash., on 19 June, 1937. Authorized delay enroute to Seattle to 18 June, 1937.

Capt. Lewis A. Hohn, when directed Comdt. MCS, MB, Quantico, Va., about 1 June, 1937, detached MCS to 4th Marines, Shanghai, China, via commercial steamer from Seattle on 19 June, 1937. Authorized delay enroute to Seattle to 18 June, 1937.

Capt. William R. Williams, when directed Comdt. MCS, MB, Quantico, Va., about 1 June, 1937, detached MCS to Hdqrs., Washington, D. C. Delay to 30 June, 1937.

Capt. James S. Monahan, when directed Comdt. MCS, MB, Quantico, Va., about 1 June, 1937, detached MCS to FMF, MCB San Diego, Calif. Authorized delay to 30 June, 1937.

Capt. James O. Brauer, when directed by Comdt. MCS, MB, Quantico, Va., about 1 June, 1937, detached MCS to Staff, Basic School, MB, NYd., Philadelphia, Pa. Authorized delay to 30 June, 1937.

Capt. Adolph Zuber, when directed Comdt. MCS, MB, Quantico, Va., about 1 June, 1937, detached MCS to FMF, MCB, San Diego, Calif. Authorized delay to 30 June, 1937.

Capt. Edward T. Peters, when directed Comdt. MCS, MB, Quantico, Va., about 1 June, 1937, detached MCS to FMF, MCB, San Diego, Calif. Authorized delay to 30 June, 1937.

Capt. Roy M. Gulick, when directed Comdt. MCS, MB, Quantico, Va., about 1 June, 1937, detached MCS to duty on Staff, Basic School, MB, NYd., Philadelphia, Pa. Authorized delay to 30 June, 1937.

Capt. Leslie F. Narum, when directed Comdt. MCS, MB, Quantico, Va., about 1 June, 1937, detached MCS to duty on Staff, Basic School, MB, NYd., Philadelphia, Pa. Authorized delay to 30 June, 1937.

Capt. John W. Cunningham, orders to Dept. of Pacific, San Francisco, Calif., modified; ordered to duty at MB, Norfolk NYd., Portsmouth, Va., via "Henderson," sailing San Francisco on 3 May, 1937.

Capt. John W. Lakso, orders to Dept. of Pacific, San Francisco, Calif., modified; ordered to duty at MB, Norfolk NYd., Portsmouth, Va., via "Henderson," sailing San Francisco on 3 May, 1937.

Capt. Archie E. O'Neill, about 10 June, 1937, detached 1st Marine Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., to 4th Marines, Shanghai, China via commercial steamer from Seattle, Wash., on 3 July, 1937. Authorized delay enroute to Seattle to 30 June, 1937.

Capt. Guy B. Beatty, about 1 June, 1937, detached MCS, MB, Quantico, Va., to MD, NOP, South Charleston, W. Va. Authorized delay to 30 June, 1937.

Capt. Walter H. Troxell, about 1 July, 1937, detached MB, NOP, South Charleston, W. Va., to MB, Quantico, Va. Authorized one month delay in reporting.

Capt. Thomas B. Jordan, about 10 June, 1937, detached MD, USS "Reina Mercedes," N. A., Annapolis, to Hdqrs., Washington, D. C.

Capt. Albert D. Cooley, about 1 June, 1937, detached MCS, MB, Quantico, Va., to Bu. Aero., Navy Dept., Washington, D. C. Authorized delay to 10 June, 1937.

Capt. Thomas J. McQuade, about 1 June, 1937, detached MCS, MB, Quantico, Va., to AC2, FMF, NAS, San Diego.

Capt. Thomas J. Walker, about 15 May, 1937, detached AC1, 1st Marine Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., to AC2, FMF, NAS, San Diego, Calif. Authorized delay to 30 June, 1937.

Capt. Frank M. June, about 1 June, 1937, detached VO Sq. 9-M, FMF, Charlotte Amalie, St. Thomas, V. I., to AC1, 1st Marine Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico. Authorized one month delay in reporting.

Capt. William G. Manley, about 10 July, 1937, detached AC2, FMF, NAS, San Diego, Calif., to AC1, 1st Marine Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va. Authorized delay to 15 August, 1937.

Capt. Clyde H. Hartsel, on 1 May, 1937, relieved from duty as Aide-de-Camp to MGC, and assigned to duty with Naval Examining Board, MB, Washington, D. C. To continue duty as one of Aides at White House.

Capt. James M. Ranck, detached from duty with 4th Marines, Shanghai, China, and ordered to Dept. of Pacific, via commercial steamer to arrive prior to 15 June, 1937.

Capt. Ernest E. Shaughnessy, detached from duty with 4th Marines, Shanghai, China, and ordered to Dept. of Pacific, via commercial steamer to arrive prior to 15 June, 1937.

Capt. Arthur H. Butler, when directed by CG, 1st Marine Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., detached that Brigade to MD, NAD, Balboa, C. Z., via SS "Cristobal," sailing N. Y. 20 April, 1937.

Capt. LePage Cronmiller, on 1 July, 1937, detached Office of Judge Advocate General, Navy Dept., Washington, D. C., to 4th Marines, Shanghai, China, via "Henderson," sailing from Norfolk on 11 August, 1937. Authorized delay enroute to Norfolk to 10 August.

1st Lt. William P. Battell, on or about 1 June, 1937, detached Basic School, MB, NYd., Philadelphia, Pa., to 1st Signal Co., MB, Quantico, Va.

1st Lt. Orin K. Pressley, when directed Comdt. MCS, MB, Quantico, Va., about 1 June, 1937, detached MCS to Sea School, MB, Norfolk NYd., Portsmouth, Va. Authorized delay to 30 June, 1937.

1st Lt. Harry C. Lang, when directed Comdt. MCS, MB, Quantico, Va., about 1 June, 1937, detached MCS to Office Naval Intelligence, Navy Dept., with delay to 30 June, 1937.

1st Lt. Chester R. Allen, when directed Comdt. MCS, MB, Quantico, Va., about 1 June, 1937, detached MCS to FMF, MCB, San Diego, Calif. Authorized delay to 30 June, 1937.

1st Lt. Clarence J. O'Donnell, when directed by Comdt. MCS, MB, Quantico, Va., about 1 June, 1937, detached MCS to FMF, MCB, San Diego, Calif. Authorized delay to 30 June, 1937.

1st Lt. Cornelius P. Van Ness, about 29 May, 1937, detached MCS, MB, Quantico, Va., to Hdqrs., Washington, D. C.

2nd Lt. John B. Heles, Jr., orders modified; on expiration present delay ordered to duty at MB, NOB, Norfolk, Va.

2nd Lt. Charles A. Miller, when directed CG, FMF, MCB, San Diego, Calif., detached FMF, MCB, San Diego, to MD USS "Arizona," to report not later than 23 April, 1937.

2nd Lt. Edward L. Hutchinson, when directed Comdt. MCS, MB, Quantico, Va., detached MCS to FMF, MCB, San Diego, Calif. Authorized delay to 30 June, 1937.

2nd Lt. Clyde R. Nelson, relieved from duty with 1st Marine Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., and assigned to 1st Signal Co., MB, Quantico, Va.

2nd Lt. Carey A. Randall, when directed CG, Dept. of Pacific, about 1 June, 1937, detached MB, Puget Sound NYd., Bremerton, Wash., to 4th Marines, Shanghai, China, via first available commercial steamer sailing from Seattle, Wash.

Mar. Gnr. William A. Lee, about 1 June, 1937, detached 1st Marine Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., to Basic School, MB, NYd., Philadelphia, Pa.

Mar. Gnr. Charles M. Adams, about 19 June, 1937, detached MB, NTS, Great Lakes, Ill., to 1st Marine Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va. Authorized delay to 30 June, 1937.

Ch. Pay Clk. Alfred L. Robinson, about 1 May, 1937, detached Office of APM, Philadelphia, Pa., to 4th Marines, Shanghai, China, via commercial steamer from Seattle, Wash., sailing 5 June, 1937.

QM. Clk. Louis F. Shoemaker, ordered detached 1st Marine Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., to MD, RR, Cape May, N. J.

APRIL 17, 1937.

Brig. Gen. Richard P. Williams, on 15 May, 1937, detached Hdqrs., Washington, D. C., to duty as CG, 1st Marine Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., to report on 1 June, 1937.

Brig. Gen. James J. Meade, on 1 June, 1937, detached from duty as CG, 1st Marine Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., to Naval War College, Newport, R. I.

Col. Walter N. Hill, about 1 June, 1937, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to NYd., New York, N. Y., for duty as President, G.C.M., with delay to 30 June.

Lt. Col. James T. Moore, about 20 April, 1937, detached VO Sq. 9-M, Charlotte Amalie, St. Thomas, V. I., to Hdqrs., Washington, D. C.

Lt. Col. Francis T. Evans, on 1 May, 1937, detached MB, NYd., Washington, D. C., and ordered home to retire on 1 July, 1937.

Lt. Col. Walter G. Sheard, about 3 May, 1937, detached 1st Marine Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., to duty as OIC, Recruiting District of New York, New York, N. Y.

Major Arthur H. Turner, on 1 May detached NYd., New York, N. Y., and ordered to his home to retire on 1 July, 1937.

Major John B. Wilson, on reporting of relief, about 30 June, 1937, detached Hdqrs., Dept. of Pacific, San Francisco, Calif., to FMF, MCB, San Diego, Calif.

Capt. William K. Snyder, when directed by CO, Nav. Hosp., Mare Island, ordered to Nav. Hosp., San Diego, Calif., and on that date detached MB, NYd., Mare Island, Calif., to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

Capt. Jesse J. Burks, on 1 May, 1937, detached MB, Quantico, Va., and ordered home to retire on 1 July, 1937.

Capt. David M. Shoup, about 1 June, 1937, detached MB, Puget Sound NYd., Bremerton, Wash., to MB, Quantico, Va. Authorized delay to 30 June, 1937.

Capt. George O. Van Orden, detached MB, NYd., Philadelphia, Pa., to duty as CO, MD, RR, Cape May, N. J.

Capt. Raymond F. Crist when directed by Director, Fleet Training Div., Office of Chief of Naval Operations, Navy Dept., detached that office to MD, USS "Portland," to report about 17 June, 1937.

Capt. Archie E. O'Neill, orders detaching this officer from 1st Marine Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., to 4th Marines, Shanghai, China, revoked.

Capt. Theodore B. Millard, about 1 June, 1937, detached MCS, MB, Quantico,

Va., to VO Sq. 9-M, FMF, Charlotte Amalie, St. Thomas, V. I., via steamer of NY and PR SS Co., sailing New York 24 June, 1937.

1st Lt. George R. E. Shell, about 1 June, 1937, detached MD, Rec. Ship, San Francisco, Calif., to MB, Quantico, Va. Authorized delay to 30 June, 1937.

1st Lt. Edward E. Authier, when directed by Comdt., NAS, Pensacola, Fla., detached NAS, Pensacola, to AC1, 1st Marine Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va. Authorized one month delay in reporting.

1st Lt. Albert F. Mos, orders modified; when directed by CG, FMF, MCB, San Diego, detached FMF, MCB, San Diego, Calif., to MB, Quantico, Va., to report not later than 1 May, 1937.

1st Lt. James T. Wilbur, about 1 June, 1937, detached MD, NP, NYd., Mare Island, Calif., to MB, Quantico, Va. Authorized delay to 30 June, 1937.

1st Lt. Francis J. Cunningham, about 1 June, 1937, detached MCB, San Diego, Calif., to MB, Quantico, Va. Authorized delay to 30 June, 1937.

2nd Lt. Frederick E. Leek, orders modified; about 2 May, 1937, detached MD, USS "Tennessee," to FMF, MCB, San Diego, Calif., with delay to 8 June, 1937.

2nd Lt. Robert E. Galer, when directed by Comdt., NAS, Pensacola, Fla., about 30 April, 1937, detached NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to AC1 1st Marine Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico Va. Authorized 16 days delay in reporting. Detailed Naval Aviator and Pilot as of 6 April, 1937.

2nd Lt. John A. Anderson, orders modified; detached MD, USS "Louisville," to temporary duty MB, Puget Sound, NYd., Bremerton, Wash., until 17 June, 1937, then to NAS Pensacola, Fla., for duty.

2nd Lt. Dixon Goen, about 1 June, 1937, detached MB, Puget Sound NYd., Bremerton, Wash., to FMF, MCB, San Diego, Calif.

2nd Lt. Earl A. Sneeringer relieved from duty with 1st Marine Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., and assigned to MCS, MB, Quantico, Va.

Mar. Gnr. Albert S. Munsch, about 1 June, 1937, detached NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to AC1, 1st Marine Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va. Authorized delay to 30 June.

Mar. Gnr. Theodore Gooding, about 19 May, 1937, detached AC1, 1st Marine Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., to VO Sq. 9-M, FMF, Charlotte Amalie, St. Thomas, V. I., via steamer from New York 27 May, 1937. Authorized delay enroute to New York to 26 May, 1937.

Mar. Gnr. Ira Brock, about 5 June, 1937, detached VO Sq. 9-M, FMF, Charlotte Amalie, St. Thomas, V. I., to AC1, 1st Marine Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va. Authorized delay to 15 July, 1937.

Ch. QM. Clk. David C. Busscall, on 2 June, 1937, detached Hdqrs., Washington, D. C., and ordered home to retire on 1 August, 1937.

Ch. QM. Clk. Charles C. Hall, on 1 June, 1937, detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., and ordered home to retire on 1 August, 1937.

Pay Clk. Ernest M. Jones, about 5 May, 1937, detached FMF, MCB, San Diego, Calif., to Hdqrs., Washington, D. C., via USS "Henderson" sailing San Diego, 11 May, 1937.

Pay Clk. Emmett G. Hall, about 29 May, 1937, detached MB, NYd., Mare Island, Calif., to Hdqrs., Washington, D. C.

The following officers were promoted to the grades indicated by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, on 6 April, 1937, with rank from the dates set opposite their names:

Lt. Col. William B. Crocka, 1 March, 1937. Chief Mar. Gnr. Victor H. Czegka, 4 February, 1937.

APRIL 26, 1937.

Col. William P. Upshur, on 1 May, 1937, relieved from duty in Office of Chief Naval Operations and assigned duty in Reserve Section, Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, and as OIC, Marine Corps Reserves on 15 May, 1937.

Col. Frederick A. Barker, on 30 April, 1937, detached MB, Quantico, Va., and assigned to MB, Washington, D. C.

Col. Percy F. Archer, AQM, on 11 May, 1937, detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., and ordered to his home to retire on 1 July, 1937.

Col. Bennet Puryear, Jr., AQM, about 17 May, 1937, detached FMF, MCB, San Diego, Calif., to MB, Quantico, Va., duty as PQM. Authorized delay to 19 June, 1937.

Lt. Col. Robert M. Montague, about 15 May, 1937, detached 1st Marine Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, NYd., Boston, Mass. Authorized delay to 15 June, 1937.

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Ipana's primary duty is to clean teeth white and sparkling. But Ipana is designed to help the gums as well. Massaged firmly into the gums, Ipana helps quicken circulation in lazy gum tissues—tends to make the gums harder, healthier, more resistant.

If your tooth brush frequently "shows pink"—your dentist is the man to see. Ask him what's wrong. Probably all you need is the plus stimulation of Ipana and massage. And whether your tooth brush "shows pink" or not, get a tube of Ipana pronto! For good-looking teeth and fresh-feeling mouths, Ipana has no rival from Shanghai to Nicaragua!

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

HEADACHES STOPPED WHEN I GOT WISER
NOW I'M AN ALKA-SELTZER-IZER

HEADACHE

PUDDINGS AND PICKLES AND CHEESE AND PIES

BETTER PLAY SAFE AND ALKALIZE

UPSET STOMACH

HAPPY DAYS ARE HERE, OL' MAN.
I'M AN ALKA-SELTZER FAN.

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SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN CANADA

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Maj. Maurice C. Gregory, AQM., on 15 June, 1937, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif. Authorized delay to 30 June 1937.

Maj. Donald G. Oglesby, about 10 July, 1937, detached MD, AE, Peiping, China, to MB, Quantico, Va., via "President Cleveland," sailing from Shanghai about 17 July, 1937, due San Francisco 3 August.

Maj. Thomas R. Shearer, died on 21 April, 1937.

Capt. Samuel S. Jack, about 5 June, 1937, detached PG School, Naval Academy, Annapolis, Md., to California Institute of Technology, Pasadena, Calif. Authorized delay to 30 June, 1937.

Capt. Richard M. Cutts, about 12 June, 1937, detached MB, NS, Guam, to 4th Marines, Shanghai, via "Chaumont."

Capt. Donald R. Fox, orders dated 30 March, 1937, revoked. Ordered detached when directed by CO, MB, NAS, San Diego, Calif., from MB, NAS, San Diego, to MB, Puget Sound NYd., Bremerton, Wash.

2nd Lt. John E. Weber, about 2 May, 1937, detached FMF, MCB, San Diego, to MB, NS, Guam, via "Chaumont," sailing San Diego on 3 May, 1937.

2nd Lt. Frederick S. Bronson, on 1 May, 1937, detached FMF, MCB, San Diego, Calif., and ordered home to retire on 1 July, 1937.

2nd Lt. Charles W. Harrison, orders dated 31 March, 1937, modified. When directed by CO, USS "Arizona," detached that vessel prior to departure San Pedro area, on or about 24 April, 1937, to MB, NYd., Mare Island, Calif.

Ch. Mar. Gnr. John F. Evans, about 1 May, 1937, detached MB, NYd., Charleston, S. C., to MB, NMD, Yorktown, Va. Authorized delay to 30 June, 1937.

The following officers were promoted to the grades indicated by and with the advice of the Senate, on 16 April, 1937, with date of rank as shown:

Col. Joseph A. Rossell, 1 March, 1937.

Maj. John Kaluf, 1 March, 1937.

1st Lt. William M. Hudson, 2 March, 1937, No. 1.

Chief Mar. Gnr. Thomas Whitesel, to rank with, but after second lieutenant, from the 27th day of December, 1936.

MAY 3, 1937.

Maj. Gen. Louis McC. Little, on 7 May, 1937, detached Hdqrs., Washington, D. C., to duty as CG, FMF, MCB, San Diego, Calif., and additional duty as CG, MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif. Authorized delay to 27 June.

Lt. Col. Alfred H. Noble, on 1 June, 1937, detached Hdqrs., Washington, D. C., to Staff, MCS, MB, Quantico, Va.

Lt. Col. Frank Whitehead, about 1 July, 1937, detached Army Industrial College, Washington, D. C., to FMF, MCB, San Diego, Calif. Authorized delay to 1 August, 1937. Detailed AQM., effective 1 July, 1937.

Maj. Roy D. Lowell, orders dated 5 March, 1937, detaching this officer from MB, Parris Island, S. C., on 1 May, 1937, and ordering him to his home to retire on 30 June, 1937, revoked.

Maj. P. S. Geer, orders dated 8 April, 1937, modified; on 1 June, 1937, detached MB, Norfolk NYd., Portsmouth, Va., to MB, NTS, Great Lakes, Ill.

Maj. William C. Hall, detail as APM revoked, effective as of 26 April, 1937.

Capt. J. W. Cunningham, orders to MB, Norfolk NYd., Portsmouth, Va., via "Henderson" revoked. On 1 May, 1937, detached Dept. of Pacific, San Francisco, Calif., and ordered to his home to retire on 1 July.

Capt. Henry R. Paige, about 28 May, 1937, detached MCS, MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, NS, Guam, via USS "Henderson," sailing Norfolk about 15 August, 1937. Authorized delay enroute to NOB, Norfolk until 14 August, 1937.

Capt. David K. Claude, about 1 July, 1937, detached Basic School, MB, NYd., Philadelphia, to Infantry School, Fort Benning, Ga. Authorized delay to 25 August, 1937.

Capt. Robert E. Hogaboom, orders dated 6 April, 1937, modified; on arrival at Shanghai, China, assigned to duty with 4th Marines, Shanghai.

Capt. Karl K. Louthier, orders dated 20 March, 1937, modified on arrival at Shanghai, China, assigned to duty with 4th Marines, Shanghai.

Capt. Raymond P. Coffman, about 1 May, 1937, detached FMF, MCB, San Diego, Calif., to MB, NYd., Cavite, P. I., via SS "President Monroe," from Los Angeles 1 June, 1937. Authorized delay enroute to Los Angeles to 30 May, 1937.

Capt. Clarence H. Yost, about 21 May, 1937, detached 4th Marines, Shanghai,

China, to Dept. of Pacific, via "President Grant," from Shanghai 25 May, 1937.

Capt. Francis M. McAlister, about 22 May, 1937, detached 1st Marine Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., to Hdqrs., Washington, D. C. Authorized delay to 1 June, 1937.

Capt. John Waller, orders dated 30 March, 1937, revoked. About 1 June, 1937, detached MB, NAS, San Diego, Calif., to MB, NYd., Mare Island, Calif.

1st Lt. Deane C. Roberts, about 15 May, 1937, detached NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to VO Sq. 9-M, Charlotte Amalie, St. Thomas, V. I., via commercial steamer from New Orleans 10 July, 1937. Authorized delay enroute to New Orleans to 9 July, 1937.

1st Lt. Peter A. McDonald, on completion of examination for promotion about 15 May, 1937, detached 1st Marine Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., to duty as OIC, Rctg., District of Cincinnati, Cincinnati, Ohio.

1st Lt. Charles E. Shepard, Jr., orders to MB, Quantico, Va., revoked. On completion of examination for promotion about 15 May, 1937, detached FMF, MCB, San Diego, Calif., to duty as OIC, Rctg. Dist. of Denver, Denver, Colo.

1st Lt. Sol E. Levensky, on 1 May, 1937, detached MB, Puget Sound NYd., Bremerton, Wash., and ordered to his home to retire 1 July, 1937.

1st Lt. Bankson T. Holcomb, Jr., on 1 July, 1937, detached from duty as Chinese Language Student, Peiping, China, to MB, Quantico, Va., via Government transportation to arrive United States by 1 August, 1937.

1st Lt. John A. White, orders dated 30 March, 1937, revoked. About 15 June, 1937, detached MD, USS "Ranger" to duty as CO, MD, Rec. Ship, San Francisco, Calif.

2nd Lt. Bernard E. Dunkle, detached NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to MB, NYd., Pearl Harbor, T. H., via "President Monroe" from Los Angeles 1 June, 1937. Authorized delay enroute until 31 May, 1937.

Ch. Mar. Gnr. Wm. L. Erdman, about 1 June, 1937, detached MB, NAD, Mare Island, Calif., to MB, NYd., Cavite, P. I., via SS "President Monroe" from San Francisco 5 June.

Ch. Mar. Gnr. Wm. O. Corbin, about 19 July, 1937, detached MB, NYd., Cavite, P. I., to Dept. of Pacific, San Francisco, Calif., via "Chaumont" from Manila 23 July, 1937. Authorized two months' delay returning to United States.

Ch. Pay Clk. Frank H. O'Neil, about 15 July, 1937, detached 4th Marines, Shanghai, China to Dept. of Pacific, San Francisco, Calif., via "Chaumont," from Shanghai 19 July, 1937.

Ch. Pay Clk. John W. Lytle, about 15 May, 1937, detached 1st Marine Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., to Office APM, Philadelphia, Pa.

Pay Clk. John L. Seifert, appointed a Pay Clerk and assigned to duty in Office of Paymaster, Hdqrs., Washington, D. C.

U. S. MARINE CORPS ENLISTED

(Continued from page 71)

APRIL 15, 1937.

Sgt. James B. Bunch—Norfolk to FMF, Quantico.

Cpl. Wm. H. Groves—PI to NP, Portsmouth.

Cpl. Paul H. Mikkelsen—FMF, Quantico to MB, Quantico.

Cpl. Robert I. Schneider—FMF, Quantico to MB, Quantico.

APRIL 16, 1937.

Sgt. Hascal LeR. Ewton—USS "New York" to Quantico.

Cpl. Donald E. Martin—FMF, Quantico to Pensacola FT.

Cpl. Clyde J. Rush—FMF, Quantico to Pensacola FT.

APRIL 17, 1937.

1st-Sgt. Nathan I. Welshhans—Norfolk to Great Lakes.

Sgt. Ralph G. Underwood—New York to San Diego.

APRIL 19, 1937.

Sgt-Maj. Laland Alexander—Quantico to Dept. of Pacific.

APRIL 20, 1937.

Sgt. John J. Locke—Charleston, SC to New York.

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Sgt. Thos. P. McCloskey—WC to Quantico.
Sgt. Robert W. Simpson—Yorktown to SRD.
QM-Sgt. James W. Tenny—Quantico to St. Thomas.

Sup-Sgt. Claude L. Hilton—WC to PI.
Qm-Sgt. Robert C. Hoffman—FMF to Wakefield.

APRIL 21, 1937.
Plat-Sgt. Wayne K. Miller—Norfolk to RS, Philadelphia.

Cpl. Walter A. Miner—Portsmouth, NH to Asiatic.
Gy-Sgt. Gust Spart—San Diego to Norfolk.

Qm-Sgt. Jesse L. Massey—WC to FMF, Quantico.
Stf-Sgt. Verona A. Tuson—Aviation, San Diego to Aviation, Quantico.

Cpl. Donald W. Williams—FMF, Quantico to CRD.
APRIL 22, 1937.

Sgt. Vernard Grunder—FMF, Quantico to Reserve, Newark.

Cpl. Carroll A. Morris—WC to Norfolk for USS "Enterprise."
Sgt. Milton B. Rogers—USS "Charleston" to Quantico.

Cpl. Willis R. Singletary—FMF, Quantico to MB, Quantico.
Stf-Sgt. John J. Rogers—PI to FMF, Quantico.

Stf-Sgt. Clyde I. Wheeler—SRD to PI.
APRIL 23, 1937.

Stf-Sgt. Sidney A. Guy—Marpac to 2nd Brig, FMF.

Cpl. George F. Frazier—Charleston to Quantico.

Sgt. Charles L. Ardnt—WC to SRD.
Plat-Sgt. John E. O'Neill—CRD to Quantico.

APRIL 24, 1937.
Cpl. Harold P. Kincaid—USS "Wyoming" to NYd, Washington.

APRIL 26, 1937.
Cpl. Oscar A. Besma—WC to Philadelphia MTS.

Sgt. Dan Sullivan—USS "Oklahoma" to WRD.

Sgt. Lloyd D. Ganzel—Boston to ERD.
Sgt. Fredk. H. Hast—Norfolk to NYd, Washington.

MTS Emile Jouanillou—PI to Quantico.

APRIL 27, 1937.

Sgt. William N. Scriven—Portsmouth, NH to Quantico, FMF.

Cpl. Grayson W. Mayfield—Yorktown to MB, Washington.

Cpl. Peter Mangagna—Philadelphia to New York.

Gy-Sgt. James R. Tucker—PI to Wakefield for MCRPTD.

APRIL 29, 1937.
Sgt. Thomas B. Riddick—USS "Wyoming" to Norfolk.

MTS John G. Turner—FMF, Quantico to FMF, San Diego.

Sgt. John G. DuRant—FMF, Quantico to NOB, Norfolk.

Cpl. Samuel L. Corbin—San Diego to Quantico.

APRIL 30, 1937.
Sgt. Andrew Humza—Hingham to Coco Solo.

Sgt. Joseph J. Stiene—NYd, Washington to Coco Solo.

1st-Sgt. Edwin D. Curry—Quantico to Marpac.

Sgt. Rumbly B. Tanner—Quantico to Marpac.

RECENT REENLISTMENTS

(Continued from page 71)

CHURCHVILLE, Francis LeR., 4-14-37, San Diego for FMF, San Diego.

PEARL, Harry L., 4-15-37, Bremerton for MD, USS "Tennessee."

LAKE, Vernon F., 4-20-37, MB, Quantico for Shanghai, China.

MATHIS, George M., 4-19-37, Charleston for MB, Charleston, S. C.

NEILSON, Herbert H., Jr., 4-16-37, Mare Island for MB, Mare Island.

SCHOLL, Karl J., 4-20-37, Portsmouth for NP, Portsmouth, N. H.

WHITE, John P., 4-21-37, MB, Washington for Marine Band, Washington, D. C.

HAZLETT, Harry F., 4-22-37, Washington, D. C. for Post Band, Quantico.



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WASHINGTON, D. C.

HUGHES, Edgar C., 4-24-37, Washington, D. C. for MB, NYd, Washington, D. C.
VERNON, Robert, 4-21-37, Parris Island for 1st Sig. Co., Quantico.
MARSH, Alonso C., 4-23-37, New York for NMD, Yorktown, Va.
CURRY, Edwin D., 4-23-37, Quantico for PSBn, Quantico.
HELMICK, Albert E., 4-23-37, Quantico for RRD, Quantico.
SMITH, William H., 4-23-37, Norfolk for DofS, NOB, Norfolk, Va.
WILSON, Clarence A., 4-25-37, Washington, D. C., for Hqrs. MC, Washington, D. C.
SIMON, Ray, 4-19-37, San Francisco for MCB, San Diego.
BOOKER, Dorsie H., 4-17-37, San Diego for MCB, San Diego.
HOLMAN, Albert M., 4-17-37, San Diego for MCB, San Diego.
STAMPS, Max M., 4-16-37, Mare Island for NAD, St. Julien's Creek.
MOYLAN, Vincent J., 4-24-37, San Diego for MCB, San Diego.
RUPE, Edward G., 4-20-37, San Diego for MCB, San Diego.
GRAY, Irving J., 4-21-37, Seattle for PSNYd, Bremerton, Wash.
GREEN, Raymond C., 4-27-37, Boston for MB, NYd, Boston, Mass.
POOLE, Archie S., 4-27-37, Philadelphia for MD RS, Philadelphia.

SCHWALKE, Joseph C., 4-26-37, Cape May for MD, RR, Cape May, N. J.
GRIMES, William T., 4-28-37, Parris Island for MB, Parris Island.
SEITZ, Ludwig F., 4-29-37, Washington, D. C., for Marine Band, Washington, D. C.
LINFOOT, William D., 4-29-37, Quantico for MB, Quantico.
TENNANT, Harvey W., 4-27-37, San Diego for MCB, San Diego.
ROBERTSON, Donald W., 5-1-37, Philadelphia for DofS, Philadelphia.
PERRY, Berry, 4-27-37, San Diego for MCB, San Diego.
JACKSON, Francis M., 5-1-37, Quantico for MB, Quantico.
KIEFER, Henry A., 5-1-37, Quantico for MB, Quantico.
KANE, William J., 4-28-37, Puget Sound for MD, USS "Lexington."
TOWLES, Jesse C., 4-25-37, St. Thomas for St. Thomas, V. I.
BROWN, James L., 5-3-37, Washington, D. C., for MB, Quantico.
BAUMAN, Christopher W., 5-3-37, Chicago for MB, Mare Island.
HIENSCH, Charles D., 3-21-37, Shanghai for Shanghai, China.
HUGHES, John "F." Jr., 3-31-37, Olongapo, P. I., for MB, NS, Olongapo, P. I.
MOLESKI, Charlie F., 5-5-37, Quantico for RR Det., Quantico.

SENIORITY LIST

April 12, 1937

TECHNICAL SERGEANTS

AVIATION:

1. Budrow, Joseph H.	July 1, 1920
2. Berry, Bert R.	Jan. 1, 1921
3. Smith, Ike S.	Aug. 15, 1921
4. Mettetal, Eugene	Jan. 12, 1923
5. Sears, Anthony J.	June 18, 1923
6. Harkey, Herbert J.	Dec. 3, 1923
7. Jensen, Hilmar A.	Dec. 4, 1923
8. Paszkiewicz, Andrew J.	Feb. 12, 1924
9. Blanks, Hugh A.	July 1, 1924
10. Markle, William R.	Jan. 1, 1925
11. Kildow, Hopwood C.	Jan. 1, 1925
12. Davey, Stanley G.	Sept. 16, 1925
13. Royalty, Ollie "S."	Jan. 1, 1926
14. Godbee, Powell W.	Jan. 20, 1926
15. May, Russell D.	April 8, 1926
16. Wilson, James C.	April 8, 1926
17. Smith, George H.	Feb. 3, 1927
18. Wilson, William F.	Jan. 1, 1928
19. Sessions, Clevie	July 23, 1928
20. Hendershot, Albert W.	Aug. 15, 1928
21. Scofield, Walter E.	Aug. 16, 1928
22. Papen, Herman A.	Sept. 11, 1928
23. Lewis, William C.	Jan. 14, 1929
24. O'Connor, Frederick	Jan. 21, 1929
25. Steele, Dugald L.	Jan. 21, 1929
26. Sullivan, Frank J.	Feb. 1, 1929
27. Mahon, Cecil	March 1, 1929
28. Anderson, Adolph J.	Aug. 6, 1929
29. Norris, Luther G.	Sept. 5, 1929
30. Dunn, Edward L.	Dec. 1, 1929
31. Bradley, James J.	Dec. 18, 1929
32. Cox, Max	Feb. 11, 1930
33. Campbell, Donald R.	July 1, 1930
34. Fitzsimmons, Eugene J.	July 1, 1930
35. Gerey, John	July 1, 1930
36. Jahant, George A.	July 1, 1930
37. Johnson, Melville T.	July 1, 1930
38. Reynolds, Thomas W.	July 1, 1930
39. Rodgers, Hubert M.	July 1, 1930
40. White, Willie A.	July 1, 1930
41. Williams, Neal G.	July 1, 1930
42. Winchester, Nero M.	July 1, 1930
43. Smith, Lloyd E.	July 22, 1930
44. Burns, Robert V.	March 12, 1931
45. Cole, Carlton G.	March 12, 1931
46. Kaltenback, R. W.	March 12, 1931
47. Maddy, Leo S.	March 12, 1931
48. Haas, Albert I.	March 14, 1931
49. Knopf, Oscar A.	March 14, 1931
50. Cordell, Ivy R.	May 26, 1931
51. Cole, George	June 4, 1931
52. Collier, Zadik	June 4, 1931
53. Wiant, Marcel J.	June 9, 1931
54. Adams, Leo W.	July 13, 1931
55. Holmes, Darryl B.	Feb. 23, 1932
56. Darner, Lawrence R.	April 1, 1932
57. Wester, William C.	April 10, 1933
58. Peters, Emil S.	July 20, 1934
59. Cooper, Charles P.	July 25, 1934
60. Schwab, John C.	July 25, 1934
61. Eakes, John T., Jr.	July 27, 1934
62. Beauchamp, Frank J.	Nov. 14, 1934
63. Critz, Thomas E.	Nov. 19, 1934
64. Word, William E.	Dec. 26, 1934
65. Cortright, Louis A.	Feb. 11, 1935
66. Staph, William L.	Feb. 11, 1935
67. Woodruff, William L.	Feb. 18, 1935
68. Roberts, Lee E.	April 27, 1935
69. Orvis, Byron E.	May 1, 1935
70. Hobbs, Ralph H.	May 1, 1935
71. Hammers, Ralph E.	May 20, 1935
72. Masters, Irvin V.	May 20, 1935
73. Forde, David L.	May 20, 1935
74. Griffis, Tom J.	July 2, 1935

75. Goehring, Curtis	July 2, 1935
76. Hill, Lloyd M.	July 15, 1935
77. Heckman, Paul J.	July 15, 1935
78. Jones, Elmer	Oct. 15, 1935
79. Boyd, John T.	Nov. 18, 1935
80. Bealer, Ernest	Jan. 19, 1936
81. Mannan, Wilber	May 12, 1936
82. Dickey, Robert L.	June 15, 1936
83. Fogerty, John F.	Aug. 7, 1936
84. Sleight, John M.	Oct. 9, 1936
85. Taylor, Hollis W.	Oct. 13, 1936
86. Petras, Theodore A.	Dec. 5, 1936
87. Denburger, Andrew A.	Dec. 8, 1936
88. Watson, William F.	Jan. 25, 1937

BANDS:

1. Dahlgren, John G.	Oct. 2, 1926
2. Brigham, Leland L.	Oct. 18, 1926
3. Freda, Leon	June 9, 1927
4. Olaguez, August "A."	Nov. 14, 1928
5. Wood, Robert C.	May 8, 1930
6. Isacson, Eric E.	Dec. 15, 1930
7. Olf, Abraham	Aug. 25, 1931
8. Greear, William B., Jr.	April 23, 1932
9. Jones, Raymond G.	Feb. 7, 1936
10. Giffin, Lewis E.	Feb. 11, 1936

MESS BRANCH:

1. Murawski, John	June 6, 1928
2. Rossich, Louis	April 1, 1929
3. Briesemeister, Ervin C.	April 27, 1935
4. Bambalere, John	July 1, 1936
5. Jimmerson, William H.	July 1, 1936
6. Pedersen, Jens	July 1, 1936
7. Rider, Benjamin K.	July 1, 1936
8. Zuern, Alfred E.	July 1, 1936

MARINE CORPS INSTITUTE:

1. Coleman, Jesse W.	March 12, 1925
2. Salguero, Manuel M.	Dec. 11, 1925
3. Ahern, John J.	March 23, 1926
4. Inglee, Charles W.	Oct. 21, 1927
5. Higuera, Philip R.	Dec. 8, 1928
6. Kapanke, William H.	Sept. 12, 1930
7. Rentfrow, Frank H.	Aug. 17, 1932
8. Groves, Samuel	Nov. 9, 1932
9. Anderson, Allan C.	July 23, 1934
10. Rausch, John J.	July 23, 1934
11. Moeger, Robert J.	Aug. 7, 1934

MARINE CORPS SCHOOLS:

1. Kane, James A.	July 7, 1932
2. McPike, Arnold C.	Nov. 13, 1935
3. Buss, Lawrence H.	Jan. 1, 1937
4. Kelsey, Fred "H."	March 3, 1937
5. Deason, Alvin J.	March 24, 1937

PAYMASTER'S DEPARTMENT:

1. Quinn, Harold E.	Feb. 1, 1936
2. Fairbairn, Clifford A.	June 1, 1936
3. Dunlap, Hubert H.	Sept. 1, 1936
4. Rice, John H.	Sept. 18, 1936
5. Carnes, Floyd E.	Oct. 21, 1936
6. Justus, Leslie D.	Dec. 4, 1936

SIGNAL:

1. Nelson, William	Jan. 7, 1925
2. Lynch, Merle M.	Aug. 20, 1930
3. Drummond, James P.	Jan. 16, 1932
4. Pederson, John	May 9, 1932
5. Burgess, Richard	July 19, 1934
6. Cannom, George W.	July 20, 1934
7. Bowman, Lucian J.	July 21, 1934
8. Lewis, Joseph H.	Dec. 12, 1934
9. Coutts, Marcus J.	Nov. 9, 1935
10. Hardisty, Richard A.	Nov. 16, 1935
11. Dimter, Lee E.	Jan. 27, 1936
12. Gernert, Albert E.	Oct. 30, 1936
13. Davis, Frederick D.	April 2, 1937
14. Mooney, John D.	April 2, 1937

QUARTERMASTER'S DEPARTMENT

(General duty & staff departments):

1. Woyshner, Paul April 24, 1924
2. Seufert, Henry A. June 23, 1925
3. Anderson, Adolph Nov. 21, 1928
4. Jackson, Leonard H. March 1, 1929
5. Nowack, George J. Aug. 3, 1929
6. Anderson, Walter E. Sept. 1, 1929
7. Waits, Raymond C. Oct. 19, 1929
8. Cagle, Carl J. Nov. 12, 1929
9. Marcott, Albert F. May 8, 1930
10. Draheim, Albert E. May 6, 1930
11. Gray, Barzillai M. Nov. 3, 1930
12. Stepka, Joseph F. Feb. 1, 1931
13. Fullerton, Chester P. Aug. 22, 1932
14. Ludtke, Leonard July 19, 1934
15. Watkins, Harry Jan. 23, 1935
16. Scheffler, Walter C. April 11, 1935
17. Vogt, Joseph G. Jan. 6, 1936
18. Cain, Marlin P. Jan. 8, 1936
19. Couch, Richard M. Jan. 8, 1936
20. Noel, Charles A. Jan. 8, 1936
21. Edwards, Joe F. May 23, 1936
22. Day, James M. Oct. 8, 1936

SUPPLY SERGEANTS:

1. Carlson, August W. June 22, 1932
2. Snellings, Herman L. July 5, 1932

TENTATIVE SAILINGS

CHAUMONT—Leave San Diego 3 May; arrive San Pedro 3 May, leave 5 May; arrive San Francisco Area 7 May, leave 21 May; arrive Honolulu 28 May, leave 1 June; arrive Guam 12 June, leave 14 June; arrive Manila 20 June, leave 23 July; arrive Guam 29 July, leave 30 July; arrive Honolulu 10 August, leave 13 August; arrive San Francisco Area 20 August.

HENDERSON—Leave San Francisco Area 3 May; arrive San Pedro 5 May, leave 7 May; arrive San Diego 8 May, leave 11 May; arrive Canal Zone 22 May, leave 25 May; arrive Guantanamo 28 May, leave 28 May; arrive N.O.B. Norfolk 1 June. Will overhaul at Navy Yard, Norfolk, 7 June-10 August.

NITRO—Leave Cavite 4 May; arrive Guam 9 May, leave 10 May; arrive Oahu 21 May, leave 25 May; arrive Puget Sound 2 June, leave 5 June; arrive Mare Island 8 June, leave 12 June; arrive San Pedro 14 June, leave 17 June; arrive San Diego 18 June, leave 21 June; arrive Canal Zone 1 July, leave 6 July; arrive Guantanamo 9 July, leave 9 July; arrive Norfolk 13 July.

RAMAPO—Under overhaul at Navy Yard, Mare Island, until 29 June.

SALINAS—Leave Norfolk 8 May; arrive Key West 12 May, leave 13 May; arrive Houston (Sinco) 17 May, leave 19 May; arrive Canal Zone 26 May, leave 1 June; arrive Houston (Sinco) 8 June, leave 9 June; arrive Norfolk 17 June.

SIRIUS (with Dredge "Hell Gate" in tow)—Leave New York 4 May; arrive Canal Zone 21 May, leave 25 May; arrive Pearl Harbor 3 July, leave 12 July; arrive Puget Sound 22 July, leave about 1 August, for annual Alaska voyage.

VEGA—At present undergoing repair in Canal Zone—following schedule is therefore tentative: Leave Canal Zone 12 May; arrive Guantanamo 15 May, leave 15 May; arrive Pensacola, Fla., 20 May, leave 21 May; arrive N.O.B. Norfolk 27 May. Upon arrival Navy Yard, Norfolk, will undergo 2 months' overhaul.

DEATHS

The following deaths have been reported to Marine Corps Headquarters during the month of April, 1937:

Officers

MARTIN, Joseph A., 1st Lieut., FMCR, inactive, died April 11, 1937, of disease at Philadelphia, Pa. Next of kin: Mary S. Martin, wife, 104 W. Olney Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

SHEARER, Thomas R., Major, USMC, died April 21, 1937, of disease at the U. S. Naval Hospital, Washington, D. C. Next of kin: Mrs. Wave M. Shearer, wife, Marine Barracks, Quantico, Va.

Enlisted Men

BROWN, Norman F., Pvt., USMC, died April 4, 1937, of disease at Peiping, China. Next of kin: Wesley H. Brown, father, Manchester Road, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

DAVIDSON, Robert W., Pvt., USMC, died April 5, 1937, of disease at Shanghai, China. Next of kin: Fred A. Davidson, father, Kirkland, Texas.

HOLLAND, James O., Pvt., USMC, died April 15, 1937, at the U. S. Naval Hospital, San Diego, California from injuries received in premature shell explosion on board the USS "Wyoming" February 18, 1937. Next of kin: Grady M. Holland, father, Brewton, Ala.

MCGLYNN, Joseph E., Cpl., USMC, died April 26, 1937, at Quantico, Va. Next of kin: Miss Ella McGlynn, sister, 37 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

3. Wejta, Michael F. July 8, 1932
4. Gilson, Allen J. March 9, 1933
5. Buckle, James E. March 13, 1933
6. Hesson, Sinclair B. March 13, 1933
7. Robb, Preston H. March 13, 1933
8. Tunick, Louis July 30, 1934
9. Murray, Albert F. Nov. 4, 1935
10. Parsons, Harry C. Dec. 17, 1935
11. Taylor, Edward F. Dec. 31, 1935
12. Cox, Warren W. Feb. 19, 1936
13. Lasater, Orval B. March 19, 1936
14. Lutz, Francis J. April 2, 1936
15. McIndoe, Charles L. April 23, 1936
16. Gifford, Lucian C. June 26, 1936
17. Nash, Alton R. July 9, 1936
18. Aure, Oscar J. Aug. 3, 1936
19. Lewis, Frederick G. Aug. 19, 1936
20. Curry, Lurty H. Aug. 28, 1936
21. Winans, Ben Sept. 1, 1936
22. Weinberg, Philip Nov. 6, 1936
23. Leskovitz, Frank J. Nov. 11, 1936
24. Hanson, Fred H. Dec. 16, 1936
25. Schmackel, Charles H. Jan. 4, 1937
26. Courter, Joseph A., Sr. Jan. 19, 1937

DRUM MAJORS:

1. Tichacek, James T., Jr. Feb. 27, 1935
2. Peoples, Frederick L. March 4, 1935

BUTTS, Dennis W., PM. Sgt., retired, died April 16, 1937, of disease at Troy, N. C. Next of kin: Esther Butts, wife, Box 117, Troy, N. C.

O'LEARY, Michael, QM. Sgt., USMC, retired, died March 23, 1937, of disease at Bellevue Hospital, New York, N. Y. No next of kin designated.

WEAVER, William, Sgt., USMC, retired, died April 23, 1937, of disease at the U. S. Naval Hospital, League Island, Pa. No next of kin designated.

JOBE, Herbert L., Pvt., Class VI, USMCR, inactive, died February 26, 1937, of disease at St. Luke's Hospital Pasadena, Calif. Next of kin: Joseph W. Jobe, father, 1718 Whitefield Road, Pasadena, Calif.

SCHROEDER, Milton P., Pvt. 1-Cl., Class IV, FMCR, inactive, died April 12, 1937, as result of automobile accident at Oakland California. Next of kin: Mrs. J. H. Schroeder, mother, 248 Union St., San Rafael, Calif.

STEINHART, Arthur H., Tech. Sgt., Class II (d), FMCR, inactive, died March 29, 1937, of disease at Quantico, Virginia. Next of kin: Wm. T. Steinhart, brother, 5725 N. Post St., Spokane, Wash.

PROMOTIONS

TO SERGEANT MAJOR:

Joseph G. Coyle

TO MASTER TECHNICAL SERGEANT:

Richard Burgess

Hilmar A. Jensen

TO FIRST SERGEANT:

James R. Landers

TO GUNNERY SERGEANT:

Charles E. James

Lerrad D. Carter

TO SUPPLY SERGEANT:

Claude L. Holton

TO TECHNICAL SERGEANT:

Frederick D. Davis

John D. Mooney

Norman H. Jungers

Lewis M. Schaller

Joseph F. Schucraft

Oria S. Hoffer

Robert Wall

TO STAFF SERGEANT:

Conrad G. Meeks

Edward C. Thoemmes

Quillan L. Strickland

George W. Martin

Chester C. Stark

Laurence G. Granville

John J. Bobin

Harold L. R. Davis

George T. Perschau

Sylvester S. Mann

William C. Jewell

Phillip Rosenberg

Wayne Nasl

TO PLATOON SERGEANT:

Wade H. Lee

Bruce Wilson

Carl Haynes

TO SERGEANT, REGULAR WARRANT:

Nathan Falken

Joseph J. Winsler

John W. Grantham

Harry M. Towle

Robert F. Estes

Walter H. Johnson

Elmer A. Ewing

Daniel R. Lebsack

Hugh L. Wehrly

Truman L. June

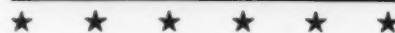
Victor O. Wood

John C. McDonald

Einer A. Anderson

Michael J. Hardick

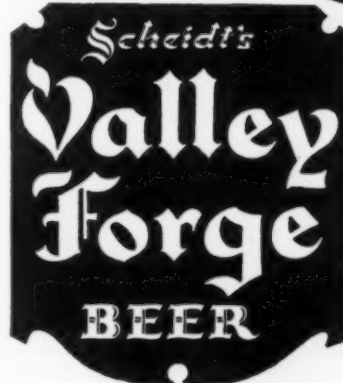
Jean H. Neil



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Dan Sullivan
Ernest F. Ballinger
Robert E. Erwin, Jr.
George J. Batson, Jr.
William A. Dudley
Harold Reeves
Clower L. Daniel
George W. Montieth
Cromer W. Smith
Stanley L. Harney
Judson J. Locke
Virgil Kayler
Fred L. Turner
Carl F. Johnson

TO SERGEANT, SHIP AND SPECIAL

WARRANT:
Dave Aldridge
John H. Faggart
Bill L. Parham
Homer L. Watkins
Samuel Johnson
William M. Cheney
William C. Kepple
Wilson H. Sparling
Thomas F. Hunes
Albert G. McClure
James V. Valentour
Herbert C. McBurnie
Elbert H. Arndt
Jesse F. Cox
Charles W. Hewitt
Alvin H. Kettlebar
Andrew L. Heaton
John W. Simmons
John Kilgore
William S. Dugger
Pierce S. Knapp
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Gerald LeR. Pines
Harry G. Brown
Edgar E. Dewitt
Oscar Kurseth
Frederick W. Huppert, Jr.
Eric M. Mencer
John M. Potts
Raymond L. Ervin
Henry D. Bassett
Frank List
Elmer L. Moulthrop
Joseph A. Williams
John H. Hanner
Frank M. Soltys
Charles B. Whittinghill
Martin R. Barnard
James F. Coady
Harry W. Carter
Max Leitess
Randol A. Jordan, Jr.
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Julian W. Nelson
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Malcolm R. Lawson
Charles M. Bickert
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Richard G. Morlier
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William J. B. Ragan
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Francis H. Howard
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Howard C. Boston
John E. Flattery
Rollin M. Shaw
Alfred P. Sylvain
Walter M. Roberts
William D. Linfoot
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Marion E. Thompson
Raymond J. Jarosz
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Whitfield A. Morton
Everett L. Tennyson
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Cleo S. Bowers
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Roy Carey
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Clarence D. Matteson
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Thomas C. Reed
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James E. McDonald
Chester T. Barker
Leo J. Werner
Henry Des. Quirk
Dwight L. Ray
Wilbert A. Frain
Clinton J. Morris
Thore A. Johnson
Adrien N. Prescott
James J. Blanch
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Sydney G. Coats
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Wade H. Roach
Harley C. Powell
Leslie W. Forsberg
Jacque J. Giddons
Thomas L. Edmundson
Norman M. Foster
Chauncey A. Harrell
Thomas M. Canterbury
Louis S. Jullerat
Richard F. Fleming
TO FIELD COOK:
Ernest J. Osborn
Joseph A. Scott

RESERVE CHANGES

Appointments

The following appointments have been made in the Marine Corps Reserve with the rank from date noted:
Captain Max Clark, FMCR, 7 April, 1937.
Captain Joseph F. Hankins, VMCR, 7 April, 1937.

First Lieutenant Emmet C. Swanson, VMCR, 26 March, 1937.
First Lieutenant Henry J. Adams, Jr., VMCR, 16 April, 1937.

Second Lieutenant Dwight M. Cheever, VMCR, 1 July, 1935.

Second Lieutenant Elmer C. Rowley, VMCR, 1 July, 1935.

Second Lieutenant Kimber H. Boyer, VMCR, 1 July, 1936.

Second Lieutenant Daniel P. Closser, FMCR, 26 March, 1937.

Second Lieutenant Herbert A. Vernet, Jr., FMCR, 26 March, 1937.

Second Lieutenant Harold Granger, VMCR, 15 April, 1937.

The following have been appointed Naval Aviation Cadets, Marine Corps Reserve, on 9 April, 1937, to rank from 3 January, 1936:
Howard F. Bowker
Freeman W. Williams
They are now on duty at the Naval Air Station, Pensacola, Florida, but have been ordered to report to Aircraft One, FMF, MB, Quantico, Virginia, on 20 May, 1937.

Promotions

The following promotions have been made in the Marine Corps Reserve:
Captain Richard W. Sooy VMCR, 28 January, 1936.

Captain Joseph P. Adams, FMCR, 22 December, 1936.

Captain William P. Youngs, VMCR, 23 December, 1936.

Captain Hugh C. Drewster, VMCR, 7 April, 1937.

THE LEATHERNECK

First Lieutenant Claudous H. Baker, VMCR, 25 May, 1935.
First Lieutenant Charles E. Parker, FMCR, 24 February, 1937.
First Lieutenant Horace S. Mazet, FMCR, 24 February, 1937.
First Lieutenant William H. Klenke, Jr., FMCR, 7 March, 1937.

SEPARATIONS

The following separations have occurred from the Marine Corps Reserve:
Captain Levi O. Gates, VMCR, resigned, 6 April, 1937.
First Lieutenant William B. Jones, VMCR, resigned, 23 April, 1937.
First Lieutenant Archibald C. Slaymaker, VMCR, discharged, 19 April, 1937.

Headquarters Bulletin

Number 139, April 15, 1937
ROSTER FOR PROMOTION

The Major General Commandant has approved the recommendations of the Non-commissioned Officers Promotion Board for promotions to the grades indicated:

MASTER TECHNICAL SERGEANTS (SIGNAL TROOPS):

Technical Sergeant Richard Burgess
Technical Sergeant George W. Cannon
TECHNICAL SERGEANT (SIGNAL TROOPS):

Staff Sergeant John D. Mooney
Staff Sergeant Frederick D. Davis
Staff Sergeant Norman H. Jungers
Staff Sergeant James D. Gay
Staff Sergeant Robert I. Bryan
STAFF SERGEANTS (SIGNAL TROOPS):

Sergeant John W. Webber
Sergeant Stephen Lesko
Sergeant Edward C. Thoommes
Sergeant Conrad G. Meeks
Sergeant Quillin L. Strickland
Sergeant Carl H. Gustavson
Sergeant Hubert N. Thomas
Sergeant Jasper J. Gillette

STAFF SERGEANTS (CLERICAL):

Sergeant Bert A. Green
Sergeant Sidney A. Guy
Sergeant Carl H. Glaser
Sergeant Robert M. Hendrickson
Sergeant Harold L. Cook
Sergeant Chas. Speight
Sergeant Raymond M. Becker
Sergeant Elmer P. Goree

RETIREMENTS

The following named men were placed on the retired list of the U. S. Marine Corps on the date set opposite each name:

Sergeant Major Sam Oelrud, FMCR, May 1, 1937.
Sergeant Major William Rider, FMCR, May 1, 1937.
Quartermaster Sergeant James H. McDonald, USMC, May 1, 1937.
First Sergeant Lennard S. Schaeffer, USMC, May 1, 1937.
Gunnery Sergeant James A. Gordon, FMCR, May 1, 1937.
First Sergeant Bertren J. Deasau, FMCR, May 1, 1937.
Sergeant John Henry Hullard, FMCR, May 1, 1937.

TRANSFERRED TO RESERVES

Sergeant Major Raymond Clayton, Class II(d), May 15, 1937. Future address: 3 Punahou Court, Makiki Street, Honolulu, T. H.

Sergeant Major Joseph K. Roberts, Class II(d), May 10, 1937. Future address: c/o Dona Amalia Rosales, Sonsonate, Republic of El Salvador, Central America.

Sergeant Major Gordon L. Shadbolt, Class II(d), May 7, 1937. Future address: 606 People's Bank Building, Second and Pike Streets, Seattle, Washington.

Quartermaster Sergeant John S. Hale, Class II(d), May 6, 1937. Future address: Christiansted, St. Croix, Virgin Islands.

First Sergeant Wilfred E. Bassett, Class II(d), May 10, 1937. Future address: General Delivery, Ocean Beach, California.

First Sergeant Dewey Killen, Class II(d), April 30, 1937. Future address: General Delivery, San Diego, California.

First Sergeant Harmon L. Knight, Class II(b), April 15, 1937. Future address: General Delivery, Tupelo, Mississippi.

First Sergeant Austin J. V. Roberts, Class II(b), April 15, 1937. Future address: General Delivery, Tientsin, China.

Gunnery Sergeant Carl W. Daulton, Class II (d), April 30, 1937. Future address: Galesville, Wisconsin.

Technical Sergeant Joseph C. Vogt, Class II(d), May 10, 1937. Future address: Cavite, Cavite, P. I.

Sergeant Herbert Sullivan, Class II(d), April 30, 1937. Future address: Navy Y. M. C. A., Norfolk, Virginia.

Corporal Walter Ferrin, Class II(b), April 15, 1937. Future address: Y. M. C. A., Bremerton, Washington.

Corporal Frank Murnin, Class II(d), April 30, 1937. Future address: General Delivery, San Francisco, California.

Corporal James G. Thomas, Class II(b), April 30, 1937. Future address: Shell Lake, Wisconsin.

Private First Class Charlie Wilder, Class II(b), April 30, 1937. Future address: c/o Veterans' Administration, Manila, P. I.

MARKINGS IN SERVICE-RECORD BOOKS

The attention of all officers is again invited to the necessity for greater care in the awarding of markings in service-record books. Such markings, upon expiration of enlistment, become the basis for awarding of character, and good-conduct medals, or bars. Carelessness in this matter results in unnecessary correspondence. Officers charged with the handling of enlisted men's service-record books should take this responsibility seriously. Discharge certificates are frequently used in securing positions in civil life; character awarded during every period of service should be appropriate, in order that the final average may represent an honest appraisal of the individual's service.

In this connection attention is invited to articles on Pages 34 and 35, of Reprint of Headquarters Bulletins, and to Bulletins No. 110, page 2, and No. 119, page 2.

CHARLOTTE AMALIE

The following ordinance was passed by the Municipal Council of St. Thomas and St. John, and was approved by the Governor of the Virgin Islands 28 December, 1936:

"That the name 'Charlotte Amalie' is the official name of the principal city on the Island of St. Thomas, Virgin Islands of the United States."

Accordingly, the correct address for the Marine Corps Force in the Virgin Islands is:

"VO Squadron 9M,
Fleet Marine Force,
Charlotte Amalie,
St. Thomas, Virgin Islands."

TARGET PRACTICE

PEIPING MARINES WIN INTERNATIONAL SMALL BORE RIFLE MATCH.—For the sixth consecutive year the Marine Detachment, American Embassy, Peiping, China, has won the Johnson Trophy, a prize awarded to the winner of the annual International Small Bore Rifle Team Match participated in by the Legation Guards of the various countries stationed at Peiping, China. The match was fired March 11 and 12, 1937.

HAINES BAYONET TROPHY.—Company E, 2nd Battalion, 5th Marines, 1st Marine Brigade, Fleet Marine Force, was awarded the Haines Bayonet Trophy for excellence in bayonet training during the target year 1936.

THE FRANKLIN WHARTON CUP.—The Barracks Detachment, Marine Barracks, Puget Sound Navy Yard, Bremerton, Wash., with a figure of merit of 4.169, was awarded the Franklin Wharton Cup for excellence in rifle marksmanship training during the target year 1936.

HIGH SCORE (Rifle)—330 or better over the rifle qualification course for the target year 1937 since the beginning of the current target year:

Sgt. Claude N. Harris.....	336
Cpl. Leonard A. Oderman.....	335
Pvt. Denard L. Gusler.....	331
Pfc. Marvin F. Hayes.....	333
Sgt. Raymond D. Chaney.....	332
Cpl. John J. Baltra.....	331
Cpl. James S. Harris.....	331
Pvt. Frank J. Cavanaugh, Jr.....	331
Pvt. Herman G. Corbett.....	331
Cpl. Leonard A. Booker.....	330
Cpl. Johnny Jennings.....	330
Cpl. George W. Rell.....	330

Something to Shoot At:

Sgt. Claude N. Harris.....	336
HIGH SCORE (Pistol)—95 or better over the pistol qualification course for the target year 1937 since the beginning of the current target year:	
1st Lt. Mercade A. Cramer.....	98
Gy-Sgt. Roy M. Fowel.....	98
Captain Orin H. Wheeler.....	97
2nd Lt. Charles W. Harrison.....	96
1st Sgt. Cecil H. Clark.....	96
1st Lt. James R. Hester.....	95
2nd Lt. Gordon A. Bell.....	95
Pfc. Anthony Kasbycki.....	95

Something to Shoot At:

1st Lt. Mercade A. Cramer.....	98
Gy-Sgt. Roy M. Fowel.....	98

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MARINE ODDITIES

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POSTMASTER JAMES H. UNDERWOOD OF GUAM, WAS ONE OF THE FIRST REGULARLY EMPLOYED SCHOOL TEACHERS THERE. AT THAT TIME MR. UNDERWOOD WAS A CORPORAL IN THE U.S. MARINES. HE STILL HAS IN HIS POSSESSION HIS APPOINTMENT BY GOVERNOR SEASON SCHROEDER, (CAPT. U.S. NAVY) FOR THE PERIOD OF 1901-1902.



SERGEANT THOMAS P. (PADDY) BRENNAN, M.B., NAVY YARD, CAVITE, P.I., WHO IS A MEMBER OF THE SAN FRANCISCO PIPE BAND, CLAIMS THE TITLE OF BEING THE ONLY PIPER IN THE MARINE CORPS.



A CENSOR TUCKED A LETTER, FROM CPL. JOSEPH RENDINELL, USMC, TO MISS MAE DELANEY, IN HIS BEDDING ROLL BEFORE HE WENT INTO ACTION AT BELLEAU WOOD IN 1918. HE FORGOT ALL ABOUT THE LETTER UNTIL HE ACCIDENTALLY FOUND IT IN MARCH, 1937. HE FORWARDED IT, WITH EXPLANATIONS FOR ITS NINETEEN YEAR DELAY, TO MISS DELANEY. SHE HAS BEEN MRS. RENDINELL FOR EIGHTEEN YEARS.

Jackson



NIG CLARKE WAS A PROFESSIONAL BALL PLAYER BEFORE HE BECAME A MARINE. HE ESTABLISHED AN ALL TIME RECORD ON JULY 14, 1902, CORSICANA VS. TEXARKANA, WHEN IN 8 TIMES AT BAT IN ONE GAME, CLARKE HIT 8 HOMERUNS.



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So life goes—like that. NOW is the only opportunity. NOW is the moment of success. NOW men decide—NOW men win or fail.

Are you one of the men who are wondering today what will happen to them tomorrow? Then remember

this: *If you take care of today, tomorrow will take care of itself.* And one of the most important safeguards you can take is to be certain your *training* is modern . . . that you are adequately equipped to master the problems of 1937. Today, in almost every line of human endeavor, ambitious men are modernizing their training by spare-time study of International Correspondence Schools Courses. Their action is a guide to you—and NOW is the time to act! Complete information on any subject in which you are interested will be sent without cost or obligation. The coupon is for your convenience. Return it today.

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